★Oct.11,1947

THE NEW YORKER

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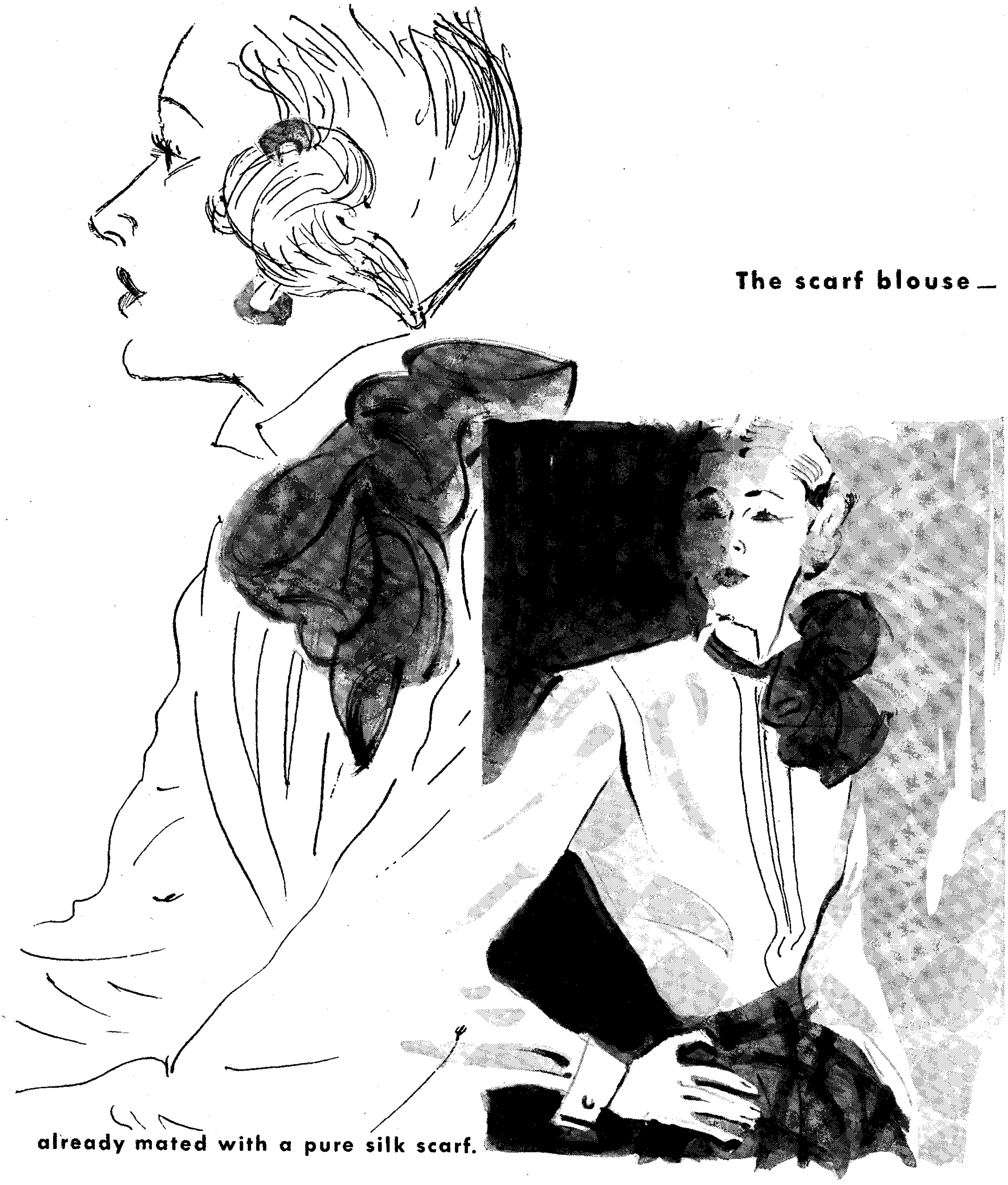

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Command Decision—An expert and tense drama about our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmond Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James' "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent, heading a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How I Wonder—Donald Ogden Stewart's rather embarrassing mélange of high thought and low comedy. Garson Kanin has directed a fine cast of players, among them Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, Carol Goodner, and Meg Mundy. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided a good deal by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, Margaret Bannerman, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Our Lan'—A predominantly Negro cast sings effectively from time to time, but this play about the Reconstruction has very little else to recommend it. With William Veasey, Muriel Smith, and Julie Haydon. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something to do with the reformation of a sissy at a children's summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **burlesque:** Bert Lahr in the revival of the 1927 hit. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** Harvey Stephens is the latest inductee for the sergeant's role, and Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French play his two girls. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Moves on Sunday, Oct. 12, to the Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dear Judas—An adaptation of the poem by Robinson Jeffers, written, produced, and directed by Michael Myerberg. Margaret Wycherly, Roy Hargrave, and Ferdi Hoffman have the leading roles. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Duet for Two Hands—A melodrama by Mary Hayley Bell, with a cast including Francis L. Sullivan, Joyce Redman, and Hugh Marlowe. Directed by Reginald Denham and produced by Robert Reud. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées at 2:40 Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter.)

Man and Superman—Maurice Evans in his own production of the Shaw comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Medium and The Telephone—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow, Evelyn Keller, and Frank Rogier head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Music in My Heart—In spite of occasional bits of Tschaikowsky's music, this operetta, based on some little entanglement in his life, is about as dull and tasteless as it can be. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal, and Martha Wright. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Counter—Cicely Courtneidge is very funny in this imported musical, mainly about the black market. Unfortunately, the plot is a terrible nuisance. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Irving Berlin. Mary Jane Walsh is filling in for Ethel Merman through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **call me mister:** Life as it never was in the Army—or out of it, either. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** In saecula saeculorum. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to check dates and curtain times.)

High Button Shoes—A musical comedy directed by George Abbott, with Phil Silvers and Nanette Fabray. Stephen Longstreet wrote the book, and the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn. Produced by Monte Proser and Joseph Kipness. Opens Thursday, Oct. 9. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Allegro—The new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, directed by Agnes de Mille and produced by the Theatre Guild. Annamary Dickey and John Conte head the cast. Opens Friday, Oct. 10. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Anna Lucasta—A return engagement of Philip Yordan's all-Negro play, with Isabelle Cooley, Warren Coleman, and other members of the old cast. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 18.)

Ballet—Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and their company, in two performances. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Saturday and Sunday evenings, Oct. 18-19, at 8:30.)

Rodeo—Two hundred and fifty cowboys, riding, roping, and otherwise harassing seven hundred and fifty head of stock. Gene Autry and his horse Champion provide a few less nerve-racking moments. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sun-

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DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 62
BOOKS 106
THE CURRENT CINEMA 60
FOOTBALL 100
MUSICAL EVENTS 101
POPULAR RECORDS 102
OF ALL THINGS 93
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
CHRISTMAS GIFTS 76
FEMININE FASHIONS 79
THE RACE TRACK 89
THE SKY LINE 94
THE THEATRE 50
THE WAYWARD PRESS 67

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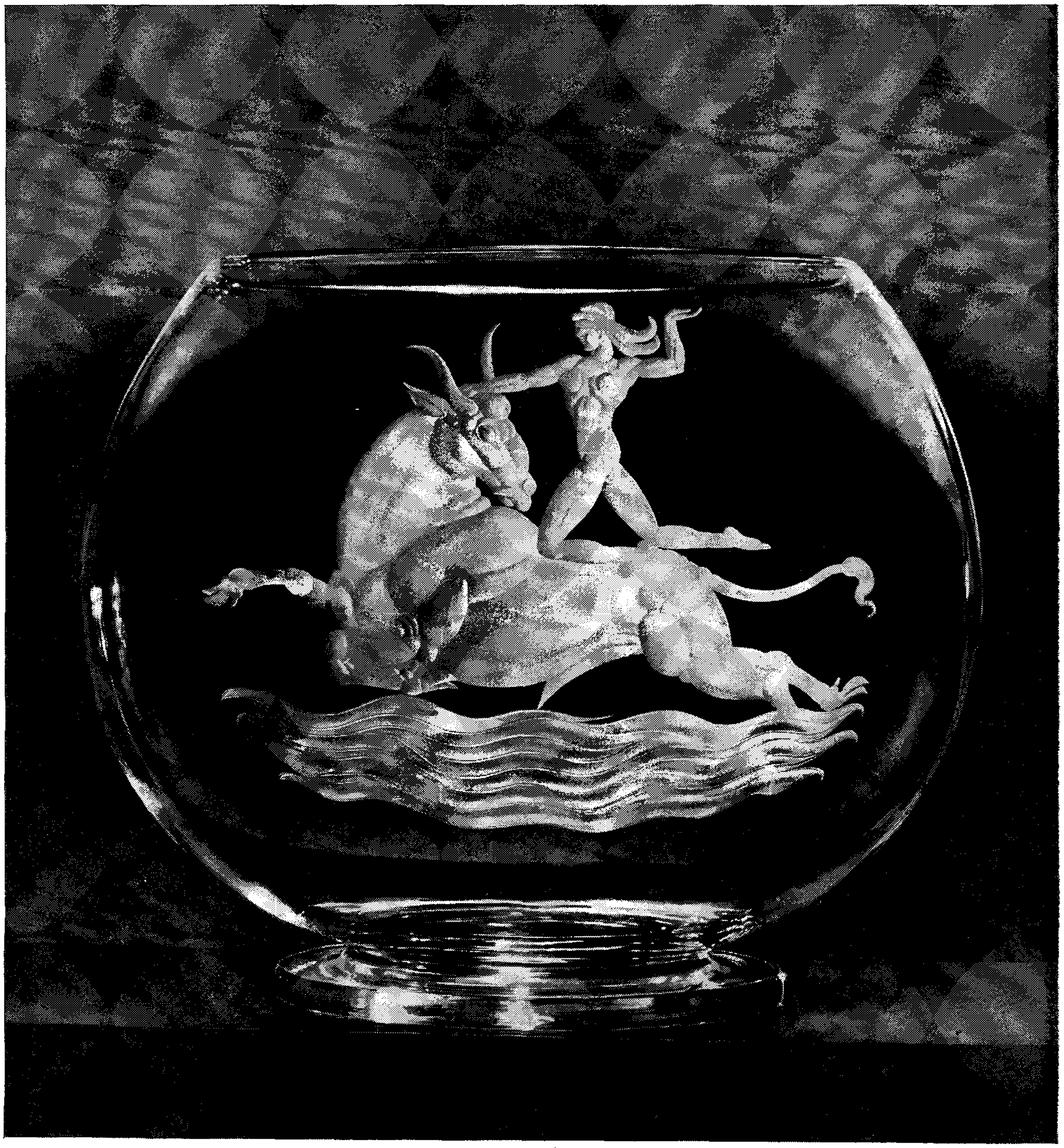

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Oct. 13.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Oct. 13.)

Children's Entertainment—The first of two concert programs for children under nine presented by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, with Walter Hendl conducting members of the Philharmonic. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday morning, Oct. 18, at 11.) . . . ¶ Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at 11 A.M. at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—This late-blooming subterranean dell is enlivened by Basil Fomeen's dance orchestra. On Thursday, Oct. 16, operations will move upstairs to the Trianon Room, where Larry Siry's orchestra and a rumba band will play for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Two dance orchestras are in the dignified Bowman Room. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 15, Lanny Ross will sing at dinner and supper.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, singing about amorous subjects with her customary enormous *élan.* Abbey Albert's dance orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A finishing school in social deportment, with emphasis on table-visiting. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Caligula might have found it a trifle ornate, but the customers seem to like it fine. Peter Walters plays the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra provides dance music afterward. The place, apparently never content, will be closed for redecoration starting Friday, Oct. 17.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room offers Señor Wences, the ventriloquist; a dance team; and Charles Reader's orchestra alternating with a rumba band. There will be a new show starting on Tuesday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Liberace, the pianist, takes charge of the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and there is dancing all evening to Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—The Oval Room is open again, with Harold Sandlor's string orchestra, turning out dinner music; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The imposing Iridium Room, where evening dress is required on the dance floor, provides Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . ¶ In the Maisonette, you will find Beryl Davis, the English singer, and two small orchestras for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, there's the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dwight Fiske, dealing out low-voltage shocks to his enraptured admirers. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At suppertime, Jean Sablon pours oil on the Sert Room's tranquil waters. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's rumba band. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter; no dancing. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform jauntily for dancing in a serene, polished setting. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Ferrante and Teicher furnish piano music after ten. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): The Joe Mooney Quartet, jazz musicians whose nightly course in counterpoint is almost as instructive as the Juilliard School's. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Jules Lande's dance orchestra until nine. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Plenty of Russian soul—the *old* Russian soul. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A pleasant, bland place, with two small dance orchestras. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher, an importation from California; Dorothy Jarnac; and dance music by Dave Martin's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ray Bolger, artfully leaping about like a fish out of water, which indeed he is at this fireman's hop. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a sort of Broadway Delphic oracle, along with the usual noisy show; Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, managing to keep his head well above these choppy waters; dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce, Amanda Lane, the Three Flames, and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chippie Hill, a rousing blues shouter right out of the twenties, abetted by Jay Marshall, the Jimmy Shirley Trio, and Don Frye at the piano; dancing. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, heading a new show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Sheila Barrett (through Saturday, Oct. 11), plus Spivy herself, who contributes a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bright comedy by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and a couple of others, whipping up a high wind and a lot of noise. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Lester Young's band. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Charlie Ventura's band. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): A quintet headed by Roy Eldridge, and Stuff Smith's trio; jam sessions on Monday evenings.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Claude Thornhill's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra will be replaced by Guy Lombardo's on Monday, Oct. 13.

ART

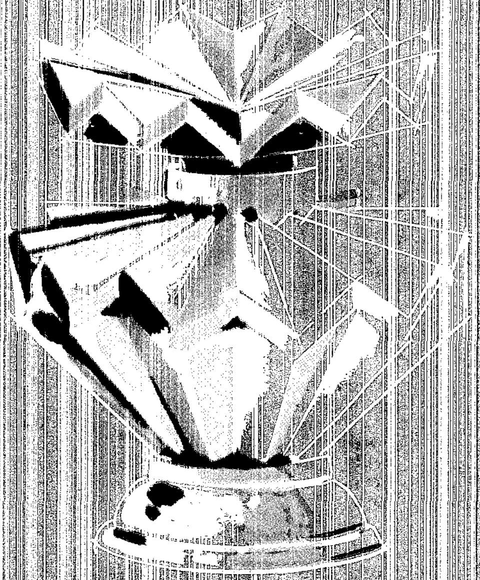
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

Marjorie Bishop—Mainly landscapes and still-lifes, done in an agreeably straightforward fashion. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 11.)

Carlyle Brown—First one-man showing of paintings by a man whose taste isn't always as fine as his technique. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

Minna Citron—A new show of abstractions. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.)

Groups—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Oils by Douglas Gorsline, Sol Wilson, and others; through Oct. 25. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A show of new work by the gallery's group and guest artists; weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Oct. 17. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Twenty-second annual fall showing, with a new picture by each of the gallery's members; through Oct. 18. . . . **KOOTZ,** 15 E. 57th St.: Nine new paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Carl Holty, and the other gallery artists; through Oct. 18. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Recent oils and water colors by Joseph De-Martini, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this house's group; through Oct. 11. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Oils and water colors by Dong Kingman, William Thon, Isabel Bishop, and others; through Oct. 11. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: Recent paintings by Mario Carreño, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, and other members of the school's art faculty; Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., Sundays, 1 to 4 P.M., and Monday, Oct. 13, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56th St.: Paintings, some of them marked by considerable freshness, by a



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group of younger Midwestern and Eastern artists; through Oct. 18.

Irene Hamar—Simple, graceful abstract sculptures in stone and wood, in this Brazilian's first one-man show here. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.)

Henri Laurens—First exhibition here in ten years of works by the dean of French abstract sculptors. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.)

John Masteller—Paintings that strive for wit and imagination, sometimes with success and sometimes falling flat. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 11.)

National Association of Women Artists—The Association's fall exhibition of oils. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 11.)

Paintings of the Year—The fourth Pepsi-Cola Annual, crisper and better-organized than any of its predecessors. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 2.)

Horace Pippin—A small but adequate memorial show of works by this American primitive painter, who died in 1946. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 11.)

John Stephan—Abstract paintings, restrained in feeling and rhythmic in design. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 11.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Amédée Ozenfant; through Nov. 1. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: Louis Eilshemius; through Oct. 24. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park S.: Annual show of the Allied Artists of America; through Oct. 26. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Vladimir Golschmann; through Oct. 25. . . . **ARNOLD SELIGMANN-HELFT**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ballet sketches by Picasso, and paintings by Braque; through Oct. 22. . . . **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: Norman Daly; through Oct. 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Cory Welch; through Oct. 24. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Jack Yeats; through Oct. 25. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Carlos Prado; through Oct. 25. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield; through Nov. 1. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: Rudolf Ray; through Nov. 1. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.: League of Present-Day Artists; through Oct. 26. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Esther Kastl and Frank Gebhart; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St., through Oct. 25; and at the **NEW-AGE**, 133 E. 56th St., through Oct. 18.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan collection of paintings by thirteen contemporary British artists, including Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and John Tunnard; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact, intimate, but comprehensive show of paintings by Ben Shahn; through Jan 4. . . . ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective show of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 12.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Oils, sculptures, and water colors from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 12.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 9, at 8:45: "Ariadne.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Werther.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Eugene Onegin.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct 17, at 8:45: "Salome.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Rigoletto." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York City Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Hugo Koeberg, violin, and David Oppenheim, clarinet. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 13-14, at 8:30.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting the opening performances of the season: Thursday evening, Oct. 9, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Oct. 10, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Oct. 12, at 3 (all with the Women's Chorus of the Westminster Choir); Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:45; and Friday afternoon, Oct. 17, at 2:30. (Carnegie Hall.)

French Boys' Choir—Thirty-five boy singers from Paris, directed by the Abbé Maillet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

John Harms Chorus—Singing Handel's "Messiah;" a benefit for the New York City Cancer Committee. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday evening, Oct. 12, at 8. For tickets, call EN 2-4968.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Alexander Schneider, violin; Mitchell Miller, oboe; and Julius Baker, flute. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday evening, Oct. 12, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Gunnar Johansen—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Winifred Heidt—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Lonny Epstein—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Hilde Somer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

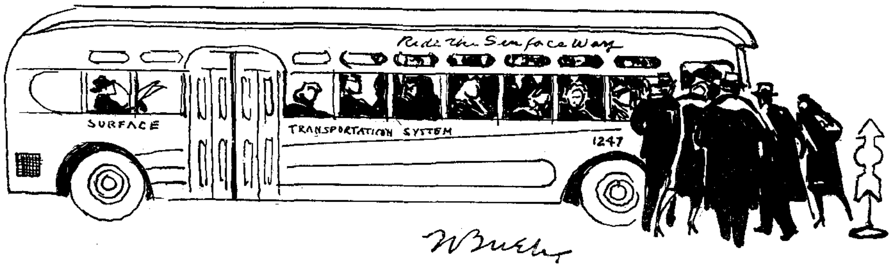
Tom Scott—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

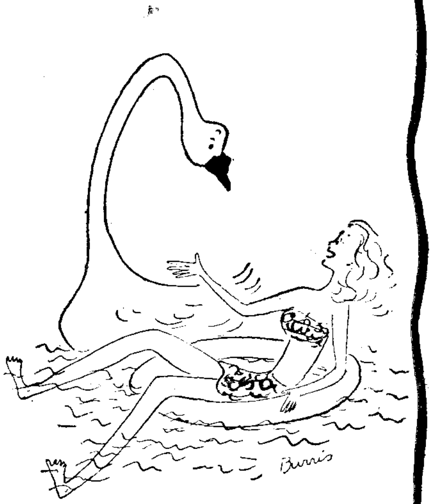
Arnold Eidus—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 18, at 2:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Susan Reed—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Saturday evening, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Variety Concerts—At TOWN HALL: Maxine Sullivan, Jack Guilford, Paul Villard, and others. (Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Wingy Manone, Sidney Bechet, Irwin Corey, and others, presented by Fred Robbins. (Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 11:30.) . . . ¶ Another Fred Robbins gathering, including Houdini, the Calypso singer, and Cozy Cole. (Saturday evening, Oct. 18, at 11:30.) . . . CARNEGIE HALL: A program of Calypso music, with, among others, Macbeth the Great, Lord Invader, and the Duke of Iron. (Sunday evening, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Army vs. Illinois, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 2 P.M.; Fordham vs. Penn State, at the Polo Grounds, at 2 P.M.; Navy vs. Duke, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M.; Rutgers vs. Princeton, at New Brunswick, at 2:30 P.M.; Virginia vs. Harvard, at Charlottesville, at 3 P.M. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 18: Army vs. Virginia Tech, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Navy, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2 P.M.; Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Wisconsin, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

Horse Show—Harrison Horse Show. (Harrison, N.Y., Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 11-12.)

Hunt Racing—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 11.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 18.)

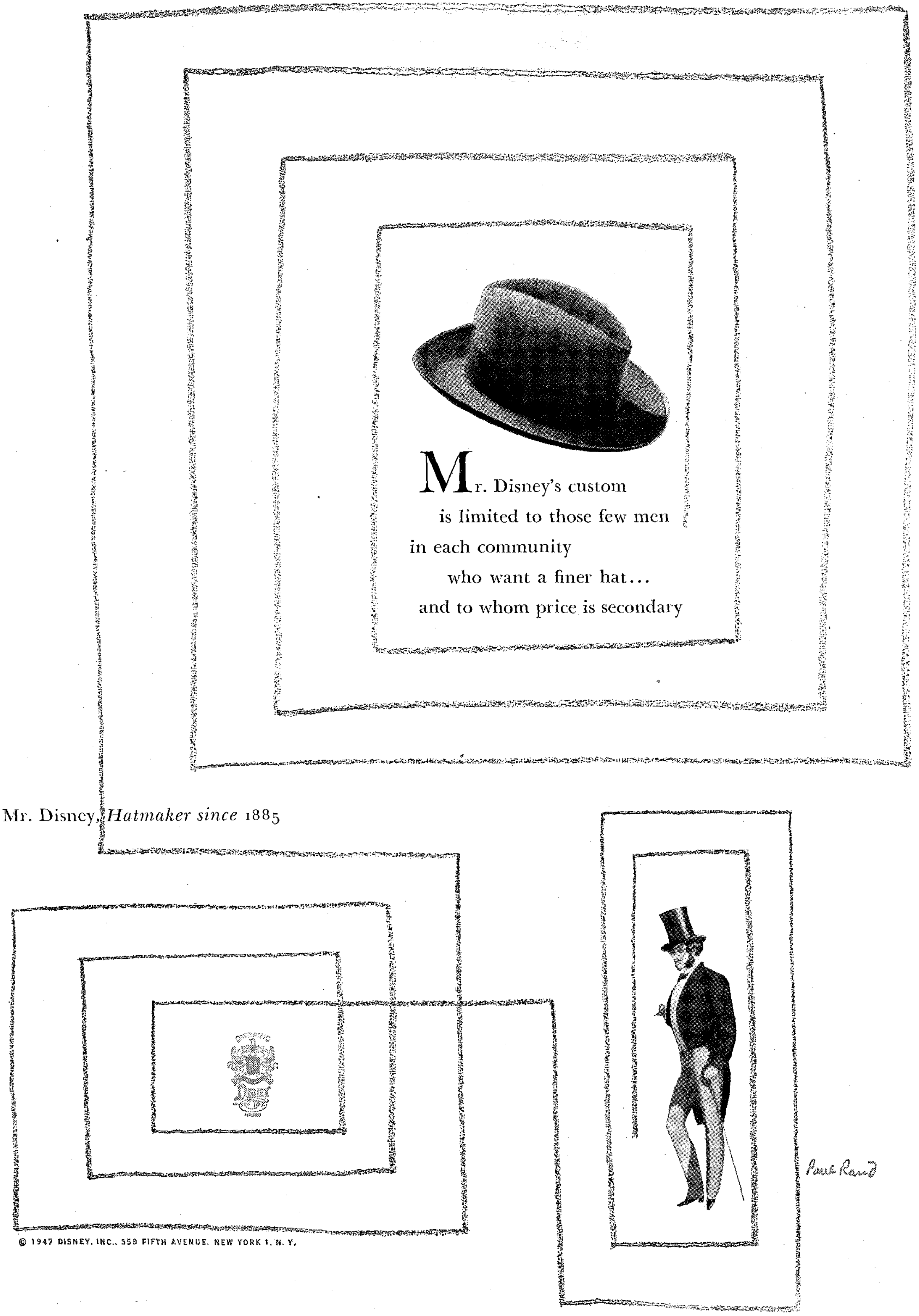
Polo—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Professional Football—At EBBETS FIELD: Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Buffalo. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:15 P.M., Yankees vs. Dodgers.

Racing—At GARDEN STATE: Daily at 1:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 11. The Trenton Handicap, Oct. 11. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station daily at 10:50 A.M.) . . . BELMONT: Daily at 1:15 P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 11. The Sysonby Mile, Oct. 9; the Champagne Stakes and the New York Handicap, Oct. 11. . . . UNITED HUNTS, at Belmont: Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 13-14, at 1:15 P.M. . . . JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Wednesday, Oct. 15. The Correction Handicap, Oct. 15; the Frizette Stakes, Oct. 18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Stratford Shoals Race. (New Ro-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chelle Yacht Club, New Rochelle, N.Y., Friday, Oct. 10.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About six hundred visitors are admitted to each plenary meeting of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, early on the day before you want to go. Trains leave Penn Station at half-hour intervals for the special United Nations stop at Flushing Meadow. . . . ¶ Committees of the General Assembly meet at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers. About twice that number of visitors continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of rare editions of eighteen classics, including a copy of Plato, printed in Venice in 1513, and the first American edition of Rousseau's "The Social Contract." (Main Hall. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Fall Skies." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries,** 30 E. 57th St.: English eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Baldwin and others. (Auction, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions and other books, from the libraries of the late Mary Hill Hill, the late Frank Lord, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 13-14, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Egyptian sculptures, objects of art, and scarabs, from the collections of M. A. Mansoor and Thomas E. H. Curtis. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 11, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 13-14, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ English furniture and eighteenth-century objects of art, owned by the late Herbert L. Satterlee and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 11, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 13-16, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 2 P.M.) . . . **kende galleries,** at Gimbel's, Broadway at 33rd St.: A hundred and fifteen autograph letters of George Washington, collected by Edward A. Armstrong. (Exhibition, Monday through Thursday, Oct. 13-16, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 2 P.M.)

Election Registration—To vote in the November city and state elections, you must register at your polling place, which will be open Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9-10, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Massimo Freccia conducting, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, Monday, Oct. 13, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Football: Army vs. Illinois, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2 P.M., WHN, WNYC, WNBC; Navy vs. Duke, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2 P.M., WOR; Wisconsin vs. California, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ.

Drama—The last in a series of full-length plays recorded by the B.B.C.: Shaw's "The Man of Destiny," Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

TO-DAY
IN
OUT

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Boomerang!—A first-rate chronicle of an actual Connecticut murder trial. Dana Andrews is in the cast, along with a number of talented amateurs the producer picked up in Stamford, where the major part of the picture was shot. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 13-15.)

Crossfire—An unpretentious mystery film, put together along standard lines but sharpened occasionally by candid talk on anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is excellent as a soldier ridden by race prejudice, and most of the others in the picture are competent, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; Oct. 9.)

Dear Ruth—Many of the situations in this modest comedy about romantic mixups during the war are rather patly devised, but the cast, which includes Edward Arnold, Billy De Wolfe, and Joan Caulfield, makes a good share of them fairly funny. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 10-13.)

The Hucksters—A bowdlerized version of the Frederic Wakeman novel about advertising men and their peculiar ways, which has in its favor a couple of praiseworthy performances by Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou. Clark Gable and Deborah Kerr have the principal roles. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Oct. 11-14. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Oct. 11-15. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Oct. 14.)

Kiss of Death—A tough, violent, and exciting gangster picture, with Victor Mature and a frightening newcomer to films named Richard Widmark. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 15.)

Life with Father—The play based on Clarence Day's stories has been expertly made into a movie, in Technicolor. The admirable cast includes William Powell, Irene Dunne, Zasu Pitts, and a child named Derek Scott. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545.)

The Macomber Affair—Hemingway's story of cowardice, lust, and death incidental to a hunting expedition in Africa. Hollywood has watered down some of the racier situations a bit, but there's still enough of the original in it to make it worth while. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Oct. 10-12.)

Open City—A deeply moving Italian film that describes the functioning of the Roman underground. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Outlaw—There's been quite a commotion about this cattle-country epic, put together by Howard Hughes, but what it comes down to is a frequently diverting burlesque of all boots-and-saddle movies. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide most of the tongue-in-cheek effects. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887.)

Perils of Pauline—Betty Hutton in a loud and funny slapstick interpretation of the life of Pearl White. Constance Collier, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest help her through the uproar. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 15.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—As James Thurber's daydreaming character, Danny Kaye is often very comic. Clarity, however, is not one of the film's outstanding virtues. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Shoe-Shine—An Italian picture telling simply and with terrifying effect the tragedy of two shoeshine boys in Rome. The superb child actors and the picture's unrelenting honesty are remarkable. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Tawny Pipit—An English piece that manufactures some gentle fun from such mild ingredients as bird watchers and nest-rifling ornithologists. The cast, headed by Bernard Miles, is always fine. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 10.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839; through Oct. 14.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler thriller about secret agents in Turkey. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 12-13.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 11-14.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 15.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's wry story about a girl who thinks she's going to die. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; Oct. 14-15.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 14.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Oct. 11-14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Oct. 15.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy concerning a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 9.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh again, playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 10-12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 11-14.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film having to do with a lottery and a country inn. Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 14.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Anderson play. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Oct. 9, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: "Grand Illusion" (1937), with Jean Gabin and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Oct. 10-11, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Oct. 12, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: "Pépé Le Moko" (1938), with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 13, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Harvest" (1939), directed by Marcel Pagnol. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
THE OUTLAW.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Oct. 15: "Desire Me," Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through Oct. 14: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Oct. 15: "Green Dolphin Street," Lana Turner, Richard Hart, Van Heflin.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Fun and Fancy Free," Walt Disney film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
"Nightmare Alley," Tyrone Power, Coleen Gray.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Song of Love," Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid, Robert Walker.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Magic Town," James Stewart, Jane Wyman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Oct. 14: "Desert Fury," Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, Burt Lancaster.
From Oct. 15: "Variety Girl," all-star cast, including Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Barbara Stanwyck.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Oct. 9: **CROSSFIRE.**
From Oct. 10: "Unconquered," Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Foxes of Harrow," Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Oct. 15: "Living in a Big Way," Gene Kelly, Marie McDonald.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Unsuspected," Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, Audrey Totter.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Spirit of West Point," Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Ride the Pink Horse," Robert Montgomery.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"The Girls in Småland" (in Swedish).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Oct. 9: "Frieda," David Farrar.
From Oct. 10: "Hungry Hill," Margaret Lockwood, Jean Simmons, Cecil Parker.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Russian Ballerina" (in Russian).

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
Through Oct. 10: "The Blue Veil" (in French), Gaby Morlay.
From Oct. 11: to be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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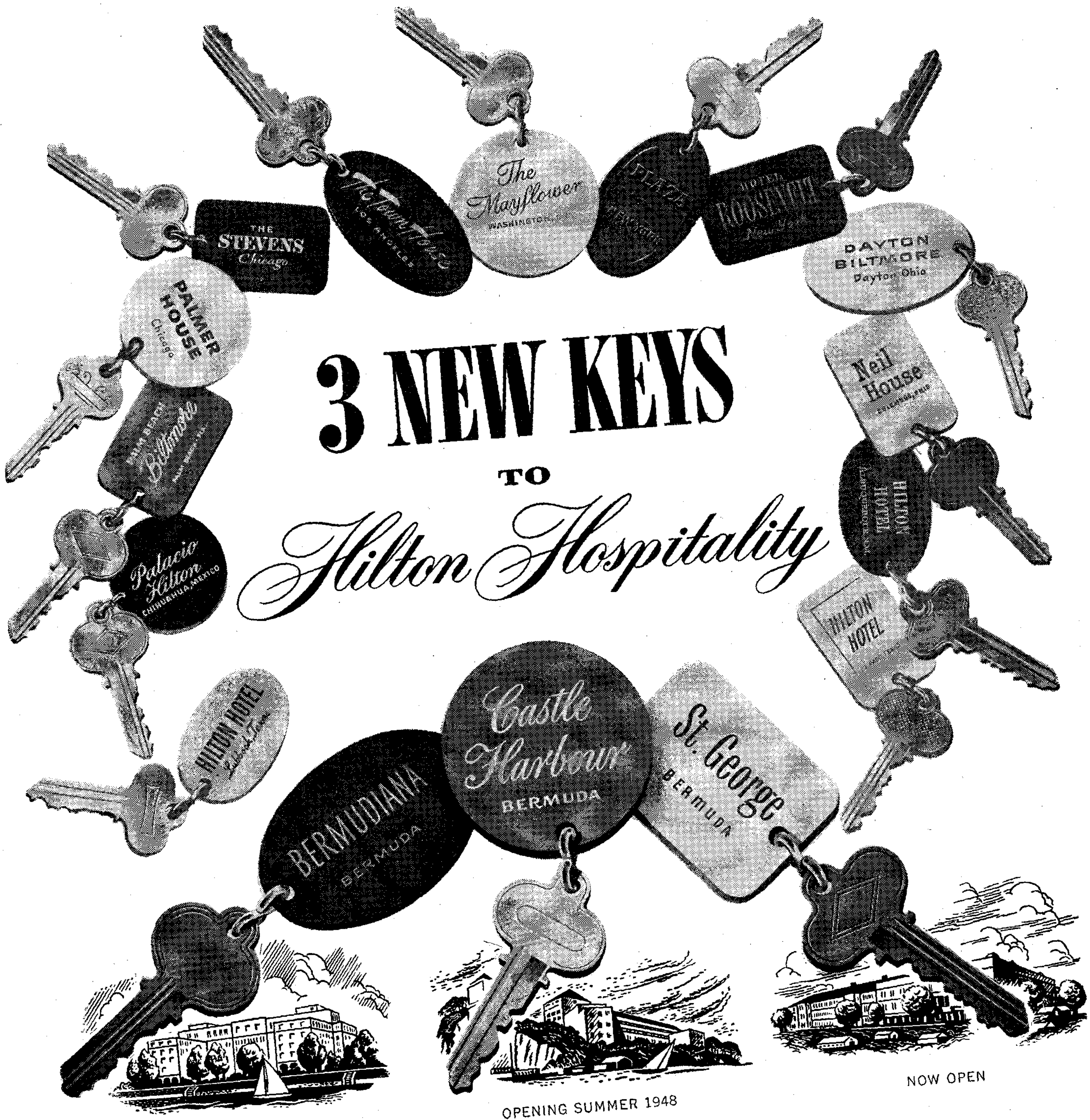
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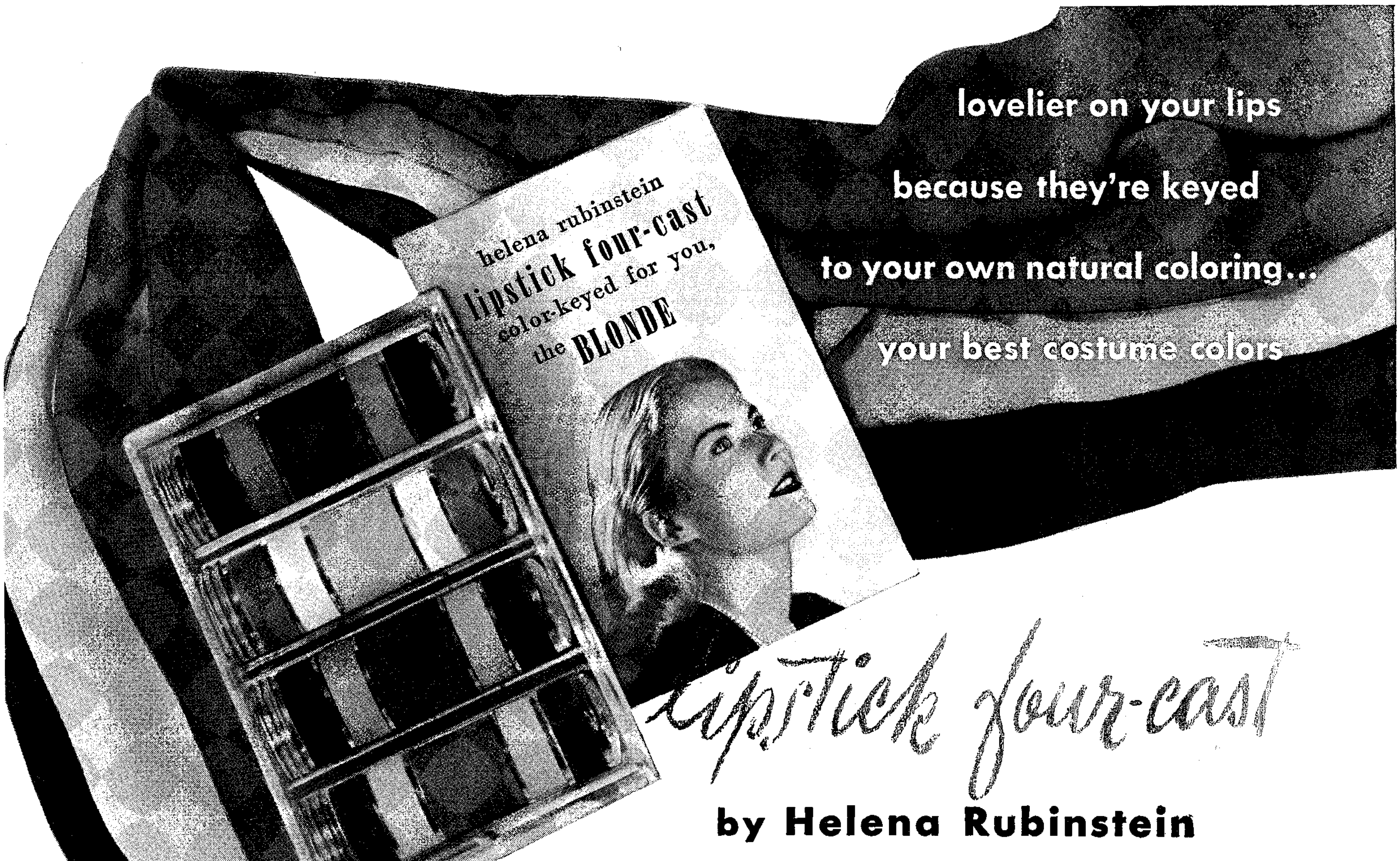
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by Helena Rubinstein

Helena Rubinstein, inspired artist in color, knows that no *one* lipstick shade is always right for every woman. And so, with consummate skill, she selects the four shades that are most flattering to you when you are wearing your loveliest costume colors. Then she packages them so you can match your lipstick to your costume at a glance. Are you blonde? Dressed in classic blue? Wear the blue-cased lipstick for the blonde. **LIPSTICK FOUR-CASTS** for the blonde, brunette, red-head, medium-brown and silver-gray types bring you your best lipstick colors in a shimmering plastic carry-all, show you your best costume colors as well.

LIPSTICK FOUR-CAST, 3.50 INDIVIDUAL LIPSTICK, 1.00
plus tax

715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22
PARIS • LONDON • TORONTO

SILVER-GRAY
BRUNETTE
RED-HEAD
MEDIUM-BROWN

NEED AN EXTRA BEDROOM? GET A HIDE-A-BED BY SIMMONS!

BY DAY

Your Hide-A-Bed is a soft, luxurious sofa, upholstered in rich and durable new fabrics. A handsomely designed piece of furniture that adds grace to any living room! You'd never guess it has a *double* bed inside!

BY NIGHT

See! Your Hide-A-Bed has now become a roomy double bed! Notice how you sleep, too—with your head towards the back of the sofa. You can get into this bed from *either* side without disturbing the other sleeper.

Simmons' beautiful, new dual-purpose sofa gives you extra sleeping space for family or guests without using extra room!

Here's a wonderful new way to get an *extra* bedroom for your home—without adding an extra inch of space.

Get a beautiful new Hide-A-Bed* by Simmons. By day, it's a luxurious living room sofa—covered with the finest decorator fabrics. At night, a roomy double bed!

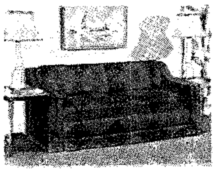
And what a double bed! You're offered—not a skimpy, ordinary mattress—but a genuine Simmons inner-spring mattress . . . or the *extra luxury* of an 837-coil spring Beautyrest Mattress!

The *price?* Only $179.50 and up, depending upon style, cover fabric, and mattress you select. Little more than you'd pay for a good double bed today!

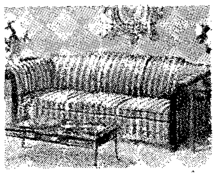
Only Simmons makes Hide-A-Bed. See it and other beautiful Simmons Sofa Beds at your local furniture and department stores. Budget terms.

• • •

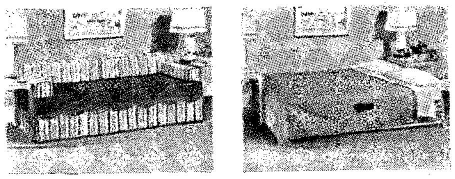
A STYLE FOR EVERY TYPE ROOM



CLAREMONT



TUXEDO



Simmons Duplex Sofa Bed (S842)—another smart version of a space-saving double bed.

Only SIMMONS makes HIDE-A-BED

Makers of the famous Beautyrest Mattress, World's only Electronic Blanket, Deepsleep Mattress, Ace Spring, Babybeauty Crib Mattress

*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
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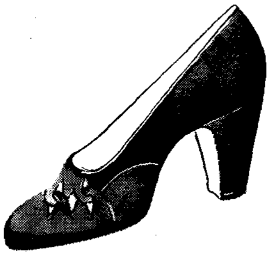
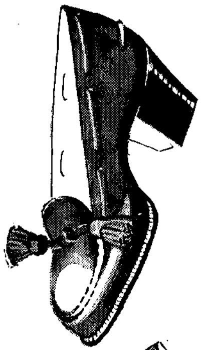
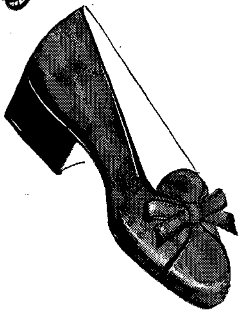


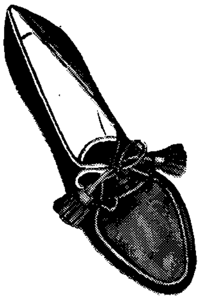


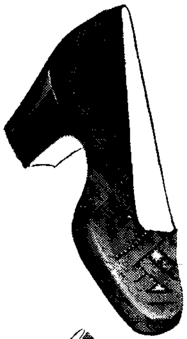
Shoes

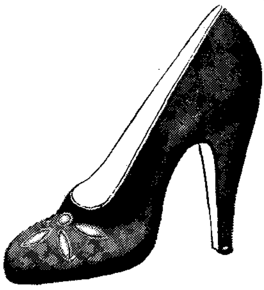
by De Busschère of Bruges

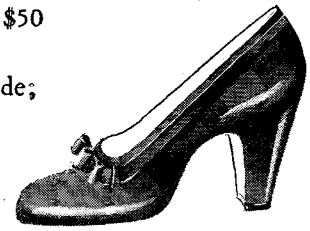
... made entirely by hand ... of selected "seasoned" leathers ... imported exclusively by us.











From top to bottom:

SUZETTE: red lama calf, black and blue suede. $50

HABANERA: lama calf in black, red, brown and beige. $55

PLUME: brown lama calf with lizard tip and heel, beige lama calf with brown piping and heel, black crepe with gold piping. $48.50

DOLLY: suede or lama calf in black, brown and navy. $45

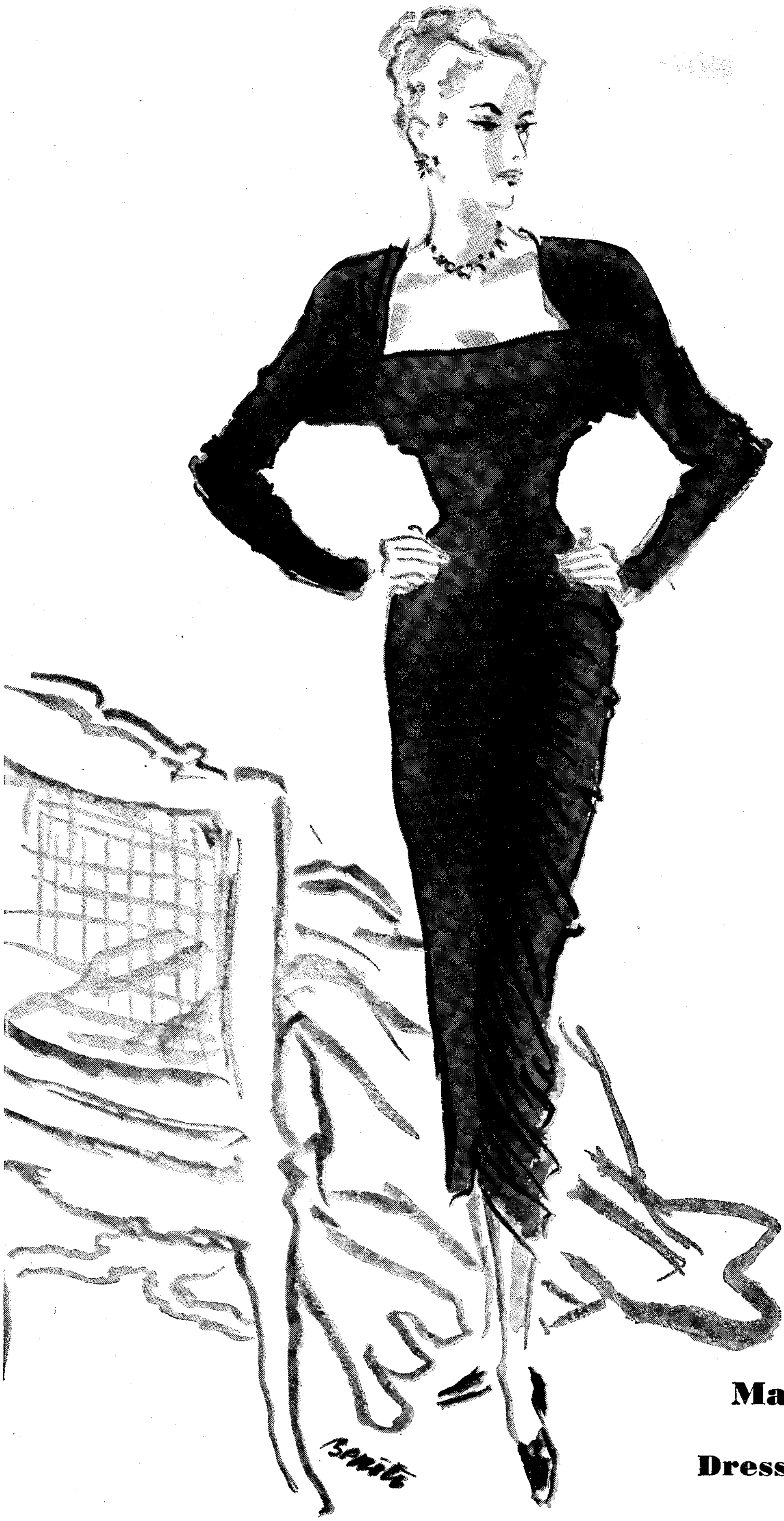
CUBIC: black lama calf. $50

MARGUERITE: black, navy and burgundy suede; black or white crepe piped in gold. $45

SIMPLETTE: black lama calf. $50

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Maximilian
MAXIMILIAN FURS NEW YORK
The Shepherdess Coat...
Knowingly
Designed in
Alaska Sealskin
Holt, Renfrew & Co. Ltd.
CANADA
Hat by Sally Victor — Jewels by Van Cleef and Arpels



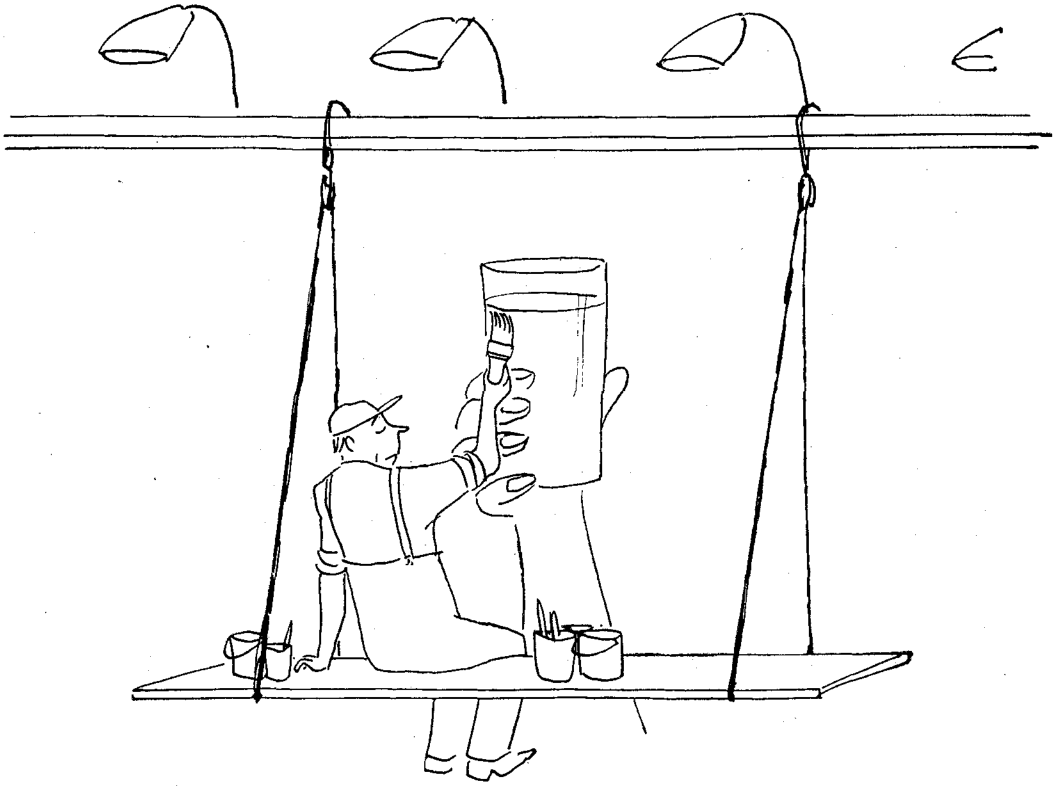
BIANCHINI'S

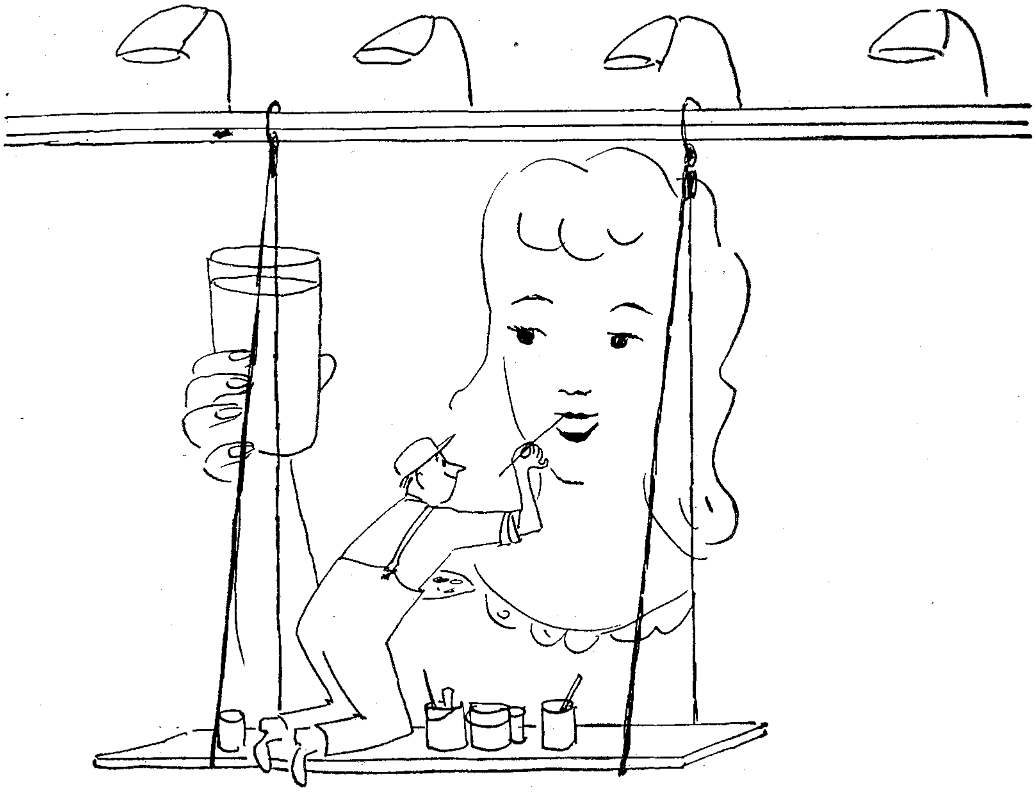
Madona Rayon Crêpe

Dress by JOSEPH HALPERT

Madona ®

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!

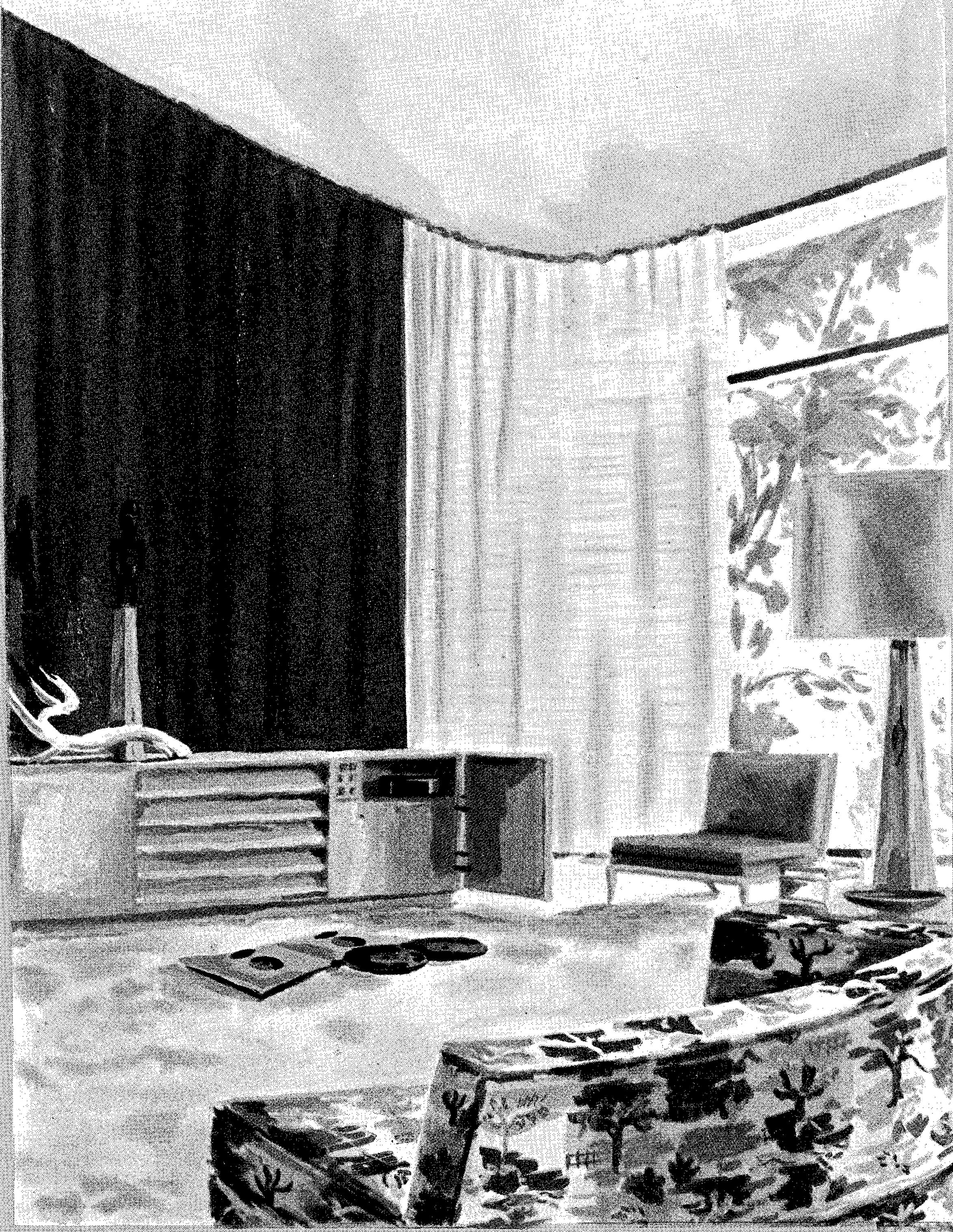




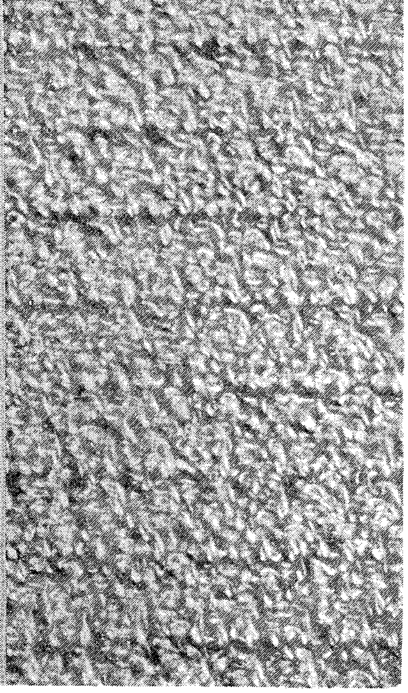
Nor the Power of the Magazine Women Believe In

The October issue of the Journal again sets an all-time record—the largest single-issue advertising investment in the history of any magazine.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



Shown: Celaloom 1064 in white to edit sun at windows; Celaloom 1062 in jade green for wall to aid in sound control; Celaloom 1062 in "Rural Motif" print for sofa. Below: a close-up of weave in Celaloom 1064, color grey sky.



IT'S ALL DONE WITH CELALOOM† . . . revolutionary new deep-textured materials from Celanese' Creative Home Fabrics developed by Celanese Corporation of America. All the fabrics are dimensionally stable, the length they are hemmed is the length they remain. Available in four basic weaves, for drapery and upholstery use, Celaloom prints and solids are all color-coordinated. Let your favorite store show you how to use Celaloom Fabrics throughout the home—in traditional ways and new functional ways.

Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese* Synthetics

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
†Trademark

Wools for Men

Stroock

luxury wool

TIES by Hut

Hut, your tie-tailor, gives you soft, "drape-y" wools that make a knot as thin as you need it or as thick as you want it. The wool tie that fits *all* collars! \$2.50

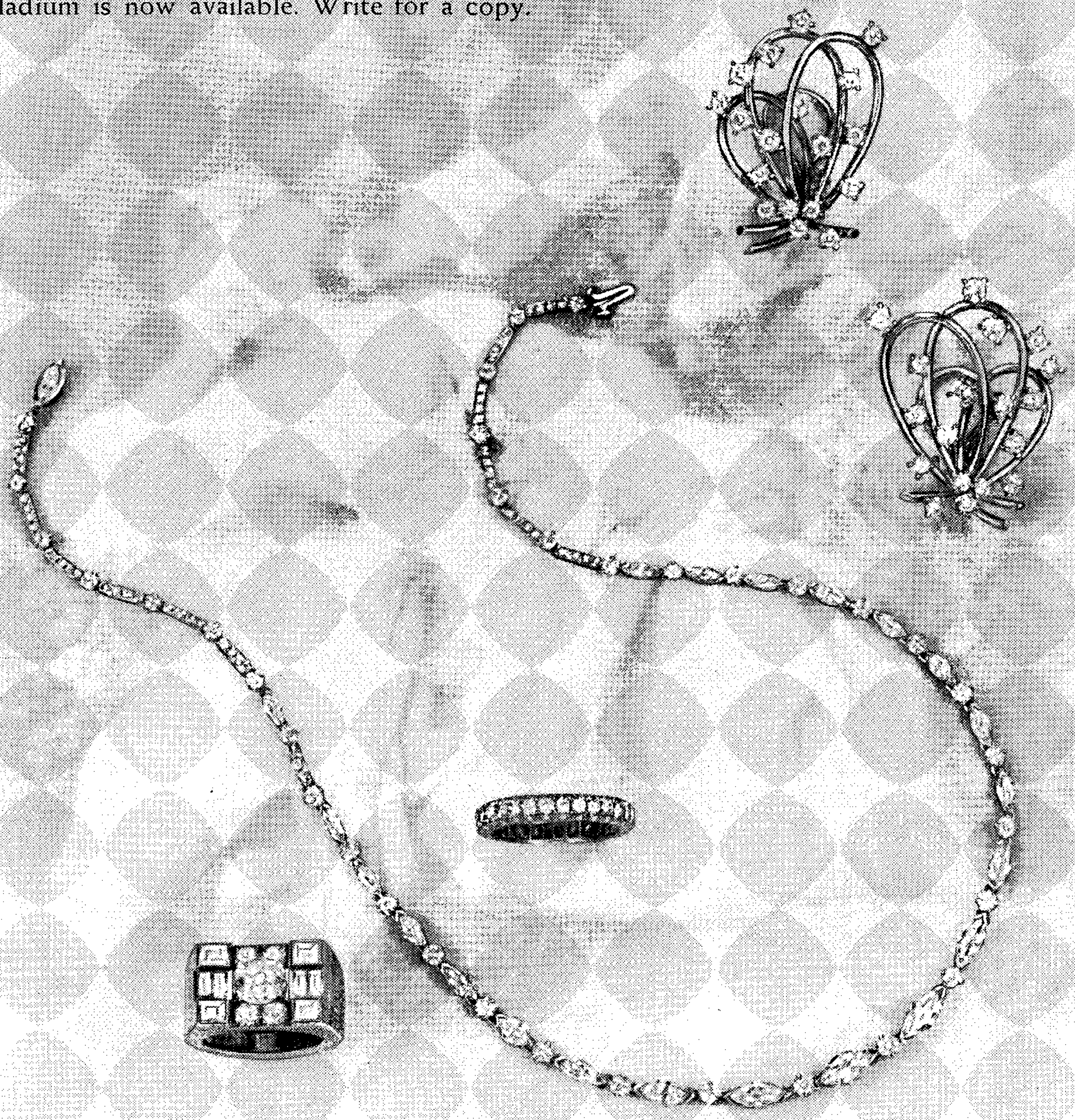
At leading stores—or write, giving name of your dealer

Hut NECKWEAR COMPANY • 1-13 EAST 33rd STREET • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PALLADIUM

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELRY

Fond dreams come true. Diamonds held securely in delicate settings of palladium . . . naturally white, rare and precious . . . capture the sparkle of romance. A booklet telling the interesting story of palladium is now available. Write for a copy.



PLATINUM METALS DIVISION

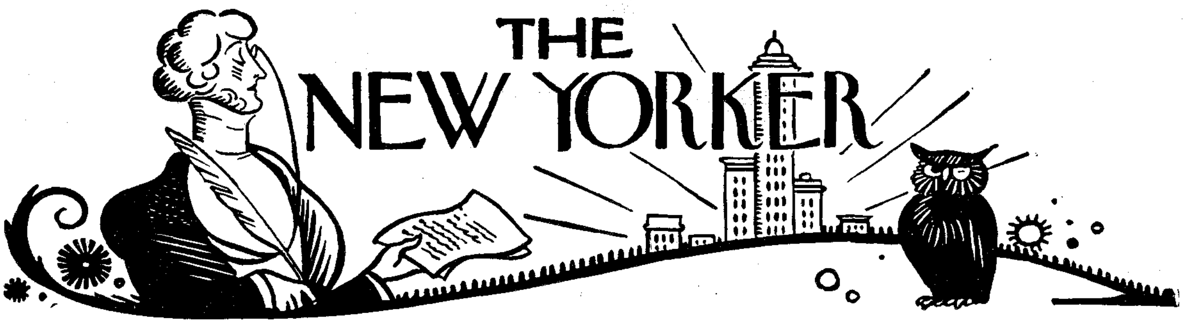
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 67 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Jane Troxell

YOUNG COLONY PRESENTS THIS WONDERFUL DANCE FROCK FROM THE JACQUES HEIM JEUNES FILLES COLLECTION . . . A SWAY OF SHIRRED RAYON TAFFETA IN CLEAR AQUA, FUCHSIA, WHITE OR BLACK. SIZES 9 TO 15, AT 49.95.

YOUNG COLONY FASHIONS, THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Sign of the Times Note: One of the juvenile gangs in the East New York section of Brooklyn calls itself the Socialistic Gents.

Pace That Kills Note: The theme song of a late-afternoon radio show has been changed from "Tea for Two" to "Cocktails for Two."

Decline of the West Note: There's a trucking concern in Reno called Poor Butterfly.

At times, we are as bemused by our own advertising columns as a poet by the moon. For instance, there was an ad last week containing a reproduction of the following letter, on the stationery of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, New York 22:

Mrs. Lucius Boomer, President
Louis Sherry, Inc.
New York

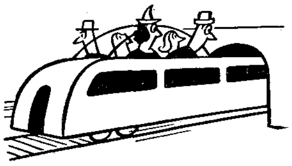
Dear Mrs. Boomer:

We are serving LOUIS SHERRY Ice Cream exclusively at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Very truly yours,
(signed) F. A. Ready
F. A. Ready
President

We got to puzzling over the circumstances that could have inspired the letter. At first glance, it struck us as being the kind a businessman would send out only in reply to a specific written question, and accordingly we surmised that the Waldorf had once agreed to serve no ice cream other than Sherry's, that Sherry's had informed the Waldorf of its belief that the hotel had slipped up somewhere, that Mr. Ready's letter had been written to set Sherry's uneasy mind at rest, and that the communication was published in this magazine to settle a bet. On further thought, however, the nature of the personalities involved in this matter seemed to make this theory untenable. Mrs. Boomer is not only the president of Sherry's but also the widow of a genial gentleman who for many years was the president of, and lived at, the Waldorf; during Mr. Boomer's term of office, Mr. Ready was his general manager and, in effect, vice-president. It is evident, then, that Mrs. Boomer and Mr. Ready have been well acquainted for a long while. So if she wanted to know, on behalf of Sherry's, what kind of ice cream the Waldorf serves (assuming that after many years of association with the hotel she didn't know in the first place), why didn't she pick up a phone and call her old friend Frank Ready? Or, assuming that she didn't want to know and that Mr. Ready had just decided impulsively to tell her about the ice-cream situation, why couldn't he have called her, or have dropped her a cordial, informal note? The letter he *did* write her seems inexplicable to us. It is as if President Truman were to address a communication to Mrs. Roosevelt at Lake Success saying, *in toto*, "Dear Mrs. Roosevelt: We are thinking about the United Nations at the White House. Very truly yours," and his press secretary were to issue it without comment. All in all, a baffling letter, but at least it answers a question that's been bothering us for a long time, and that is: What kind of ice cream does the Waldorf-Astoria serve?

The Train of Tomorrow, which General Motors built to show railroaders a thing or two, made its entrance into Manhattan last week, but it wasn't a grand entrance. For all its sleek, streamlined up-to-dateness, it couldn't get any nearer the center of town than the New York Central freight yards at the foot of West Sixty-first Street, and it was parked there among the tired boxcars of yesterday. It is too high for either Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Station. It stands fifteen and a half feet, as compared to the fourteen feet and eleven-sixteenths of an inch of the conventional, heavyweight Pullman, the additional height being accounted for by what General Motors calls Astra Domes—transparent blisters, thirty feet long, that rise eighteen inches above the tops of the cars to give passengers a wide view of the scenery. The Train of Tomorrow couldn't get into New York City at all by normal means. General Motors wanted to bring it down from Boston on the main-line Hudson River tracks, but it had to travel over the humble Putnam Division. This was because of a low tunnel at Ossining and low bridges at Hastings, Yonkers, and Ludlow—or anyhow what the designers of the Train of Tomorrow consider low bridges. When it did get here, it was too big for the Park Avenue tunnel, which has a clearance of only fifteen feet two inches, four inches of which are taken up here and there by overhead wiring. The Pennsylvania's tunnels under the Hudson are too small for it, too. That came to light the week before, when the Freedom Train, not as tall as the Train of Tomorrow, rolled into town through them and the locomotive, a brand-new one, had to be ignominiously stripped of its horn. The Freedom Train suffered a further ignominy. A local ordinance prohibits the operation of a Diesel-electric locomotive underground, and the train had to be towed into town by an ordinary electric engine.



If the fancy new blister cars being

planned by Western railroads turn out to approximate the height of the Train of Tomorrow, they won't be able to operate out of our local stations (unless you want to count the terminals across the river in New Jersey, where, we're told, they would be all right). According to a General Motors handbook on the Train of Tomorrow, the question of clearance was considered fully, and railroad experts all over the country were consulted. The conclusion seems to be that General Motors knew all about clearances in New York and vicinity and decided to ignore them. New York may be in for a kind of isolation, for from all we could gather from the New York Central, for instance, its plan is to sit tight. We tried to find that company's Vice-President of Improvements and Development. He was out, but one of his assistants said he hadn't heard anything around the office about enlargements. However, he said, "This General Motors job isn't the last word by a long shot. Good Lord, can you imagine what it would cost to increase the clearances around here? It would be more practical to build trains no bigger than they are right now." The Train of Tomorrow started out from Chicago and visited twenty-eight cities before it got here. There were no major difficulties, just a few minor ones. For example, there was some doubt about the station in Cleveland, so the train was run to an exhibition site on the banks of Lake Erie, and in Washington there was some intricate switching because of low overhead electric wires. The Train of Tomorrow went through seven tunnels between Knoxville and Louisville and didn't get a single dent in its domes.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Louis' Beauty Salon, on West Twenty-third Street, has, according to a sign above the door, an "Exclusively Private Entrance."

Dromedary Gingerbread Mix is advertised as being made from a treasured recipe of George Washington's mother, "by special permission of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

The Woolworth stores are now carrying a somewhat Surrealistic device with a lawnmower sharpener on one end and a bottle opener on the other.

Failure

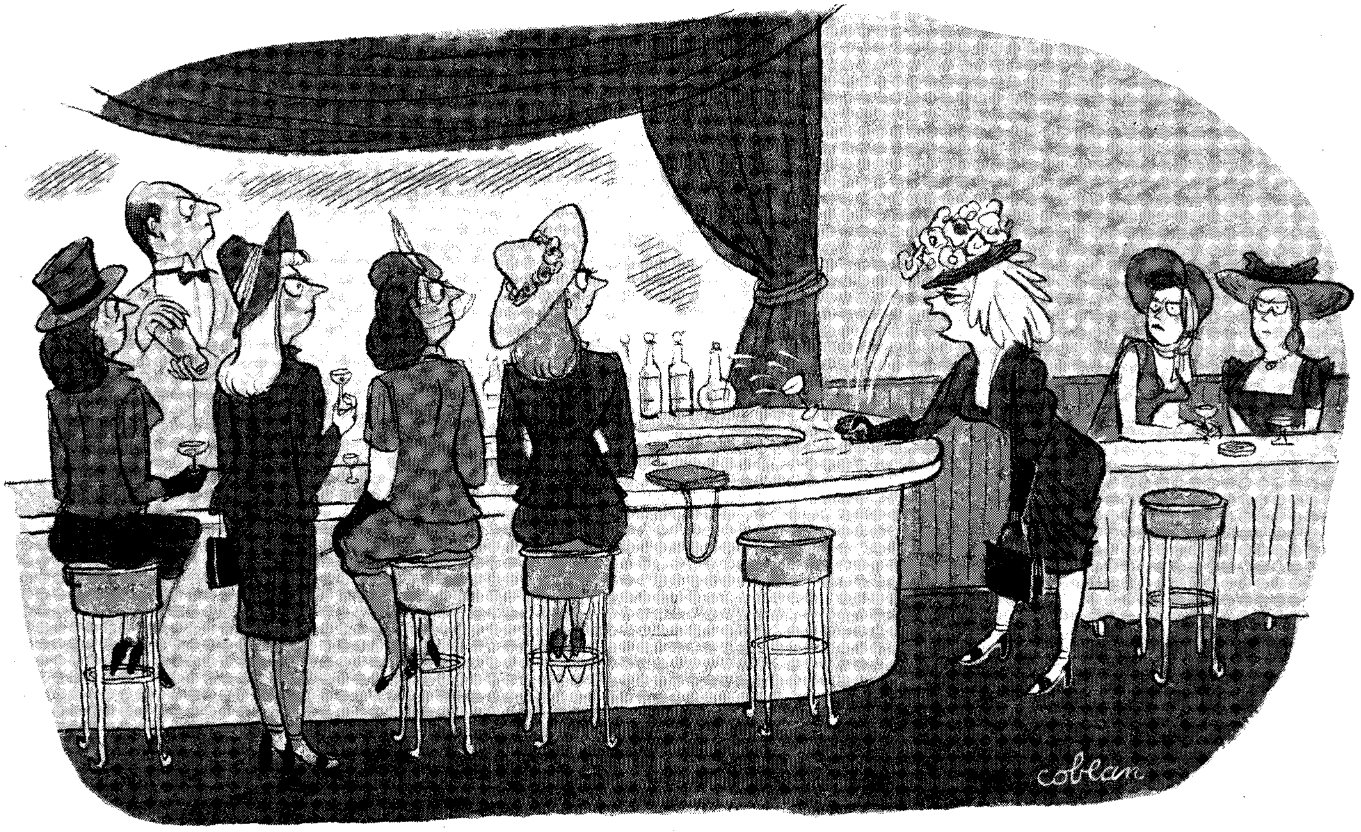
FELLOW we know attempted to establish a man-to-man relationship with his four-year-old nephew one weekend lately by affecting a pronounced interest in the lad's collection of planes. "What are they, anyhow?" he asked heartily. "P-38s? B-29s?" The boy regarded him coldly. "They're neither," he said. "They're just toys."

Desperate

LAST week, along with three hundred and fifty other lexicographers, we were a guest of Paramount at a party given in the Rainbow Room for the purpose of coining the right superlative to describe a Cecil B. De Mille film called "Unconquered." The picture has to do with the French and Indian War, so we were not surprised at being met at the Rainbow Room entrance by a Paramount Indian eight feet tall. He handed us a paper marked "My Coined Superlatives for 'Unconquered' Are——," and we found ourself milling around with more Indians and the contestants. "We got a bathtub made out of ice and filled with real Russian caviar," a gloomy Indian told us, "hot dogs three feet long, and Pommery champagne, but they're going begging. Everyone is thinking. There's a thousand-dollar prize for the winning word." A man who introduced himself as a Samuel Goldwyn representative informed us that the guests were mostly movie-studio, advertising, and radio men. "Paramount is desperate," he said. "De Mille has vetoed the old standbys—'colossal,' 'supercolossal,' and so on. He's here and he's going to award the prize money himself." At the judges' table, we found John Kieran, Wilfred Funk, Gelett Burgess, Professor Irving Lorge, and Abel Green, editor of *Variety*, all wearing mortarboards and already weighing entries. "Some of these words are invidious rather than superlative," we overheard Mr. Green remark. He cited "run of De Mille" and "De Millstone," which we took to be the work of a couple of cynical saboteurs. We heard that the prize was on display in one corner of the room—a thousand silver dollars—and hurried over to look at it. It was in a glass jar, guarded by a dismal plainsman in fringed buckskin and tortoise-shell glasses. We questioned him briefly. He told us that he is a pre-medical student at City College and doesn't know much about words. "Archer Winsten has 'propantechnigontholonic' and *Harper's Bazaar* has 'herculossal,' " a gentleman near us cried, "and I've got 'magnomaximosuperoptimoswell.' What do you think of that?" "Magnomaximosuperoptimoswell," we said politely. A Paramount man, joining us, said that a thousand words had already been coined, that the judges would soon make their decision, and that Mr. De Mille would then begin to look happy. He urged us to be on hand for this spectacle. We followed him past a table littered with pieces of paper, pausing to note the entries "atomicolossal," "demillightful," "demillennium," and "demillionadorable," and hung up behind a gentleman who had written "good" on a ballot and was signing it "Benson, of J. Walter Thompson." The Paramount man introduced us to Mr. De Mille, who was sitting at a table all alone and had not begun to look happy. "That guard," Mr. De Mille said, pointing to the City College plainsman. "His glasses are all wrong for 1763. They should be more like Patrick Henry's glasses, which I have in my private collection. And he's carrying a cap lock. It should be a flintlock. I have several flintlocks in my private collection." He added that he also has a splendid new superlative, of his own coinage, in his private collection—"hyperlucriferous." "You know, 'lucre,' " he said. "I spent five million dollars on this picture. Unfortunately, I'm not eligible for the contest." We quickly wrote his adjective on our ballot, signed our name, and handed it to Mr. Green.

SEA BEACH EXPR

Presently we found ourself sitting at a table next to Ernest Emerling, publicity director for Loew's Theatres. He told us he had submitted "Paramountolossal," "Paramounterrific," and "Paramonumental," and that one of them was sure to win. Well, he was right. Soon a bell rang, and Mr. De Mille, beginning to look happy, announced "Paramonumental" as the winner. It turned



"I can lick any woman in the house!"

out that Jack Lloyd, a movie-magazine writer, had also dreamed this one up and that the prize was to be split. He and Emerling spilled the thousand silver dollars on the floor and started counting, the Indians started pouring champagne, and Professor Lorge told us he was disappointed in the quality of the entries and planned to make a study of them in the interest of science. Mr. Green confessed to a similar semasiological letdown. "I thought 'Paromantic' was better than 'Paramonumental,' " he said. "I was looking for creative coinage—the kind of word we would like in *Variety*. Not that we would use 'Paromantic.' We don't go in for raveroos—'boffo' or 'socco' or 'wow' is our maximum along those lines." We asked Mr. Green whether *Variety* would use "invidious," and after some reflection he said he thought not.

Strain

A WESTERN UNION trouble shooter was dispatched to a city hospital one recent afternoon to repair one of the company's electrically synchronized clocks, which turned out to be in an operating room on the top floor. A nurse dressed him in a white jacket and cap, tied a gauze mask over his face, cautioned silence, and led him into the room. To his dismay, he saw that an operation was in progress, with a number of medical students standing about as spectators. Assuming that the clock was needed to help time the operation and aware that his handiwork was attracting more attention than that of the surgeon, he repaired the clock as quickly and quietly as possible. When the synchronizing impulse came through, proving that the instrument was again in order, the poor fellow tottered noiselessly out into the hall, collapsed, and had to be brought around with spirits of ammonia.

Misapprehension

THE stories one reads and hears about the strange rumors in Europe that this country is suffering a meat shortage are borne out by the daily arrival here of quantities of beef, mutton, and pork in the baggage of visitors. These travellers are doubly chagrined, for they find not only that the expense and pains they have been to were ill advised but that they can't even keep their meat. The disillusionments come in reverse of the above order, for in nearly all cases the meat imports are confiscated upon arrival and hauled off to be burned in an incinerator. On learning, last week, that the regulations governing the importation of meat are the work, and their enforcement the responsibility, of the federal Bureau of Animal Industry, we went down to its local offices, at 61 Broadway, and looked up Dr. Truman W. Cole, the inspector in charge. He told us that the purpose of the restrictions is to keep foot-and-mouth disease and rinderpest out of the United States, and that they've been in effect for about seventeen years.

Rinderpest, we learned, is a virus disease that wipes out whole herds of cattle once it gets started. It never *has* got started here. Foot-and-mouth disease is also an acute, highly communicable virus disease, and can be caught not only by cattle but by human beings. It is rarely fatal to human beings, but the mortality among animals ranges from three to forty per cent. There have been nine outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease in the United States. The most costly one began in Michigan in the fall of 1914, spread to twenty-two states, and wasn't stamped out until 1916, after nine million dollars had been spent to down it by the federal and state governments. The only way to eradicate the disease is to kill infected and exposed animals and either burn the carcasses or bury them in quicklime. The last outbreak was in 1929. Meat that has been heat-sterilized and arrives in hermetically sealed containers is admitted to this country, as are fish and poultry, provided, in the case of the latter, that the legs have been cut off above the spurs. Cured meat may be brought in if it complies with certain requirements; that is, if it was allowed to stand for seven days in an unfrozen, fresh condition immediately following slaughter, if the bones were removed in the country of origin, and if it was cured in salt or brine. As practically no incoming passenger is in a position to document the cured meat he brings with him, this provision is of only theoretical interest to him.

Immigrants and visitors have been trying to bring meats in for a year or more, but the Bureau has been bearing down hard on their luggage only since last June. "Our biggest worry is steerage passengers," Dr. Cole told us. "They come here expecting to find the streets paved with gold, but no meat. We've found as much as two hundred pounds of meat in a man's trunk. One of our inspectors ran across a fellow whose mother had done without meat for a year in the old country so that he could bring enough over here to live on till things got better." Dr. Cole could not tell us the total amount of meat the Bureau has confiscated, since he and his men don't weigh it, but he's sure it runs high into the hundreds of tons. In July, a large number of passengers arrived from the Mediterranean area on the Saturnia, and they listed over two and a half tons of meat in their declarations. That's the biggest single haul so far. Occasionally, incoming passengers get wind of what's up and try to smuggle meat in, but it's no harder to find than liquor used to be. The Bureau also picks up any meat coming in by mail, as it does in considerable quantities. Dr. Cole has asked steamship companies, airlines, and American consular officials all over the world to warn passengers against bringing meat here, but with no apparent effect.

More than two tons of meat have been taken from air passengers at LaGuardia in the last three months. An Italian who had paid ninety-six and a half dollars for fifty pounds of excess baggage consisting of assorted salami was understandably dismayed when the Bureau inspectors relieved him of it. A lady from Eire recently had to surrender a large ham. "You're discriminating against the Irish," she said hotly. "Lady, my name is McCarthy," the inspector said, ending the incident.

Tiff

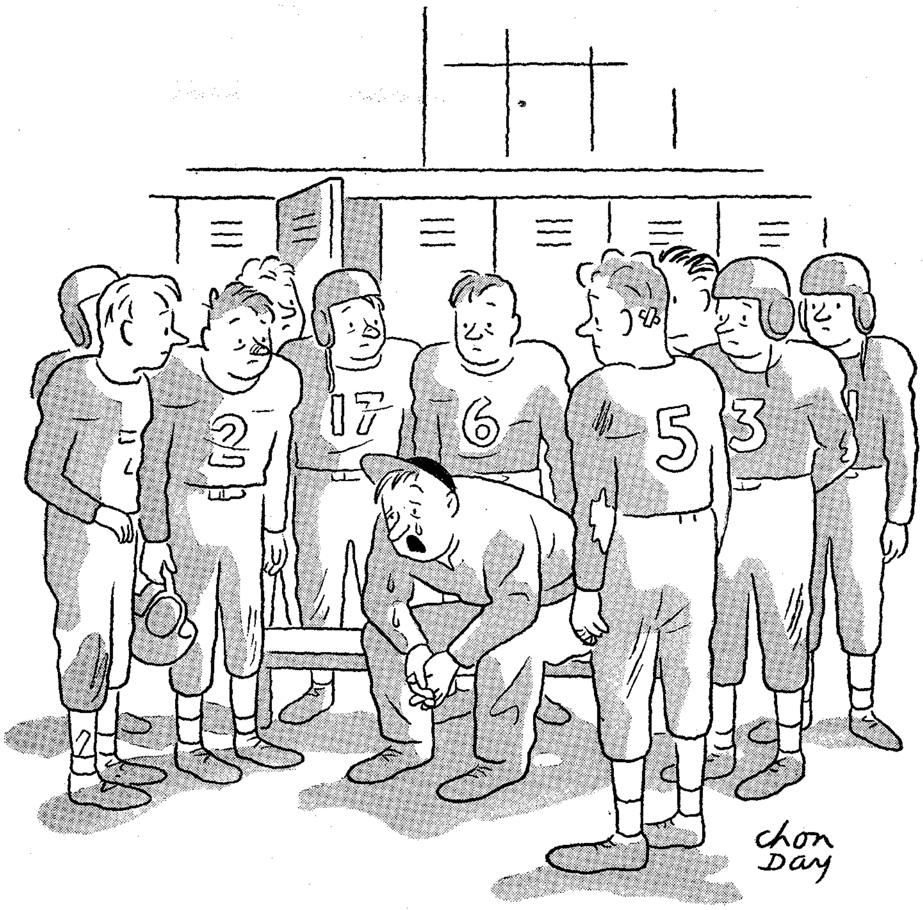
FRIEND of ours sent her annual check to the Book-of-the-Month Club a few weeks ago and has just received a letter in reply. It begins, "We are extremely sorry that you find it necessary to continue your membership in the Club."

Everlasting

WE have had a talk with Dr. Ferdinand Ringer, the chemist responsible for Bub-O-Loon, that popular preoccupation of young and old, and are happy to report that he came upon it unintentionally. Dr. Ringer is a serious research chemist, Viennese-born, and he was deep in the problem of perfecting a multiple-strike match when he ran into what became Bub-O-Loon. It happened last spring, in his laboratory at 114 East Thirty-second Street, this city. "I was dissolving Vinylite resin in acetone," he told us. "I blew some air in and formed a bubble, or a balloon. I found I could seal it, and realized it could be a toy. I wasn't working to make Bub-O-Loon. It was just an agreeable accident." Dr. Ringer reported his agreeable accident to Matthew Fox, a vice-president of Universal-International Pictures, who is helping stake him in his match research, and Fox formed a company to exploit the accident. The rest is history. (Footnote to history: Ringer also announced his find to his lawyer, Lee W. James, saying, "It's between a bubble and a balloon." "Bub-O-Loon!" said James, a decisive fellow, who is president of the Metropolitan Club.) Ringer, who gets a royalty on every tube of Bub-O-Loon sold, went back to his match, which he told us he has now perfected. He drew one out of his desk drawer and permitted us to inspect it at a distance of four feet. It was three inches long and a little thicker than a wooden kitchen match, and was made of a grayish substance. He poked it into the flame of an ordinary match and nothing happened. He then struck it against a piece of brown stone, and it ignited. "It will light only from a special striker, which is everlasting," the Doctor said. "You get at least eighty lightings, of four seconds each, to an inch. It takes only two seconds to light a cigarette, so you can light around five hundred cigarettes with each match."

Dr. Ringer refers to his latest creation, which he believes will soon be made generally available by Mr. Fox, as the *new* everlasting match. The *old* everlasting match was one he invented in 1931. "I showed it to Kreuger in Paris," he told us. "It was too expensive for commercial manufacture, but the news of it got around and caused Kreuger shares to go down, and Kreuger was financially embarrassed. He went to America for credit. Unfortunately, I am the reason he committed suicide." After Kreuger's death, the Kreuger company paid Ringer four hundred thousand dollars for the match and shelved it. Its descendant will probably be sold at first in groups of nines, in a Bakelite container. It is expected that later it will appear in paper books bearing advertising. Its composition is Dr. Ringer's secret. "I can tell you that its cooling gas regulates its burning gas in a most unusual way," he said. "It wastes nothing, whereas in the ordinary match ninety per cent of the material is wasted."

The father of Bub-O-Loon and the old and new everlasting matches is a dark, intense, lean man, a widower, and the son of an Austrian railway-construction engineer. He graduated from the University of Vienna in 1911, taught chemistry at technical schools in Zurich and Lausanne, and took another degree, at Grenoble, in 1913. Around then, well heeled as the result of a ceramic invention that he said was too complicated for us to understand, he opened laboratories in Vienna and Paris. He has over a hundred patents, mostly in the plastics field. He left Paris for New York in 1940, and set up the laboratory on East Thirty-second Street. "I had money in every country," he said, "but not too much here, and I worked night and day." Dr. Ringer is now a consulting chemist to a number of companies, one of which, he told us, has a thousand staff chemists. He plays the piano, is a relentless concertgoer, smokes fifty semi-denicotinized cigarettes a day, and spends July and August at the Balsams Hotel, in Dixville Notch, New Hampshire, sleeping, taking walks and drives, listening to the radio, and playing solitaire, with never a word for anyone. "I don't care if the other guests think I'm crazy," he told us, lighting a semi-denicotinized cigarette with an everlasting match. He keeps a supply of Bub-O-Loon in his desk and blows some of it up from time to time. "For me, it is like a medicine," he said. "You can make the nicest dolls with it. And it has certainly knocked the bottom out of bubble gum."



"Have any of you men got a handkerchief?"

Tyro

AN Amherst young man has sent us another item about Brooks Brothers, and who are we to doubt an Amherst man? He relates that he went in there to buy some shirts the other day (in a hurry, because he had to catch a train), hailed a white-haired gentleman making his way behind the shirt counter, and told him what he was after. "I'm sorry, sir," the old fellow said politely. "I would like to help you, but I am not a salesman yet."

THE VOLCANO

PAUL slammed the brakes on. His car came to a shrieking stop just in time to miss the rear end of a yellow bus. If the driver hadn't speeded up, there would certainly have been a collision. Paul waited for the man to stop and jump out to speak his mind. The bus had incontestably had the right of way. Paul had come out of a side road, oblivious of the stop sign. But the driver lacked either the time or the inclination to make a fuss and continued on the road to Oyster Bay without cutting his speed. Paul was grateful. He sat rigid behind the wheel of his stalled car, smelling burned rubber, tasting the residue of terror.

He wondered if he'd been guilty of any other traffic violations in the fifteen miles he'd travelled since crossing the Queensboro Bridge. He remembered coming down from his office and getting into the car, but he must have driven the rest of the way on little more than instinct. I'll have to be careful next time, he thought. Then it occurred to him that there would not be a next time.

He would never drive precisely the same route again, because his office was no longer his office. As of an hour ago, he had no office. For the first time since the age of twenty-six—twelve years now—he had no job. The sudden terror that, with the approach of the yellow bus, had flooded his entire body yielded to the memory of the dull panic of the years after college, when there had been no jobs at all, only receptionists asking his name and address. Paul had been strafed once on Guam, and then, too, his momentary terror had dissolved into the memory of those years, which had forever defined for him the quality of fear.

A light rain was starting to fall. The stalled engine kicked right off, and so did the windshield wipers. At least I have a good car, Paul thought. Twelve years ago, I couldn't have afforded a bicycle.

He drove the few miles home slowly and with care. He parked the car in the garage and went through the storage room into the kitchen. There he found the Brissendens' cook, whom Nancy sometimes borrowed for special occasions.

"Who's coming for dinner?" he asked.

"Two people," the old woman said. "I don't know their names, sir."

"I do," said Paul. "The Marriners. I'd forgotten all about it."

Nancy had just begun to set the table. She came to meet Paul in the middle of the living room. They kissed. She looks no more like the mother of a seven-year-old girl than I do, he thought. She looks like half of a very young couple picked to serve as photographic models for an illustrated article on prefabricated housing. Attractive, capable, smiling, and appropriately venturesome.

"You're so early," she said.

"I wish the Marriners weren't coming tonight."

"Darling, I thought you liked them."

"I do," he said. "Where's Jen?"

"Upstairs. She's taking her bath alone. She announced she didn't need help any more, and showed me how she could reach the small of her back."

Paul considered putting off his own announcement but decided against it. "Sit down," he said. "I quit my job."

"High time," said Nancy. "I don't have to sit down for that, but I will. I'm glad."

"I had to do it. This afternoon, I went into McDonald's office and he showed me an ad that's going to run in the Sunday papers. I wish I'd brought the proof home. It had a picture of that first house I did after I got out of the service. You know, the little Cape Cod. I can't remember all the nauseating copy that went with it. Straight-from-the-shoulder stuff from James McDonald to the veterans of America. How he knew they were sick of talk, talk, plans, plans, so he was offering them a *house* to live in—*now*. It was designed by a veteran—that's me—built by one—that's him—and it had this, that, and the other thing, all for eleven and a half thousand dollars. Nancy, that's a six-thousand-dollar house. To ask eleven and a half and brag that you're doing it to discharge the loyal duty of a former comrade-in-arms—Christ! And then he had the gall to patronize me about my name being run in the ad."

"I hope you told him off."

"Not the way I should have. I guess I wasn't very good. I did manage to say he was selling gold bricks and I didn't want any part of it. Listen, that ad was enough to turn your stomach. From one G.I. to another. I bet not twenty per cent of the men who buy those houses will be able to keep them. But they have to buy, because they have no place to live. Anyway, I told him to keep my name out of it."

"How did he take that?"

"More in sorrow. I wish you'd been there to hear him, Nancy. He said he realized I'd been disaffected for some time. Nancy, he's such an operator he actually had me shaking hands before I knew it. And, driving home, I wondered if I would've quit if my name hadn't been on that damn ad."

"Certainly you would've, in time," said Nancy. "That place has been doing things to you. I'm awfully glad you're out of there."

"You're not worried?"

"What about?"

"About my being out of a job."

"That's silly," she said. "You'll find another. You could get on the telephone now and come up with a job in half an hour. I only hope this time you'll pick and choose until you find something you like."

"You're fairly certain I can do that?"

"Absolutely certain. Aren't you?"

"No," Paul said. "I'm not. I've already smoked two packages of cigarettes about it, and the day isn't over. I wish the Marriners weren't coming."

"Well, it's a good thing they are. At least, they'll keep you from stewing all evening. Gosh, what is there to stew about? Supposing you were out of work for a whole year, we still have the house and enough money to live on. For two years, if necessary."

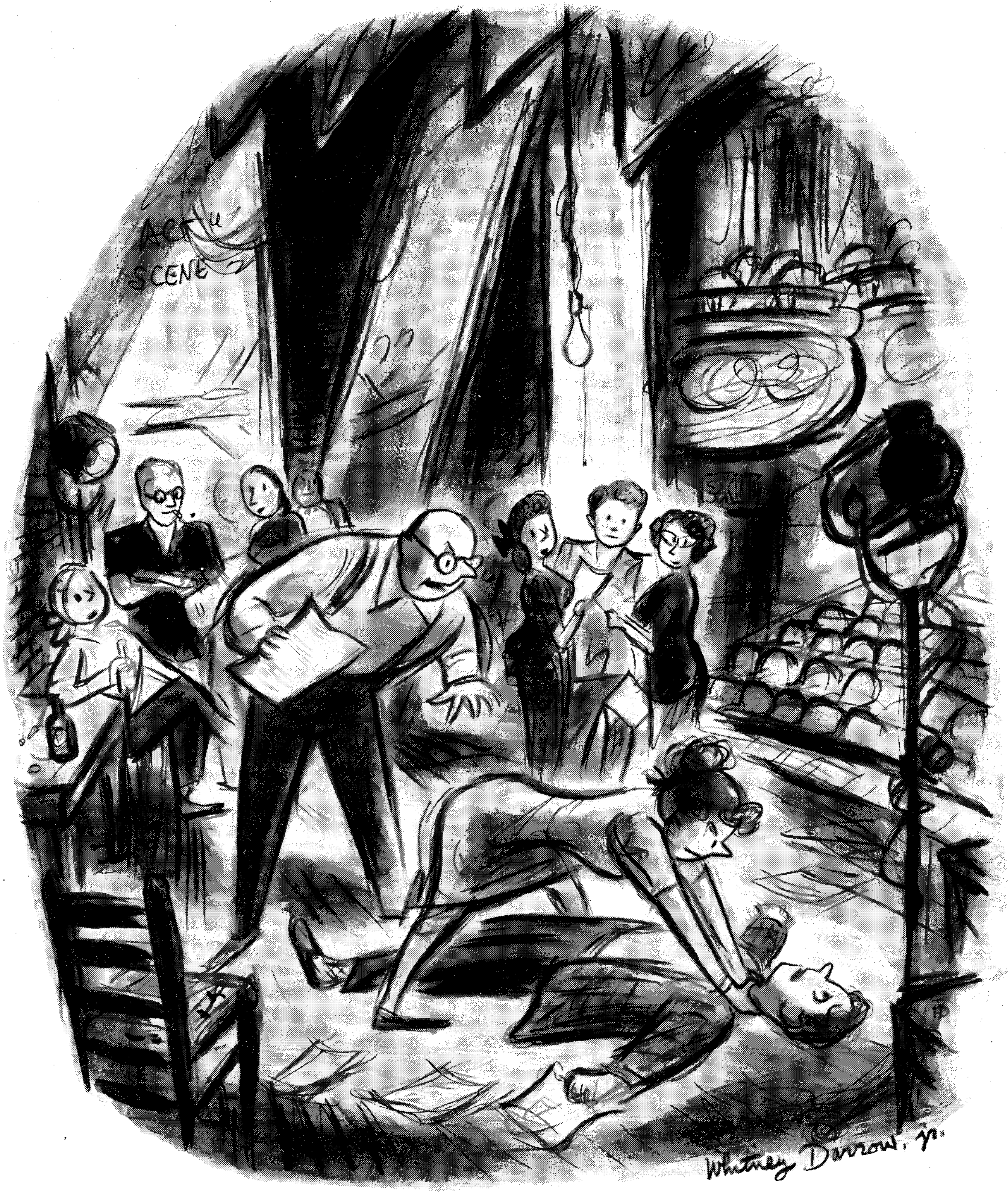
"I was once out of work for three."

"You were a kid just out of college," she said. "Nobody knew you. And most architects were unemployed then, weren't they?"

"That's just it. That's just the way it could happen again."

"What if it did? People like us could always make a living."

Paul looked at his wife attentively. No question about it, she wasn't being Nancy the glad girl. She was utterly convinced that no matter what happened, people like them could always make a living. She had no reason to think otherwise. Her parents had not been better off than his, but there was that meaningful difference of ten years in age; Nancy had just turned twenty-eight. All her friends had walked into good war jobs straight from college. None of them had left his name and



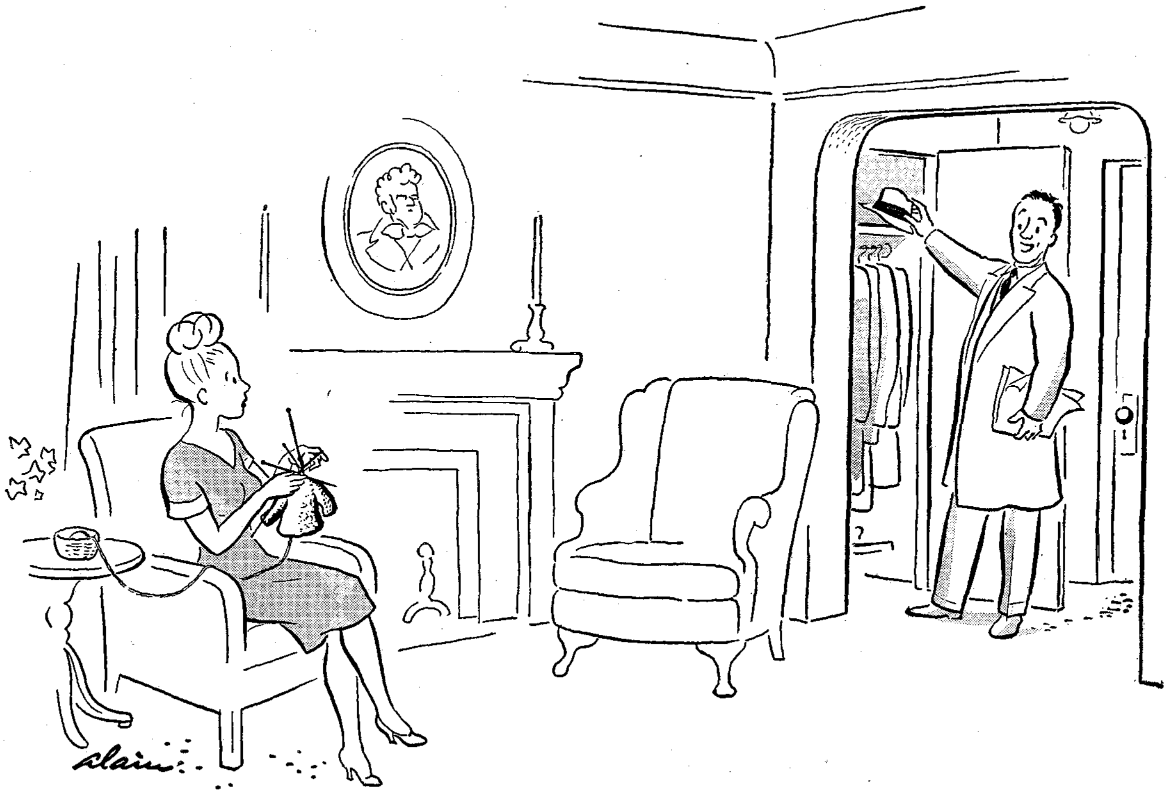
"All right, Miss Logan, that's it. All right, Miss Logan. Miss Logan! Miss Logan!"

• •

address with two hundred brisk receptionists. How could she know what a depression was like?

Then, again, it may not be a matter of generations so much as of temperament, he thought. Louise, his first wife, had had the same attitude. If two hundred receptionists turn you away, go see the two-hundred-and-first.

How could Nancy really know what simple lack of money can do to people? If he and Louise had been able to earn as much as fifteen hundred a year between them, there might never have been a divorce. There would never have been the time of living first with his parents, then hers—the strain, the tears, the panic of insecurity, the sordid little humiliations of dependence. Even now, with a house of his own and enough money to live on comfortably for two years, Paul could be frightened by a corner druggist's casual remark about a depression to come. The drug-



"Why, darling! I didn't know you could knit."

gist knew no more about it than the taxi-driver or the shoeshine man, but they all said sure enough, a depression was on its way. Very likely they were right.

"If I could tell you about being unemployed," Paul said. "But I can't. The idea of another depression scares the hell out of me. I used to worry about it in the Pacific. This sounds goofy, but I used to think about the national debt and all those brand-new bulldozers rusting away on the islands, sinking into jungle. I used to think someone will have to pay for that equipment and the hundred thousand planes we built and everything else. You don't worry about any of that, do you?"

"Darling, what good does it do to think way ahead about things you can't control?"

Nancy got up and went back to the dining room. She had chosen her best tablecloth for the Marriners, a crisp and shining damask. Ken and Helen Marriner were fine, cheerful people, and ordinarily Paul looked forward to their coming, but tonight the idea of making cheerful talk was distasteful to him. He didn't feel funny. Neither did he relish the prospect of sitting glumly through dinner while Ken tried to keep the ball rolling.

Nancy set out the flat silver.

"You know what you remind me of?" Paul asked. "You remind me of those villagers near Mount Etna. They know that if there's an eruption, their homes will be buried under lava, but it doesn't seem to bother them."

Nancy smiled. "It's a long time between eruptions. What do you want us to do—sit and stew?"

"Why do *I* stew? Was it those two hundred receptionists? Or something that happened when I was a month old? Don't you ever get panicky?"

"No," she said, "not really. Not except when Jen gets sick. Even then, I've had a kind of faith that everything would turn out all right for people I love. Is that stupid?"

"I don't know. Does this faith of yours exclude people you don't love?"

"I'm afraid I just don't think nearly often enough about them."

"Well, look," Paul said. "What about Joe Dietz? In a way, you could say we loved him. There was no wind that day to speak of, nothing that would make trouble for a B-29. Everybody comes down nicely, but before Joe's airplane hits the runway, a cross wind makes it ground-loop, and Joe's burned to death. Just an arbitrary gust of wind that no one could have reckoned on. Anyway, it seemed arbitrary to me on Guam. And it seems arbitrary now. Can your scheme of things account for it?"

"It's not a scheme."

"Your faith, then. How does your faith account for one airplane taxiing in safe and the next one going up in flames?"

"My faith doesn't account for everything," Nancy said. "But it accounts for a lot. Most important of all, it works."

"It does, at that," Paul said. "You're lucky."

"There's one thing my faith won't accomplish, and that's putting Jen to bed before the Marriners come. You'll have to do it while I get things done here. She's already been in the tub too long."

Paul went upstairs slowly. He had eagerly looked forward to his last day with the firm of James McDonald and it hadn't worked out quite as he had thought it would. He had expected McDonald to be indignant and flustered, but McDonald had chosen not to regard the resignation as final and to remain unruffled, plausible, rather avuncular to the end. He had offered Paul an increase in salary and shaken hands, secure in the assumption that the offer would do its slow, inevitable work.

After Paul had left the office, he had stopped in at the corner drugstore for a carton of cigarettes. The clerk had started chattering about the depression to come. The clerk was a young man, no older than Nancy, and he talked blithely of the depression as a necessary, desirable antidote to the absurd prices. He, too, must have a kind of faith that things would right themselves in the long run, the faith of the generation that had stepped into war jobs, the faith of the young people whose side had won, after all, and now possessed the most ingenious of gadgets.

Jen was having herself a bubble bath. The pinned-up hair made her look even more like a miniature Nancy. Each time Paul was struck by the resemblance, he loved them both the more for it. He bundled her in a large towel and carried her to the bedroom. They talked for a good half hour about things that had happened to her during the day. Then Paul went through the first part of the going-to-bed ritual, the story about Frankie and Johnny.

For more than a year now, Paul had kept that story going in daily installments. Frankie and Johnny were two sailors. In the original chapter, they'd been shipwrecked on a desert island and fended manfully for themselves; there was only a gossamer line of continuity in the installments that followed. Jen clearly preferred this serial to Grimm, Andersen, or Donald Duck, and Paul loved to entertain her. Frankie and Johnny had crossed the Gobi Desert, eaten the hump of a camel, hunted polar bears, got stuck in an elevator between floors near the top of the Empire State. All the chapters ended on a gay note.

Tonight, Paul had Frankie and Johnny take a little girl to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, a little girl just about Jen's age and with her kind of brown hair, blue eyes, and laughing mouth.

"Was it me?" Jen asked when the story was over.

"No. I told you her name was Mabel. I'll take you myself sometime."

Jen was sleepy, but she tried to keep Paul in the room a little longer.

"I know a joke," she said. "It's about Mommy. When Mommy was a little girl just about my size and my kind of hair and nose, she wanted a baby brother and she asked Grandma for a baby brother. So the next day Grandma took her into a big room with a crib in it and there was a blanket in there and pretty soon something moved under the blanket. What do you think it was?"

"I don't know," Paul said.

"Do you think it was a puppy?"

"Was it?"

"No," she said. "Do you think it was a kitten?"

"Was it?"

"No. Do you think it was a dead rat?"

"Dead rats can't move."

"But Uncle Albert can," said Jen triumphantly. "It was Uncle Albert all the time."

They both laughed, and Paul performed the last part of the ritual. He puffed up her pillow, patted her knees under the blanket, stroked her cheeks, and tucked her in. He mumbled the magic sounds warranted to produce pleasant dreams. She kissed him. Paul felt his entire body fill with an access of barely supportable tenderness.

DOWNSTAIRS, Nancy had finished setting the table. She said, "Ken Marriner called this morning to say they'll be a little late. Helen called, too."

"Helen Marriner?"

"No, your sister Helen. I forgot to tell you when you came in. She called to say Louise has been hit by an automobile. I couldn't make out exactly what she wanted you to do. Louise's husband is probably at the hospital with her, and I shouldn't think he'd want a first husband also hovering about. Helen didn't know what kind of injury it was, but it may have been serious. Louise'd been standing on the curb, waiting for a light to change, and a delivery truck went out of control. The driver was killed outright."

"My God!" Paul said. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I'm afraid I forgot. You were so full of having quit the job and all that talk about faith, I guess I wasn't thinking very clearly."

"I'll ring Helen. Maybe she knows more now."

Paul dialled several times, but there was no answer.

"I hope it isn't too bad," said Nancy.

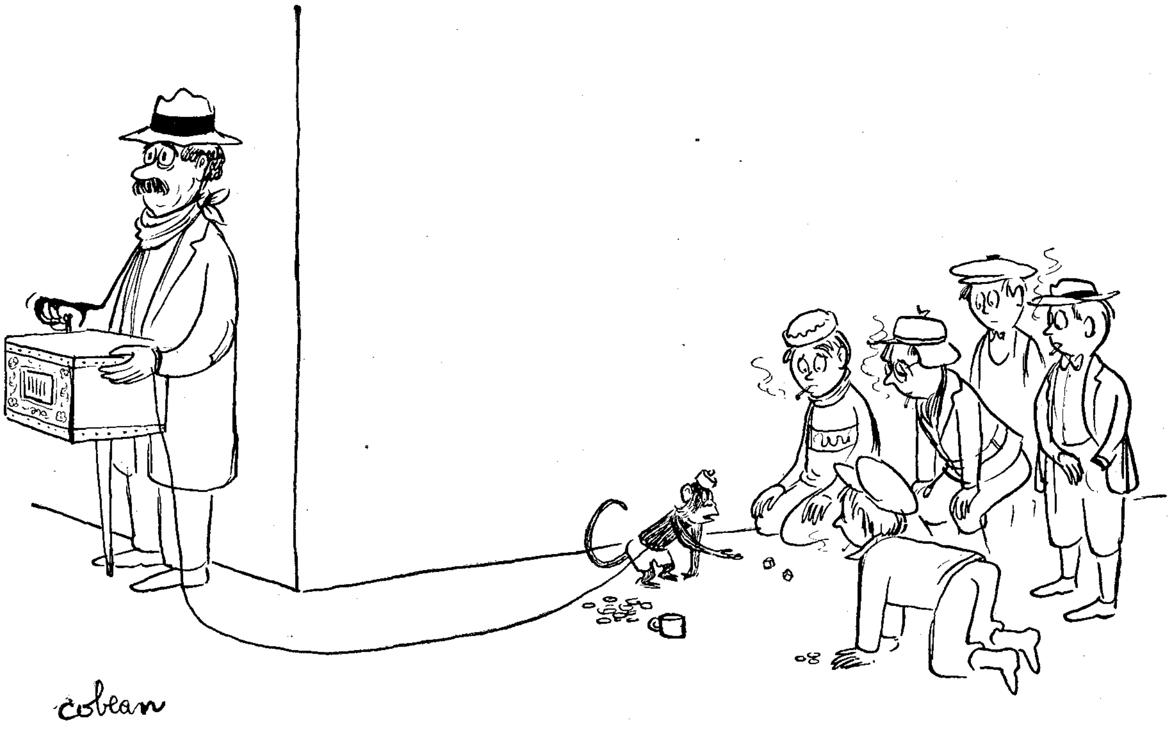
"It must have been bad if Helen called me," Paul said. "I haven't seen Louise since last summer, when I ran into her at Helen's. She seemed so happy then. She was crazy about her husband and her children and the place they have. And now a thing like this. Standing on the curb, feeling pretty good, maybe, and then all of a sudden the bottom drops out. It's senseless. Arbitrary."

"She'll probably be all right, dear."

Paul tried his sister's number again, but there was still no answer. He dismissed the possibility of calling Louise's husband. They had never met, for one thing, and Louise might not have been seriously hurt.

Louise had looked very young and happy that time at Helen's. She had talked about how providentially things had turned out for both Paul and her. In the years since the divorce, she had apparently become religious, because she'd also said something about having prayed for Paul while he was in the service. Louise, too, was like the villagers around Mount Etna. If lava sweeps over your home, wait until it cools, then go back and rebuild.

There had even been a nostalgic few minutes of talk about college days. In their senior year, Paul's low-cost housing project had won a medal; Louise had helped by drawing some symmetrical shrubbery. The idea was for her to do the landscaping on all his projects—a big job, since these encompassed most of lower Manhattan, the South Side of Chicago, and large areas of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis. Nancy had been told about these schemes only in the indulgently contemptuous manner reserved for the



excesses of one's youth. Yet the schemes had had a core of enchanting enthusiasm, lost now, but Louise had remembered.

"I wonder how many divorced women took the trouble to pray for their former husbands in the service," Paul had said to her that time at Helen's.

Louise had smiled. He knew that she had truthfully prayed for him. She truthfully, and not merely in public, wished him well. Things had worked out so happily for her she could afford to. But perhaps she might have wished him well in any event. Louise was kind. Their marriage had to end the way it did because they were both too young and had no money at all, but sooner or later Louise was bound to make a go of it with someone. Like Nancy, she was biologically sound. Her children must adore her. Like Nancy, she had faith. But while Nancy's faith was personal and vague, Louise had been able to recapture her specific, ancestral Presbyterian creed.

Paul watched Nancy preparing the ingredients for salad in a bowl on the sideboard. I'd like to have a faith, he thought. Faith without works is dead, it says in the Bible. What about works without faith? I do good works. I'm good to my car. I change the oil every thousand miles. I've found a warm cave for Nancy and Jen. I've kept them supplied with meat and edible roots. I contribute to the Red Cross. All I need is faith. With a little faith, I could be looking as young as Louise and not have to chain-smoke. With Nancy's faith, I could take my time and find a good job and not stew about depressions and such. All faiths are in impulse and in essence the same—the necessary, desperate faith of the trapeze artist in the reflexes of his partner, the faith of the radish in a certain amount of annual rainfall.

"If you want to surprise me with a present tomorrow," said Nancy, "pick up a few candles to go with this tablecloth." She sat down on the davenport.

SCALES AND SCORPION

All of the coarse late-blooming summer flowers,
Whose license ought to end with any frost,
Indulged beyond their actuarial hours,
Luxuriate, hysterical almost,
When the warm wind blows over them at noon,
Effusive in exaggerated praise
Of this absurd extension of their days.

Old blowzy dahlias, saffron and maroon,
Outface the poor but honest calendar;
The cannas flounce, in ostentatious boast,
Their dowdy reds and yellows; and the rose,
Whose blush is now magenta, coyly lays
Her cheek against the scaly trellis bar,
And a warm wind in mid-October blows—

A humid, warm, anachronistic wind,
Condensing, in the temper of the mind,
Too many sultry sullen summer moods,
Black thunderclouds, and dark and ominous woods,
Too much of restiveness, too little rest,
Too much of south, too little north and west,
And far too much reluctance in the breast.

Who, in such weather, cares to look beyond
The moment, false and fatuous and fond?
Who can admit the bitter truth we hate,
Winter's oncoming, cold and desolate?
Who feels enough conviction of despair
To lift his voice, with honesty, and cry,
"So little time is left before decay!"?

So little time is left! But anyway,
Who would believe it? Neither you nor I,
Breathing this heavy, sentimental air,
While this excessive summer lingers on,
Like a big slattern, spoiled and overgrown,
In sheer ill-nature, bold and obstinate,
When common decency would have her gone.

—Rolfe Humphries

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THEN his sister telephoned and told him, hysterically, that Louise was dead. They had taken Louise to the hospital with a brain injury, and she had never regained consciousness.

He came back into the living room and told Nancy.

"Dreadful," she said. "Are they sure?"

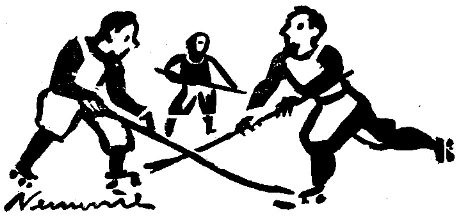
"Yes. Helen was in the hospital when it happened. I couldn't get all the details out of her. They don't think the driver was drunk or anything. The truck went out of control and sideswiped her on the curb."

"Just standing on the curb like that and then out of the blue," Nancy said. "It's horrible. The whole thing *is* so senseless."

Paul sat down near her. Their knees touched.

"You say she was happy," Nancy said. "I think of her children. How can things like this happen?"

"I don't know. It's like Joe ground-looping in that B-29. I don't know how things like this happen. They happen all the time. That's supposed to make it all right."



"No, it isn't all right. It's awful. But there's nothing we can do."

Paul said, "You leave your house in the morning to buy something, and an hour later you're dead and your children have no mother. Thirty thousand people a year, or whatever it is. Slaughtered on the roads."

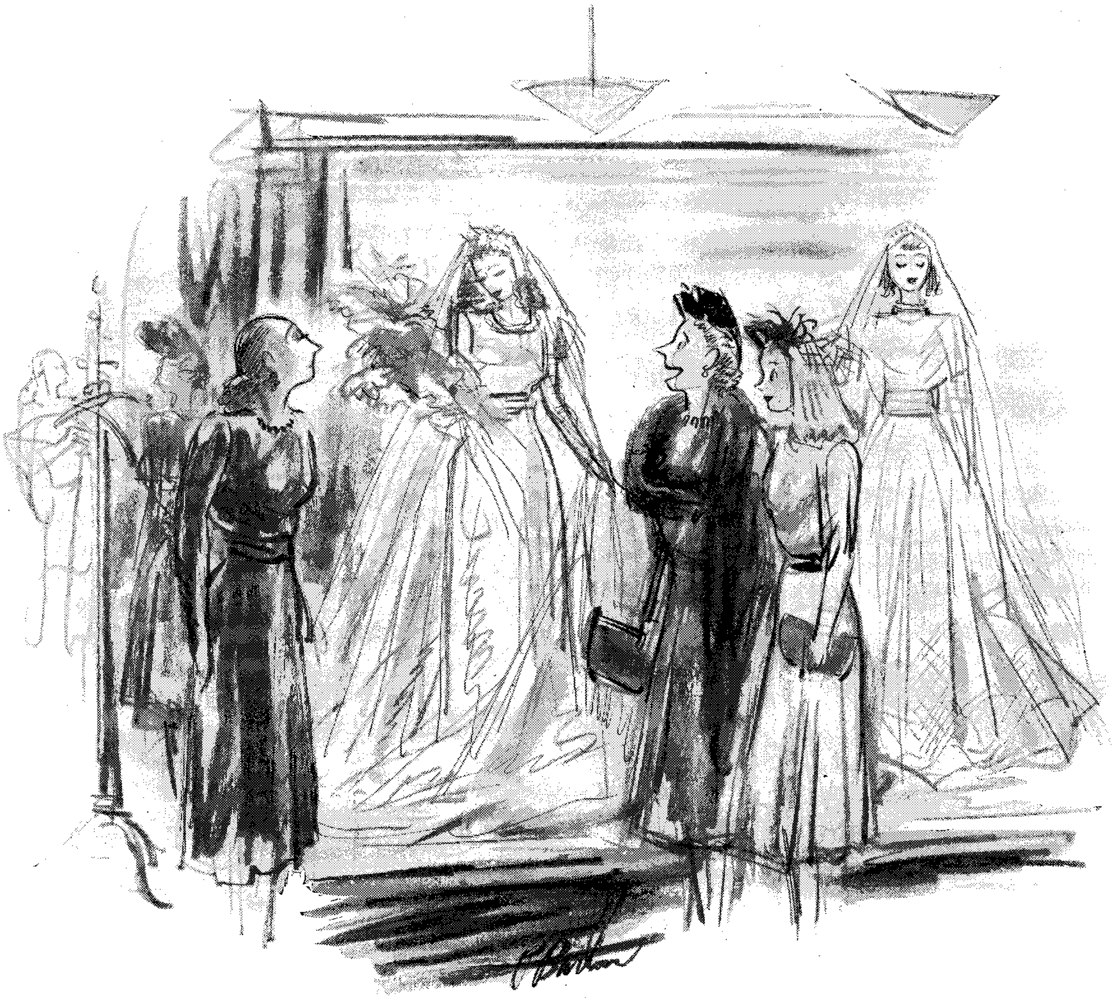
"It's awful. But, darling, what can we do? Thank God she didn't suffer. I hope her husband finds someone kind to look after the children."

"I'm thinking about Louise," Paul said. "She seemed so secure and happy at Helen's."

"I've never known anyone who got killed except in the war," said Nancy. "And now someone you've loved. You did love her, didn't you?"

"Very much."

"I believe you sort of loved her last



“Something for a young lady being married the same day as Princess Elizabeth.”

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summer at Helen’s. From the way you talked.”

“Last summer?” Paul said. “No, last summer I envied her. Admired and envied her. I wanted to be like her. And like you.”

“Are we so much—I mean, am I like her?”

He noticed that Nancy had withdrawn her knee. He said, “Just this one thing. You’re both able to take things as they come. You don’t get panicky. You go back and rebuild on the lava. I’m talking as if she were alive. I wonder what that faith of hers was really like. I wonder how it accounted for drunks at the wheel.”

“But you said this driver wasn’t drunk.”

“There’re plenty who are. Right now, a thousand drunks are on the highway. All over the country. I wonder how her particular faith accounted for that.”

“You’re upset,” she said. “I know it’s a dreadful thing to have happen to someone you’ve loved. But, Paul—”

“I could use a little of that faith. Some nice, simple, literal faith. I could look stricken now and click my tongue twice and decide she’s with Joe Dietz and how fond they’ll grow of each other.”

Nancy stood up. “I’ll mix you a drink,” she said.

“I don’t want a drink. Listen. How do people like you and Louise do it? Don’t you ever get scared? Couldn’t the same thing happen to Jen? This Mike Curran who drives the school bus—what do we know about him? Jen rides with him twice a day.”

“Oh, darling.”

He thought she was going to cry. “I’m crazy,” he said. “Nothing will happen to Jen.”

“Now I *am* scared. What *do* you know about Mr. Curran? He doesn’t drink, does he?”

“No. Curran’s a good man. The school board has probably kept pretty close tabs on him.”

“Probably,” said Nancy. “You don’t know.”

“I’ll make sure. First thing in the morning.”

“I’d rather be broken on the rack than have anything—”

“Nothing will happen to Jen. Please don’t think about that. Dear Nancy.” He went over and kissed her temple, but she made no responsive movement.

She said, “You talk about not having blind faith. But you accept the judgment of strangers about a man who holds our little girl’s life in his hands.” There was anger in her voice.

“I said I’d check on him in the morning.”

“What could you find out? Some old fools on the school board saying Curran’s probably reliable.”

“Damn it, what do you want me to do?”

“Stop talking like the world’s going to fall apart just because there’s been one terrible accident. All this talk about faith and no faith and what I’m supposed to be like. Isn’t there enough to worry about without imagining dangers?”

“All right,” he said. “All right, Nancy.” He moved to the window and looked out. The wet road sparkled under the lights.

“I’m sorry she was killed,” said Nancy. “It’s an awful thing to have happen.”

Nothing will happen to Jen, Paul thought, I know that. I know it for an absolute fact. I have faith that nothing will happen to Jen. I have a strong, simple, literal, necessary faith in Michael Curran, the faith of the radish in a certain amount of annual rainfall, the faith of the trapeze artist in the hands of his partner.

Then he saw the headlights as they passed his house. The deadly cars flashed and roared by at what seemed like regular intervals, one deadly car to every fourteen pulse beats, and soon the Marriners’ murderous Ford turned in to the driveway. —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

I defy anybody, on the first try, to spell correctly the names of Wolcott Gibbs and Alexander Woolcott, drama critics. I just looked them up again.—*Tom O’Reilly in the Morning Telegraph.*

Well, look ’em up again.

TIME IN THY FLIGHT

"YOU'RE looking younger every day," said someone to Professor Lehman, whose fluorescent smile gleamed in the doorway of the Faculty Club smoking room.

"I'm *feeling* younger every day," said Professor Lehman heartily.

"Dementia praecox," muttered Professor Entwhistle.

"How's that?" Professor Lehman's fluorescent smile sputtered out.

"Nothing. I was just thinking about dementia praecox," said Professor Entwhistle with false reluctance. He laid on the table a copy of *Les Temps Modernes*, to which the Faculty Club subscribed in its perpetual anxiety to broaden itself. "I was just thinking that our universal eagerness to look and feel younger every day is perhaps a symptom of mass dementia praecox. It is a common characteristic of dementia praecox that the patient abandons the normal line of growth and turns backward. Often he has a regressive psychosis—he grows steadily younger."

"Retracing of ontogenetic development," remarked the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics.

"If you will. Sometimes he stops at the happy age of three or four, sometimes he keeps on receding at a uniform rate. On this return journey, he passes lightly the incident of birth and assumes, in his bed, the fetal position."

"After a while, I suppose, there is a sort of explosion and he disappears," put in an unidentified instructor.

"There's a funny thing about planarian worms," ventured a Preparator in Herpetology.

"This nostalgia for youth seems to me a world psychosis," continued Professor Entwhistle. "Grandmothers in their little-girl sun suits, grandfathers walking around in shorts, which are sublimations of a repressed desire for the diaper. Fathers devoting all their leisure to playing boys' games, mothers being comrades to their small daughters. 'Accent on youth' is a catchword of the moment—among the middle-aged, at least. And I need hardly point out that as the birth rate diminishes and the life span increases, we are becoming a race of old folks. Old folks playing at youth. Dementia praecox."

"Nevertheless, I should like to point out—" the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics began heavily.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" Professor Entwhistle raised his voice. "The totalitarian powers passed themselves off as youth movements. Remember 'Giovinezza' in Italy? '*Giovinezza, giovinezza, primavera di bellezza*'—Youth, youth, spring of beauty. That was what the old boys sang, who were afraid of losing their youth, and their property. Not to mention the perverse false adolescence of the Nazis."

"I happened to be doing some work with planarian worms recently—" said the Preparator in Herpetology.

"And now what is happening?" said Professor Entwhistle. "We do not find security by returning to our own youth, so we retreat still farther into the past. The regressive psychosis carries us back to the nineteenth century or earlier. We dream disconsolately of happier days. Most of our big best-sellers are historical novels. The common cry is that we must return to the wisdom of the past. In our fear of the future, and of the present, we are trying to put time into reverse, to find racial security in racial childhood. Dementia praecox."

"YOU can't deny that we may learn lessons of value from history," said the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics.

"Planarian worms are curious creatures," thrust in the Preparator in Herpetology.

"I wouldn't disparage higher education to that extent," said Professor Entwhistle. "We can learn plenty of lessons from history. About history. And also even get some suggestions for our own action. Take the one great problem and preoccupation of our time—war. History can teach us something about the ideal method of dealing with the problem of war."

"Napoleon—" began the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics.

"No. The *condottieri* of medieval Italy. *There* was a wonderful system. Each city-state rented out the concession of warfare to a kind of company. These companies carried the art of war to a very high pitch. They gave up the primitive idea that victory consists of killing the enemy, and developed the theory that victory depends on gaining a strategical advantage. They would therefore maneuver for weeks, and when one commander obtained a clear superiority of force or position, he would call 'Checkmate!' or something, and the other would surrender."

"But didn't they fight any battles?" asked the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics.

"Certainly. But they were careful not to hurt each other. They were all just company employees, and they might be working for the other company the next week. Like professional football players. Machiavelli describes the decisive battle of Anghiari, which resulted in the triumph of the Florentines. The armies fought all day, and only one man was killed—by falling off his horse and getting trampled."

"Well, that's all right," said the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics, "but I don't see the application to present-day conditions."

"It seems simple to me. We should give up the idea of a national army, which is, after all, an idea of modern times. It dates only from Napoleon. And we should give up the idea

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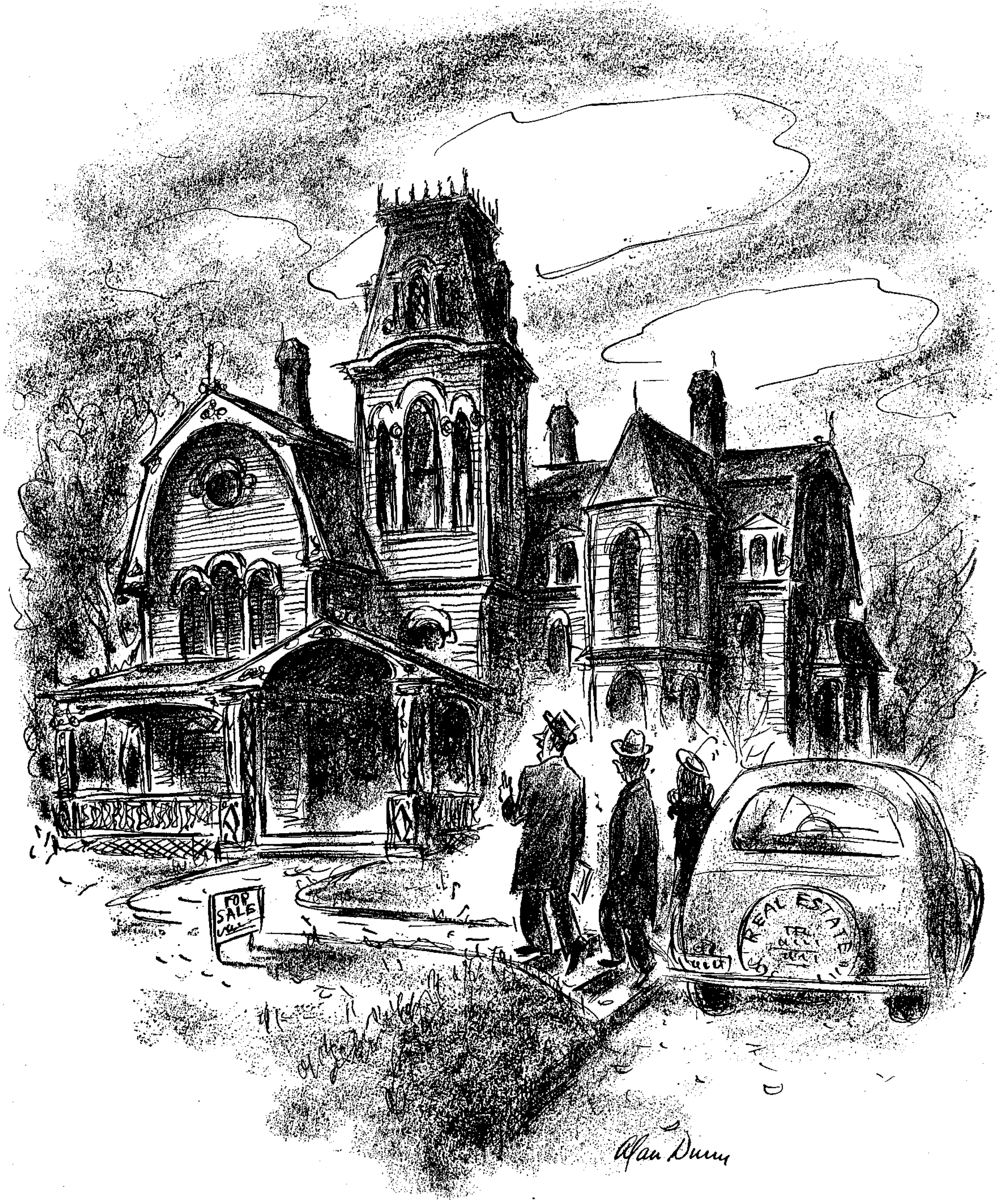
of wars of ideology, for war cannot settle ideology. Look at the wars of religion, which devastated Europe throughout a century and didn't change anyone's religion. Furthermore, we should confine ourselves to imperialistic, or commercial, wars, as in the good old nineteenth century. And the logical way to fight a commercial war is to intrust it to a great commercial corporation."

"U.S. Steel?"

"I rather like General Motors myself," said Professor Entwhistle. "But they would have to bid against each other for the concession. I think that by this system you would have a great gain in efficiency. The idea of war has become entangled with too many other ideas—the idea of upholding an ideology, of killing, of physical and moral training of youth, of universal service, of gallantry, of patriotism. But war, I think, should be reduced to a simple business basis, with the single purpose of bankrupting the enemy. For this purpose, we need an efficient business organization—trained to large-scale production, toughened in a thousand campaigns. Let us suppose that we grant our war concession to General Motors, and our adversaries hire, for instance, I.G. Farben. Both sides recognize that the essential aim of the war is access to raw materials and to markets. They would pursue this aim by business methods—purchase of governments, secret contracts, bribery. Their armies would consist entirely of technicians and company police. They would have no interest in the annihilation of the enemy's population, for they are all consumers, or in the destruction of the enemy's resources, for these resources may become the property of the victorious side. They would have no concern with ideology, for they would have exactly the same ideology. Their war would consist chiefly of maneuvering for position, and in the end the best general would simply be proclaimed the winner."



"Try to build a house like that for thirty thousand today and see how far you get!"

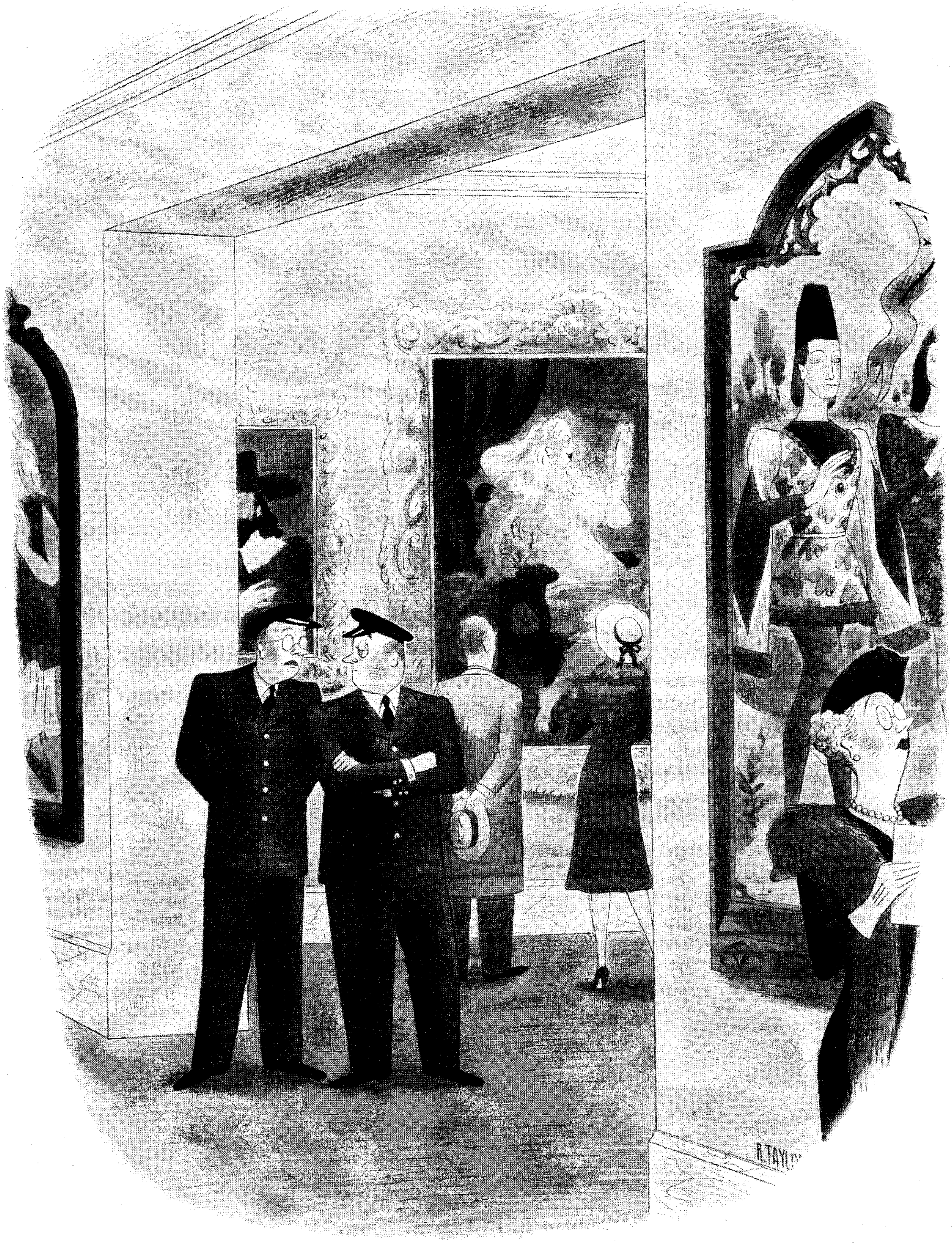
"But wouldn't there be some danger that the two concessionaires might get together?" asked the Associate Professor of Micro-Economics.

"Certainly. Then we would have world control by business. Personally, I should like that. At least, I should like it better than any of the visible alternatives. In fact, that is about what usually happened in medieval Italy. The *condottieri* would get together and the war would end in a draw, or a combination. The big commercial families, like the Medicis, generally won. And for the population of Italy that worked out very well, on the whole. It was a happy and sensible age. It had not learned to be romantic about war. It could concentrate on the proper business of man—contemplation, art, and pleasure. I like to think of those good days, in the midst of the nameless terrors of our time." Professor Entwhistle's old voice trembled.

Professor Lehman shielded his mouth with one hand and whispered to his neighbor, "Dementia praecox!"

"Speaking of planarian worms—" said the Preparator in Herpetology.

—Morris Bishop



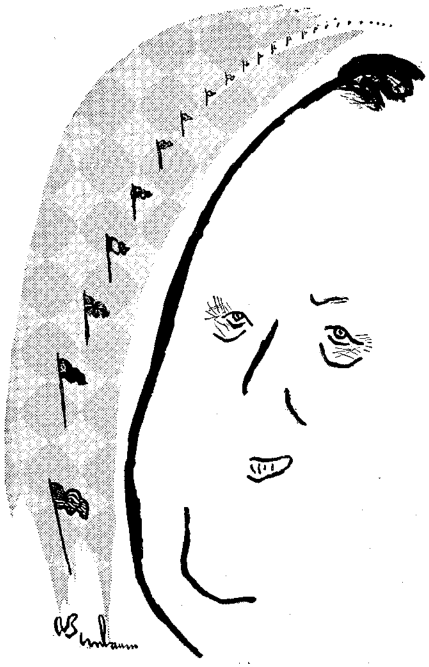
"I've got a feeler out for a job at the Modern Museum. I'm just about convinced I've outgrown this stuff."

PROFILES

THE IDEA IS EVERYTHING—I

UNDER the terms of his five-year compact with the United Nations, Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General, feels honor bound to maintain the international point of view. If any national thoughts rise into his consciousness, he does his best to toss them out. In his official lexicon, every country is the equal of every other country, provided it is a dues-paying member of his organization. As far as Lie is concerned, El Salvador is as good as you are, whoever you are. In his eyes, there is no difference between Sir Alexander Cadogan in his Bond Street suit and an Arab sheik in his burnoose. In a world composed exclusively of national states, all extremely jealous of their prerogatives, Lie's job is not an easy one. It is further complicated by the inescapable fact that, like other men, Lie was born in a specific sovereign area, or "country." He is a Norwegian. Secretary-General or not, he finds Norway popping into his mind with awkward frequency. There are, for example, no world dishes. Nobody has as yet concocted a cosmic stew. Often, when Lie returns home at night after a hard day at the office tussling with world problems, he sits down to a plate of *rakørret*, a thoroughly Norwegian dish. *Rakørret* is trout that have been kept in a barrel until they began to smell. Norwegians love *rakørret*, and why not? Lie lives in a typically suburban home in Forest Hills, but in cold weather he keeps his house at no more than an even fifty-eight degrees, which is way below the Forest Hills average. A sheik would probably freeze to death in Lie's house. Some of Lie's neighbors would undoubtedly catch a cold. Lie can't help it. He is a Norwegian, and Norwegians prefer cold houses. No matter how assiduously Lie may try to think in world terms, he still enjoys a nip of aquavit more than any other drink. Lie the internationalist is constantly bumping into Lie the Norwegian, just as the United Nations keeps colliding with its component parts. "What's happening to Lie is happening to all of us," a United Nations official says. "The world has a split personality, and Lie, as Secretary-General, naturally has one of the monumental splits."

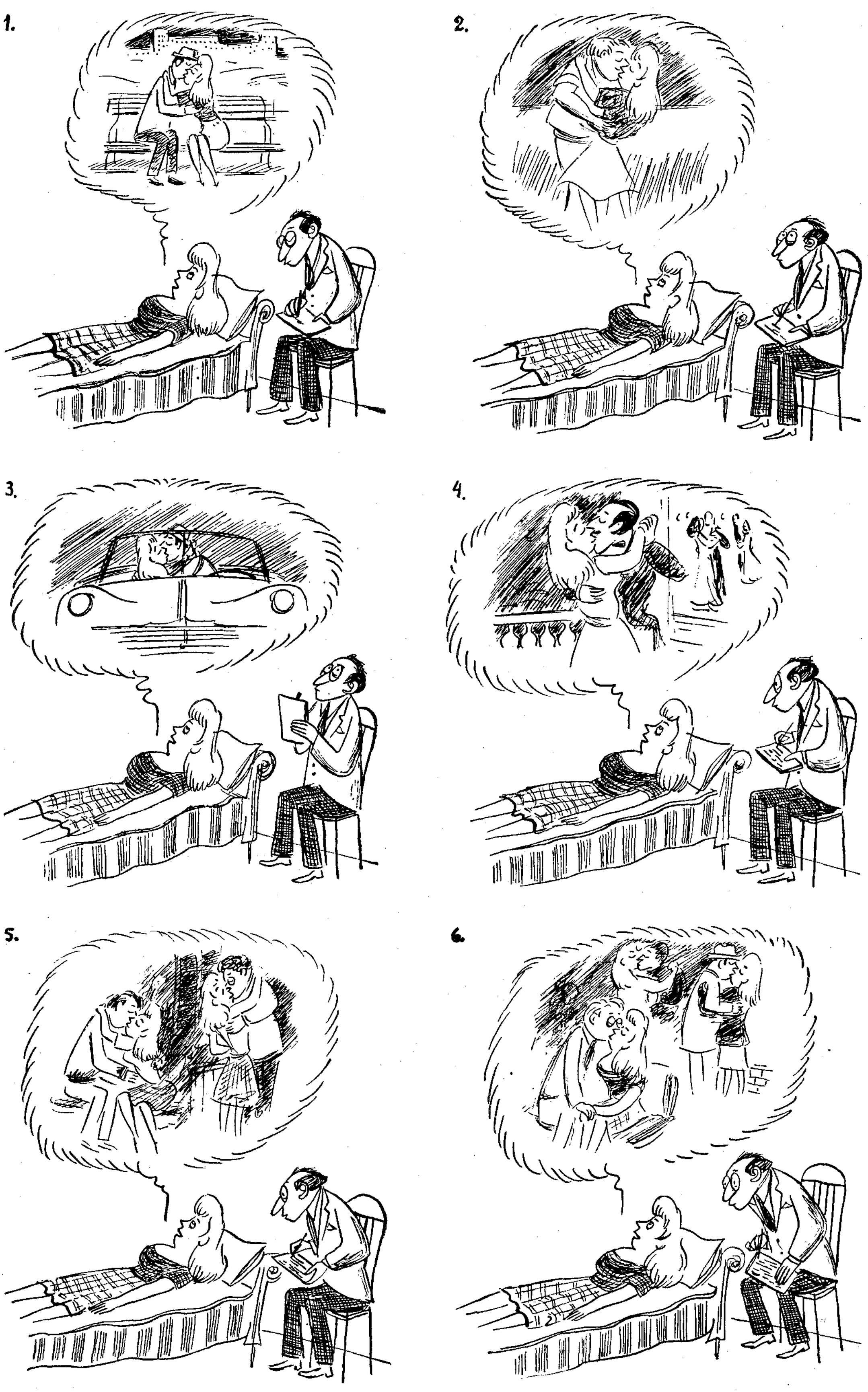
Lie could easily be mistaken for a man without a care in the world, or any country thereof. He is fifty-one, tall, portly, and florid, and has the look of the traditional jolly, playful, roughhouse, doesn't-know-his-own-strength zoo bear. He walks lightly, almost airily, on the balls of his feet. Hundreds of tiny lines web the skin around his eyes, giving the impression that he has done more than one man's share of laughing. Sometimes, taking advantage of his privilege of attending any meeting of any United Nations organ (the U.N. term for the General Assembly and any council and committee), he leaves his office at Lake Success and visits a session of, say, the Security Council or the Economic and Social Council. Visitors to these meetings sometimes remark that they feel comforted by his presence. A moment before, listening to the delegate of one nation hurling invective at the delegate of another nation, they may have wondered whether the world would blow up before supper, but Lie's arrival quickly makes the world seem reasonably united again. Lie, relaxed, placid, almost detached, always looks as though he had everything under control. His face usually bears an expression denoting neither pain, impatience, nor despair. In February, 1946, in London, shortly after he was elected Secretary-General, he sat quietly through the early sessions of the Security Council. The wartime harmony of the great powers appeared, somewhat unexpectedly, to be cracking up, but the more irreconcilable their expressed views became, the more beatific Lie looked. Many delegates, inspecting their stolid Secretary-General, felt that he had a startling unsensitivity. "I found myself staring at Mr. Lie," one delegate has since remarked, "and I was reminded of the duck with the water flowing from its back." Most of the time, Lie is actually suffering a bottomless sadness, and on that occasion his outward calm belied an inner turbulence rivalling that of Vesuvius. "Those first sessions stunned me," Lie later told an acquaintance. "Here were the victorious allies banded together in a world organization dedicated to peace, and they were fighting among themselves almost before the sound of the last shot had died away. I could not believe my ears. I could not understand it. I kept looking from one face to another and saying to myself, 'Where are the great men, where are the statesmen, where are the people with vision who will save this thing?' "



Trygve Lie

Lie is acutely aware that the national-mindedness of sovereign states could wreck his business. He is also troubled by his own duality; he has an intense devotion to the concept of an undivided world and at the same time a firm allegiance to one country of that world. He suspects that his personal problem may be the central problem of our time. Few men have tried so diligently to cultivate a world view. It is an uphill fight. Last fall, during the first session of the General Assembly at Flushing Meadow, Lie's request for a twenty-seven-million-dollar budget ran into difficulties at a committee meeting. Several committee members felt that the new world organization was proving to be much too expensive. Lie attended the meeting and listened silently to the discussion. To him, it seemed as though the committee members might find themselves turning the United Nations into a global bargain basement, and he asked for the floor. Aroused, he was a formidable figure. The blood rushed to his face. He nervously rubbed the webby skin beneath his eyes. His huge shoulders looked as though they were going to burst through his coat. Puffing like a wind machine, he delivered an impassioned argument, and, much to his dismay, found himself discussing the United Nations in national terms. "I come from a small country with a small budget," he heard himself saying. "As a Norwegian, I know the value of money. We are cautious with expenditures. We live within our incomes. Thrift is my watchword. As a Norwegian, I would never ask for more than I felt we needed." Lie's national approach easily carried the day for his international budget. It also evoked from the committee members a series of long and embarrassing tributes to Norway. The American member praised the character and industry of those sturdy Viking sons who settled in our own Midwest. The Canadian member extolled the husbandry of the Norwegians, who were in large part responsible for the rich and golden wheat fields of Saskatchewan and Alberta. "It was a most strange session," a member of the United Nations Secretariat who was present said not long ago. "All of us, including Mr. Lie, realized that his arguments were old hat, but on the other hand none of us had been educated to put forth any up-to-date ones. This generation is trying like hell to get away from its grandmother, and, believe me, it's a struggle!"

THE United Nations' headquarters at Lake Success was constructed in 1942 by the Sperry Gyroscope Company for the manufacture of complicated instruments of war. The United Nations converted it in a hurry, and is thus lodged in a counterpart of the cramped, low-ceilinged maze psychologists like to build to test the sanity of rats. Lie's private office is comfortable and handsome, but simple. The Secretary-General functions on the second floor, in a huge corner chamber with cool, neutral drapes, an aquamarine rug, a large desk, a long table, a yellow leather couch, and lamps that throw a soft light. There he is almost entirely surrounded by symbols of the world, or, more specifically, of the world trying to hold itself together. The room is calculated to inspire global thinking. Norway is just another country on a large map of the world that stretches across one wall of the office, and a legend in small type at the bottom of the map reads, "The use of this map does not imply official endorsement or acceptance by the United Nations or by any member nation of the boundaries or spelling of place names here shown." Behind Lie's desk is a cabinet containing what looks like a radio but is actually a loudspeaker that is hooked up with every meeting and conference room at Lake Success. By turning the proper dial, Lie can listen to the multilingual proceedings of any meeting on the premises. There is



a picture of Lie's fellow-countryman Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer, at either end of the room, but they do not detract from its international aspect, since Nansen had an almost fanatical belief in the oneness of the world and, toward the end of his life, headed an organization dispensing relief to Europeans left penniless or stateless by the first World War. Nansen passports, granting displaced persons passage to countries where they could find refuge and issued by the League of Nations, were among the first successful attempts to treat the people of the earth, placed or otherwise, as human beings. Lie's office is considered at least an aesthetic improvement over that of the Secretary-General of the League of Nations. Like all the other rooms in the Palais des Nations, on the shores of Lake Geneva, the furnishings of the office of the League's Secretary-General were the gift of a member government. The French, for example, provided an elegant, formal salon; the Chinese contributed a reception room containing almost everything but a pagoda. To the Dutch went the privilege of equipping the Secretary-General's workroom. They installed putty-colored walls, the most angular possible modern furniture, and a large bronze of a man who looked as though he had just been kicked in the stomach. Old League hands, recalling this décor, have been known to express surprise that the organization held together as long as it did.

In addition to having a prettier office, Lie has more power than the Secretary-General of the League. On paper, the League Secretary-General had little power. He therefore had to resort to a good deal of behind-the-scenes maneuvering. A great many observers of the League considered this ambiguity a severe weakness in its structure. To avoid repeating the mistake, the United Nations organization invested the Secretary-General with impressively broad powers. He not only has been given the right to place an item on the agenda of the General Assembly but he is entitled by the Charter to bring to the attention of the Security Council "any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security." This provision practically makes Lie a government all by himself. It is a heavy responsibility. So far he has not used this power, but he once came close to it and reminded the Security Council that he had extensive powers and might use them. Lie, who is the chief administrative officer of the United Nations, receives twenty thousand dollars a year salary and another twenty thousand for expenses, all tax-exempt. He is eligible for reëlection at the end of his five-year term, and whenever he retires he is assured of a ten-thousand-dollar annual pension. Lie oversees the work of the Secretariat, which now numbers twenty-eight hundred people. Within a year and a half, the U.N. Secretariat has become four times as large as the League Secretariat was after fifteen years. The members of the United Nations group have been drawn from the citizenry of the fifty-seven member nations of the United Nations. They are actually a corps of international civil servants. Lie deals with his staff through eight Assistant Secretaries-General (they receive $13,500 salary and $8,500 for expenses, all tax-exempt), who head the departments of Security Council Affairs, Economic Affairs, Social Affairs, Trusteeship and Information from Non-Self-Governing Territories, Public Information, Legal Affairs, Conference and General Services, and Administration and Financial Services. The Assistant Secretaries-General have five-year contracts. One is a Russian, one a Welshman, one a Frenchman, one a Chinese, one a Chilean, one a Czech, one a Netherlander, and one an American. They deal with a complex of directors, division chiefs, executive officers, assistants for coördination, transcribers, précis writers, verbatim reporters, acting chiefs, cartographers, printers, stewards, file clerks, classifiers, interviewers, messengers, order-of-the-day officers, safety engineers, escorts, trav-

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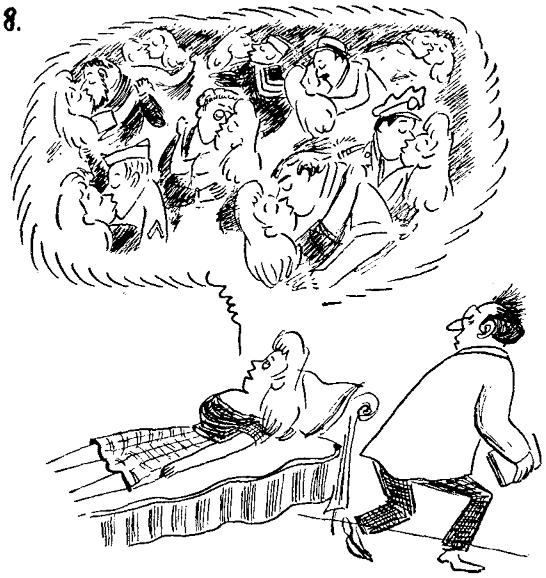

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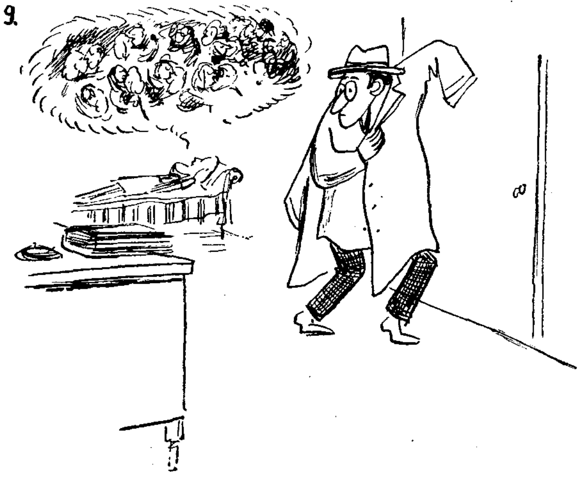

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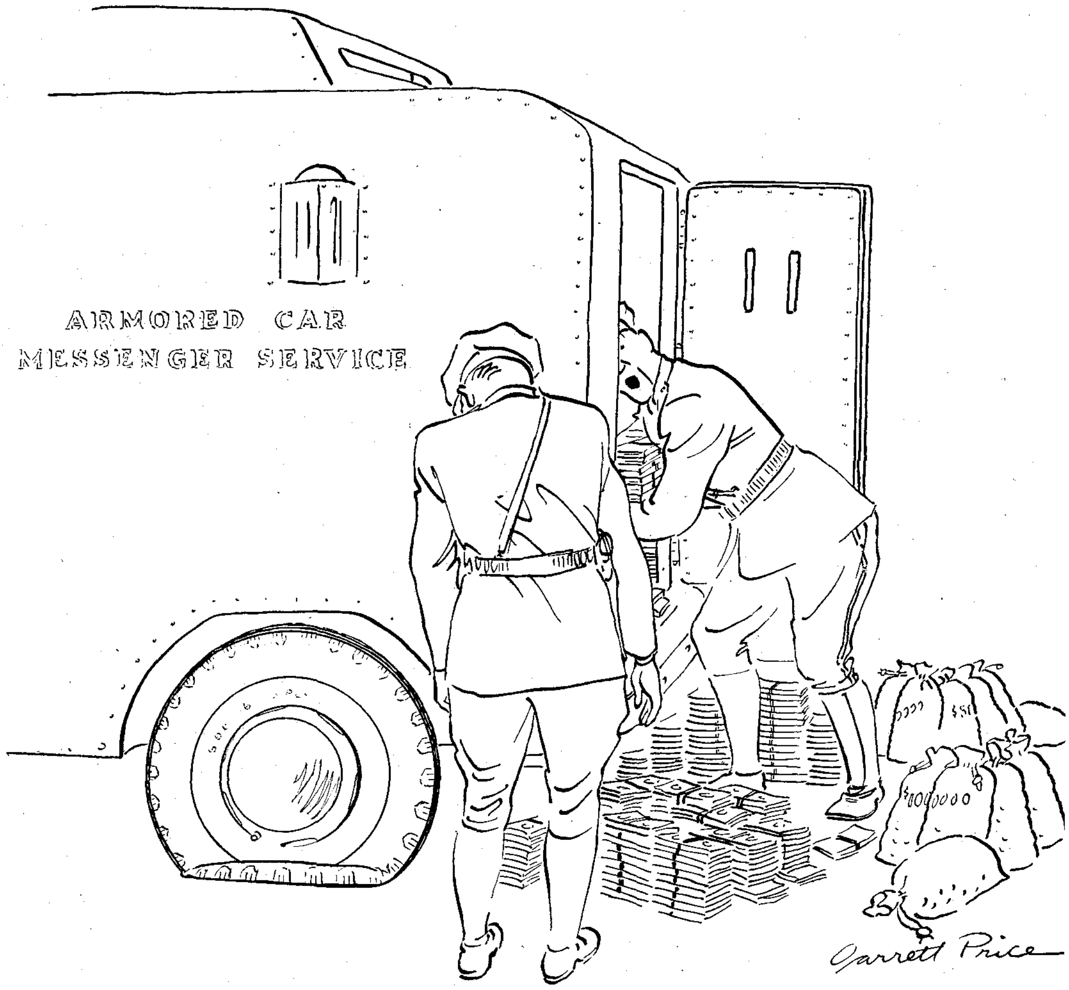
el officers, nurses, linguistic-research specialists, and demographic experts.

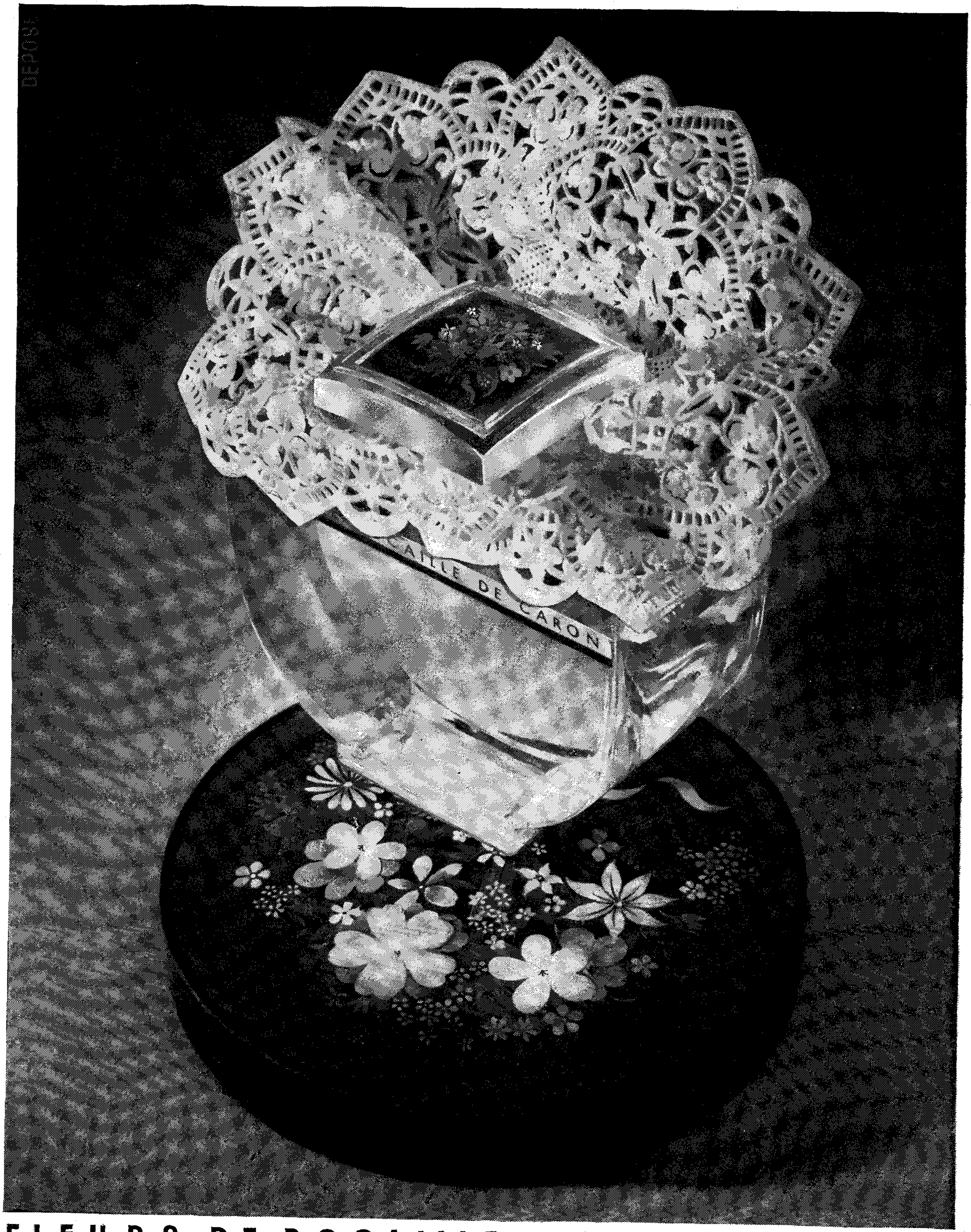
Of necessity, Lie spends much of his time doing paperwork. Every day, hundreds of messages and documents flow into the office of the Secretary-General. He can't possibly know every detail of this vast intake, but he astonishes his aides with how much he does know about it and with the amount of work that he handles. He is proud of the fact that despite the problems created by power politics and the veto, the United Nations is open for business and doing a brisk trade. "It was Lie's job to lend all possible assistance in finding our place of business, put in the counters and merchandise, select the people to run the institution, and make certain that the doors opened on time," a United Nations official said a while ago. "He has accomplished that task. It's not his fault if the customers keep creating a disturbance on the floor." From July 1, 1946, to June 30, 1947, a total of 1,911 meetings of United Nations organs were held. Lie knows something about the agenda of every one of those meetings. He is constantly working amidst a welter of directives and resolutions, examining a statement of matters with which the Security Council is "seized" (meaning what's up at the Security Council), preparing to distribute a questionnaire on coca leaf, or worrying about Greece, Trieste, Franco, the Corfu Channel, primary reactors and chemical-separation plants, the European Central Inland Transport Organization, the European Coal Commission, starvation in Asia, equal rights for women, apartments for his staff, or the application of the Hashimite Kingdom of Trans-Jordan for admission to the United Nations.

Lie meets almost every afternoon with his eight Assistant Secretaries-General in a conference room adjoining his office. Seated in red leather armchairs, they thrash out the myriad problems, large and small, of the organization: Have there been more complaints about the cafeteria food? What possibility is there of increasing the staff of interpreters? What men should be appointed to this U.N. commission or that? Often the meetings are not entirely placid. Lie is a short-tempered man given to violent outbursts, but he subsides as rapidly as he explodes, apologizing profusely. Not long ago, after he had issued an impassioned request to his aides to shorten their interoffice memos, they discovered one reason for his irascibility. Lie's social schedule is unavoidably rigorous, but for months he had been lugging home a briefcase or two of documents and reading them until almost dawn. At first, some of the members of his staff felt that he was inclined to make snap judgments, but in the year or so they have been associated with him they have concluded that what seems to be a hasty decision is more likely to be the result of a long and thoughtful examination of a problem. "On the surface, Lie sometimes appears to reach a decision entirely too speedily," a seasoned international observer has said. "Someone presents a problem. Lie gives his answer—zip!—and moves to the next question. He firmly believes in thinking everything out in advance, and privately. He is the opposite of fellows like Jimmy Byrnes and Dean Acheson, who literally bathe in discussion, listen to *everybody's* point of view, weigh the alternatives, and then arrive at a decision." Lie has a proprietary attitude toward the United Nations and feels slighted if he is not informed of the tiniest detail of what is going on at his headquarters. His partisans in the Secretariat offer this as proof of alert and conscientious administration. His detractors think otherwise. "Lie could be an excellent gossip columnist," one young Secretariat employee recently told another. "Why, the other day, a sergeant of the guard in Security winked at a stenographer in Reconstruction and Special Studies, and Lie blew his top because nobody told him until the next morning!"

LIE'S tremendous faith in the concept of the United Nations has often made him underestimate the problems that come up in translating the concept into reality. When he took office, he believed that all member nations would supply the Secretariat with the most intelligent, able, and highly trained of their public officials. "Lie thought he just had to press a button and the world's greatest experts and diplomats would spring out of the woodwork," a colleague has said. "He found he was wrong. He



"The same old story—the tools buried under all this junk again."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found that he was dealing with *nations*. Most countries issued the most pious statements about the United Nations, but when it came to releasing good men from their own government services, they hemmed and hawed." Lie was peeved for a while, and then, calming down, he surveyed the situation and decided that it called for persuasion, charm, and a vigorous campaign to get the men he wanted. He has largely succeeded. Lie is happiest when he can exercise his persuasive powers to their fullest. Paperwork and the reading of documents depress him, but face-to-face negotiations with delegates, politicians, and Secretariat officials exhilarate him and almost make him forget the frustrations of his job. Before he became involved with the United Nations, he had for most of his career been a labor lawyer and a politician. Norway being a country with a basic homogeneity of interest among its citizens, he is accustomed to dealing with people for whom the distance between agreement and disagreement is relatively short. As a result, he approaches everyone with optimism and buoyancy. He gets on well with most of the delegates. He has arranged matters so that often the topics to be aired during a debate in a council room are first discussed in his office. Sometimes, when the delegates do not come to him for these preliminary events, he goes to the delegates. Before the Palestine investigating commission was decided upon, Lie spent a weekend driving from the home of one delegate to another, popping in unexpectedly and digging out their opinions.

Lie gets along especially well with Warren Austin, the American delegate. Both have spent years in national politics, both have modest tastes, and both have lived in small communities. Soon after Austin became associated with the United Nations, he invited Lie to spend a weekend with him at his home in Burlington, Vermont. Lie accepted with some hesitation, since he had been through an extremely trying week. He flew to Burlington and arrived exhausted, but he was so enchanted by Austin's old red-brick house, the simplicity of Austin's life, and his well-tended apple orchard that he perked up immediately. Lie and Gromyko are also on extremely sociable terms. Seated at the Security Council table, Gromyko gives the impression of being descended from a long line of pickles. Among members of the United Nations higher social set, Gromyko is thought to have considerable extracurricular charm. "I have known Gromyko to talk for more than an hour at a Security Council session, throwing monkey wrench after monkey wrench into the United Nations, and then leave the floor, attend an official cocktail party, and make a group of his recent adversaries laugh at his jokes," one United Nations higher-up once remarked. By and large, the United Nations social set is high-strung, gossipy, and inclined to read vast international implications into something no more sinister than Lie's whispering to a delegate about raising cocker spaniels.

Lie finds the Russians cordial and easygoing after hours, but getting them to a dinner party can be a bothersome business, since they either brusquely decline or delay their acceptance for a maddening length of time. Non-Russians can't decide whether the Russians are unable to make up their minds or have to check with Moscow for permission. When they do accept, they are as reluctant as the next delegation to go home before morning. The guests at a United Nations party do not necessarily stand around talking about Trieste. The talk at times gets fairly small, and there are some convivial moments. The parties given by Lie himself are among the merriest. During the Foreign Ministers' Conference in New York last fall, he invited the Ministers and their staffs, plus an impressive assortment of officials, to his home one evening. Immense quantities of food and drink were consumed, even though the guests were rather obstructed by the great number of operatives assigned to guard the principal visitors. "I have never seen so many protective elements," a South American delegate subsequently commented. "Everywhere one turned, a Secret Service man was eying an N.K.V.D. man, who was stealthily watching a man from Scotland Yard. My goodness, there was a lot to eat!" Later in the evening, the guests began to play a game in which they attempted to guess which operative was from what country. The N.K.V.D. men betrayed themselves by not talking, but a Scotland Yard man could not be distinguished from a Secret Service operative except by his accent. Even this clue vanished toward midnight, when the Secret Service men began unconsciously to imitate the Scotland Yard men. Byrnes enjoyed himself hugely. Bevin was a man among men. Foreign Minister Molotov, clutching throughout the evening an unsampled pony of brandy, joined his colleagues in a number of hearty, nonpolitical laughs. Lie, glowing with hospitality, appeared perfectly content. The party reached a climax of good-fellowship when some friendly Americans introduced the N.K.V.D. men to the pleasures of Old Grand-Dad, which they joyously downed amid whoops that could be heard in Kew Gardens.

NOT all Lie's local friends are directly connected with the United Nations, though they are all friends of the United Nations. He sees quite a bit of Nelson Rockefeller, Robert Moses, and Alrick H. Man, Jr., captain of the American Davis Cup team and a favorite tennis companion of Lie's. Mayor O'Dwyer is another fast friend. He and Lie get together every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock at Gracie Mansion to talk over relations between the city and the United Nations. "I have met many important men during the past few years," Lie is fond of saying, "and I would rank Mr. O'Dwyer among the top twelve. When that man gives his word, he sticks to it. I can look him in the eye. How many men *can* you look in the eye?"

Mayor O'Dwyer is just as extravagant about Lie. In the year and a half of their official association, the Mayor has become Lie's most unbridled booster. "Ah, that Trygve Lie! A big, rosy, and wonderful man," he told a caller at City Hall. "On my way through life, I have observed many men—men in exalted positions and men in humble ranks—and I would place Trygve Lie high on the list of *men*." The Mayor feels that he need not worry about relations between the city and the United Nations as long as Lie is on hand. "The City of New York always wanted the international organization to hang its hat on our rack," O'Dwyer says. "We produced prominent men in this community to give them aid and comfort, but some of the U.N. boys sent to handle the negotiations at the start were Fancy Dans. Wanted to commandeer the entire Waldorf-Astoria Hotel! Wanted fifty thousand square feet of Rockefeller Center! I said to one Dan, 'How many in help does your organization have?' He bowed low in the accepted diplomatic fashion and said, 'That question does not lie within my frame of reference.' 'Indeed,' I said. 'How about putting it within your frame of reference?' Merciful heaven! The U.N. replaced this chap, and next thing I know, Trygve Lie starts to deal with us. I prayed that the matter would not develop into a horse opera, but Lie turned out to be another sort. His face is open, he has facts and figures, he states his needs, he knows what he

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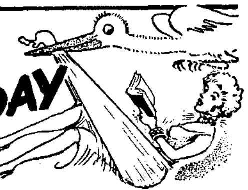

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wants and when. Poor fellow, he's a fine, stabilizing influence, but what a burden he carries, dealing with the fifty-seven varieties!"

The Mayor is also enthusiastic about the buildings to be constructed on the United Nations site, along the East River. "New York will be the focus of the eyes of the world," he says. "Glorious structures rising into the sky, dedicated to peace and well-being. The cobblestoned avenues of the Caesars will fade from the minds of men! No longer will people speak with awe of the Appian Way. To hell with the Appian Way! A thousand years hence, men will ask, 'What thoughts crossed our forebears' minds as they traversed that hallowed spot between the East River and Grand Central Terminal? Ah, *that* was the heart of the world.' I say, God bless Trygve Lie!"

Lie has discovered that not all public men are as willing as the Mayor of New York to express their enthusiasm for the United Nations. Shortly after becoming Secretary-General, he had a long conversation with Stalin in the Kremlin. Through an interpreter, they discussed various matters connected with the organization and the Charter. Stalin sat at his desk, quietly puffing a pipe, with a trace of a smile at the corners of his mouth. Lie became more and more rapturous about the Charter. The smile remained fixed on Stalin's face and he stared at Lie. "The colonial peoples of the earth have here an opportunity for freedom," Lie said, his voice rising slightly. Stalin drew a long draft and blinked. "The colored races of the earth have at last the possibility of dignity," said Lie, talking a little faster. Stalin was still smiling. He shifted in his chair and blinked again. "Very interesting document," he said, and that, presumably, disposed of the Charter.

Lie can get excited at the mere men-

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tion of the word "Charter," so he felt disappointed that Stalin had somehow managed to restrain his emotions. As a matter of fact, Lie's feeling for the United Nations is so strong that he considers anything less than total and continuous devotion on the part of others criticism of himself. He thought the sudden announcement of the Truman Doctrine, which implied a bypassing of the U.N., a personal affront. "I went down to Washington after that announcement," Lie lately said to an acquaintance, "and all kinds of important people in Congress and the government kept saying, 'Patience, Trygve. Steady, Trygve.' I had no idea we had so many good friends." Lie couldn't decide whether to take their advice and not protest or to adopt the views of a different set of friends and issue an open appeal in behalf of the United Nations. He was dismayed and unhappy, but he kept his feelings to himself and issued no appeal. Today, he is convinced that this was wise, since hundreds of organizations and thousands of citizens spoke up for the United Nations and demonstrated its hold upon the imagination of the people. To Lie, these spontaneous expressions of confidence were symbols of vast importance. Once again he said nothing publicly, but privately he felt as pleased as a Secretary-General can feel in 1947. "The idea is everything, and the people have caught on to the idea," he told a friend. "From now on it must truly be 'Patience, Trygve. Steady, Trygve.' "

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Lie.*)

•

Mr. Dewey . . . left for Albany by auto in mid-afternoon during the height of a violent electric storm with a heavy downpour of rain.

Because of an error in transmission, Mr. Dewey was erroneously represented in this morning's Herald Tribune as having agreed with Senator Taft about eating less to meet the high-price and food-shortage situation. The facts are that after Mr. Dewey refused to discuss any subjects of political controversy at a press conference yesterday, he was asked if he had agreed with Senator Taft about eating less, and to make it clear that he would not discuss any controversial matters, he replied that he did not agree or disagree with anyone on anything.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Did he agree it was raining?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Saigon Singer," by Van Wyck Mason.*]

Slumped on his face beside the bed lay João Almeira. His black popeyes stared fixedly at the ceiling.

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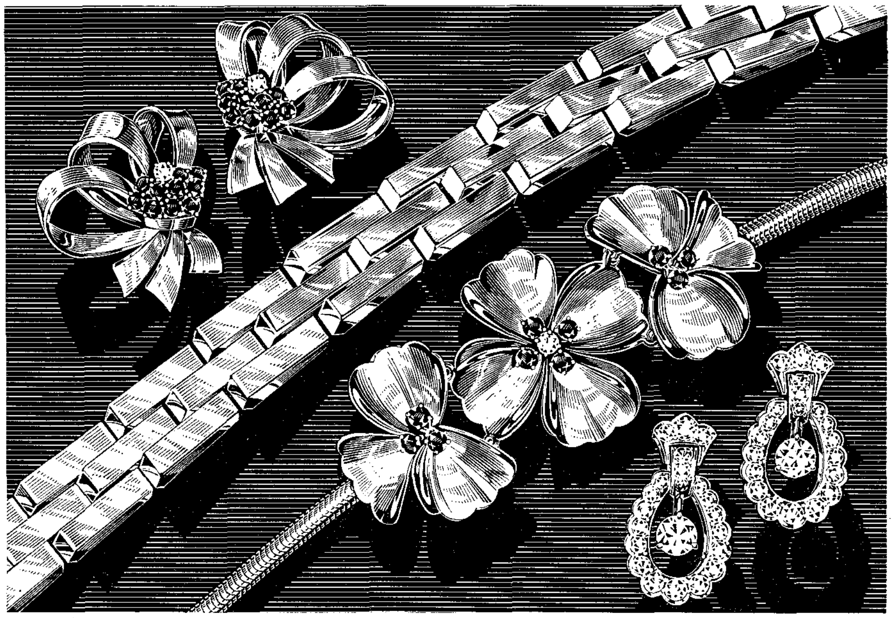

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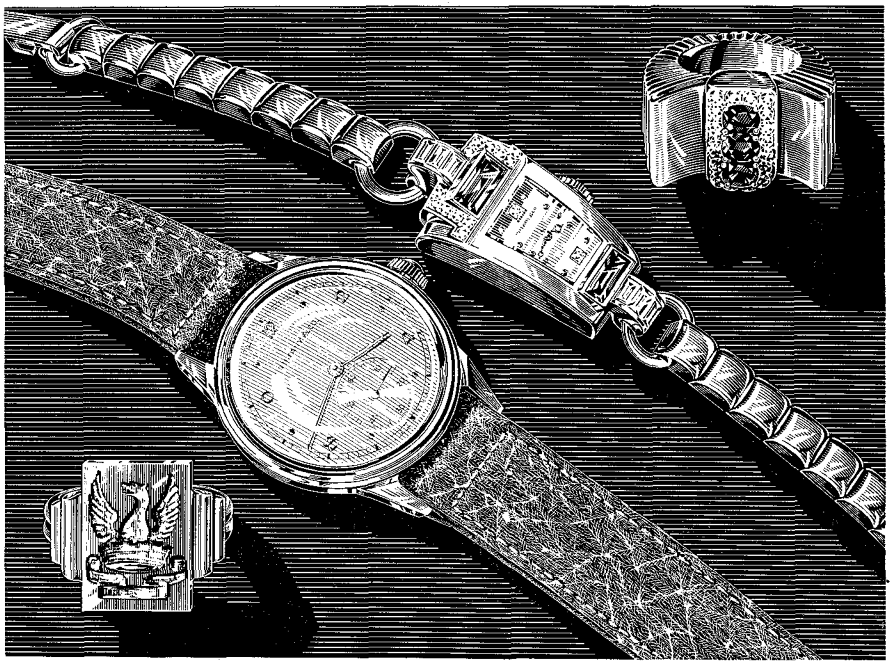

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THE THEATRE

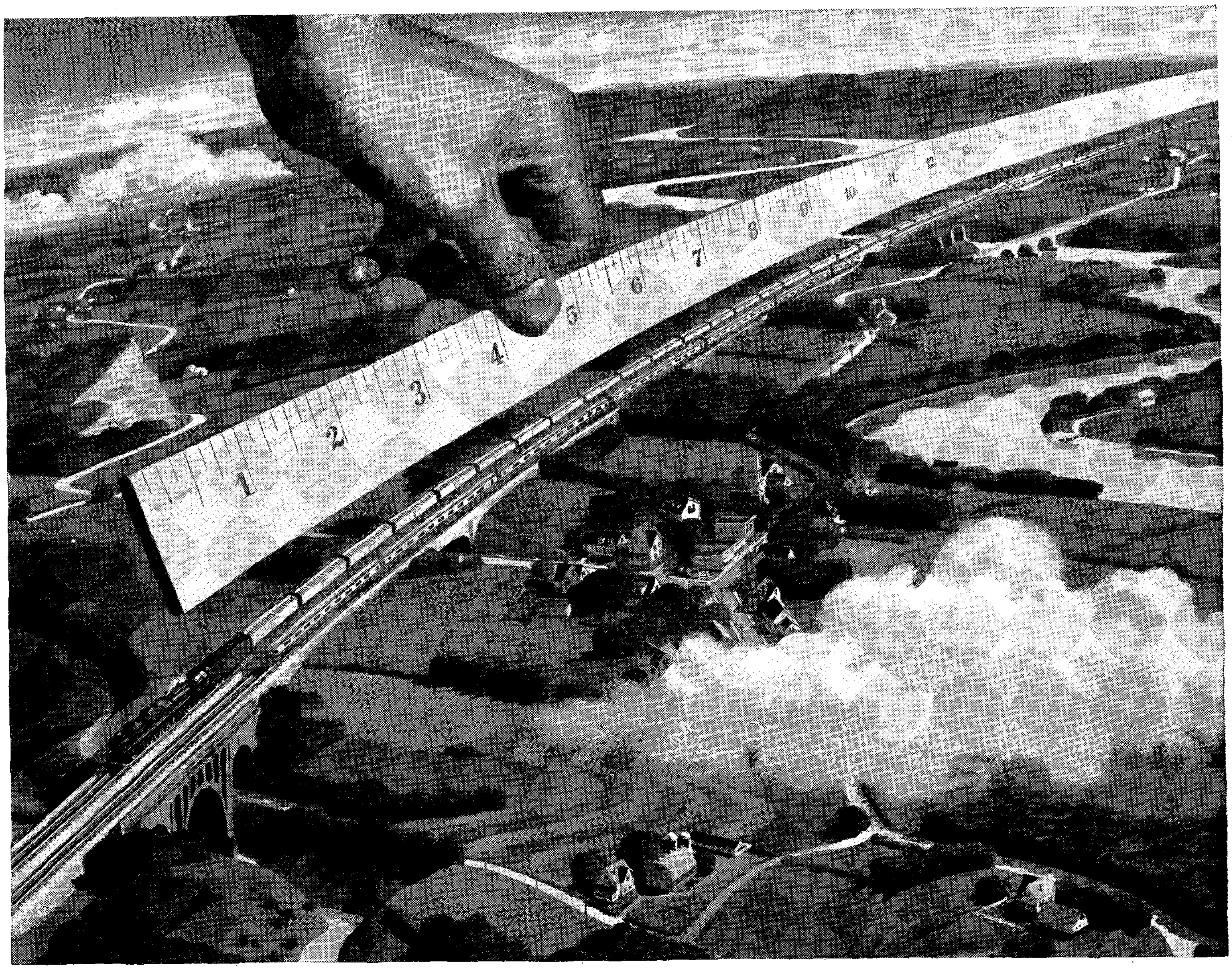
TWO FOR THE MONEY

ON the surface, "The Heiress," a dramatization by Ruth and Augustus Goetz of Henry James' "Washington Square," tells a very simple story. Catherine Sloper, a plain, miserably self-conscious girl, has an income of ten thousand dollars a year and will have twenty thousand a year more on the death of her father, a fashionable doctor of the eighteen-fifties. Her mother, who died when Catherine was born, was a beautiful and talented woman, and the daughter has grown up in hopeless competition with her memory. Her father finds her rather dismaying socially and treats her with an exasperated forbearance that certainly doesn't help her poise; the general opinion among the ladies in the neighborhood is that Catherine is a terribly nice girl but not apt to make much of a match for herself; and altogether she is an ideal victim for the fortune hunter who presently turns up. The rest is easily predictable. Her father tries to prevent the marriage, first by taking her on a six-month trip abroad and then by threatening to cut her out of his will. This, of course, means that her income after his death will be only ten thousand, and though such considerations seem irrelevant to a young woman in love, twenty thousand dollars makes all the difference between style and shabby gentility to her suitor, a passionate admirer of nice things, especially Venetian glass. She tells him about her father's intentions on the very night they had planned to elope, and though he promises to come back for her in two hours, he doesn't, and the next thing she hears about him is that he has shipped for California and the Gold Rush. Two years later, when he does come back, broke, and she is the possessor not only of her whole income, since her father has died, but also of a worldly assurance that at last really stirs him emotionally, she gets a kind of revenge by barring him from the house. But that doesn't promise to be much of a comfort to her in the lifetime of bitter spinsterhood she has chosen for herself.

The jilting of a rather stupid young woman by a transparent adventurer is clearly a forlorn little story, involving people either pathetic or contemptible, and apparently without much to recommend it in the way of dramatic activity. Surprisingly enough, however, Mr. and Mrs. Goetz, assisted by Jed Harris's really admirable direction, have turned it into an exceptionally rewarding play—intelligent, often moving, and always faithful to the spirit of its source. Like so many of the James novels, "Washington Square" is essentially a study of the behavior of a natural person in an artificial society; Catherine, that is, is moved by the simplest of emotions, a desire to be loved, and finds herself thwarted both by her father's distaste for her as a social incompetent and by her suitor's carefully graduated interest in her as an investment. The fact that she defeats them both is one of Mr. James' characteristic moral judgments on the fashionable world, made even more characteristic by her own final frustration, as if he wanted to make it quite clear that while innocence may indeed prevail over snobbery and greed, one can hardly expect that it will survive unscathed. Society, to Mr. James' mind, was always Society, a system of false and deplorable values but certainly nothing to be challenged with impunity. In transferring this curiously ambivalent message to the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Goetz and Mr. Harris have managed to preserve its unique quality—the lucid, thorough investigation of each character—with a taste, humor, and perception that seem fascinating to me. It may be that a technique of total delineation, which scrupulously provides everyone in the cast with a complete past to explain his present behavior, will strike many audiences as overconscientious and conceivably even dull. I can only say that in spite of their obsolete dilemma and the almost forgotten conventions that bind them, the people I saw in the play at the Biltmore had a reality and consequently a dramatic intensity that I have missed in far more eventful works. "The Heiress" is a grown-up enterprise, and, since there aren't many such around, I recommend it heartily to your attention.

Mr. Harris has cast his play perfectly, with the possible exception of Peter Cookson, who, as the fortune hunter, has an honest and forthright appearance very hard to reconcile with his outrageous behavior. Wendy Hiller, as Catherine, gives a deeply touching performance that will, I think, rank among the most distinguished of the year; Basil Rathbone plays her father with great style and distinction, avoiding what must have been quite a temptation to turn him into an interesting psychopathic case; and the others—Patricia Collinge, Katherine Raht, Craig Kelly, Augusta Roeland, and Betty Linley—are all as satisfactory as they can be. Raymond Sovey's Old New York parlor is a triumph of handsome, though rather menacing, elegance.

IN spite of enthusiastic advance reports, "Command Decision" is not the "What Price Glory?" of our day or even anything that you are likely to hear debated as a work of art at many dinner parties. It is a shrewdly constructed, forcefully written piece, packed with obviously authentic detail about the operations of our Air Forces over Europe, and I think you ought to find it reasonably exciting. I should say, however, that you may easily be troubled by a good many echoes from the past. William Wister Haines' story deals primarily with the terrible responsibility of an officer who must order a few hundred of his



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men on a suicidal mission in order that thousands may be spared later on, and surely this choice has been at the heart of quite a lot of military plays, novels, and moving pictures before. The cast includes a tough sergeant, a veteran of "A Bell for Adano" and Maxwell Anderson's "Storm Operation," to name just two; a cynical war correspondent; a couple of junketing congressmen, full of patriotism and corruption; a disillusioned general who was once an earnest supporter of Billy Mitchell in his fight for an air force but has degenerated into a stuffed shirt and a buck-passer; and, almost inevitably, a flier, married and really too old for active duty, who persuades his best friend to send him out to lead the climactic mission and then goes down heroically in flames. On a somewhat elementary level, these are all arresting characters, and perhaps it is captious to complain that their familiarity somehow gives the play the effect of being not much more than an intelligent compilation of types and themes that have proved successful so often in the past. For what it is—a piece of lively and competent journalism, alternating roughhouse comedy and carefully understated heroism—it is a good, professional job, and I'm sure we should be grateful for it.

Since it is a convention of the theatre that men under stress have a rather formal pattern of behavior—every now and then somebody breaks down and shouts, but most of the time they speak quietly, through tight lips—the actors are not permitted much range. In spite of this necessary monotony, however, there are many fine performances at the Fulton, especially those by Paul Kelly, Paul McGrath, Jay Fassett, and Stephen Elliott. The fact that there are no ladies in the cast, incidentally, should not be taken to mean that "Command Decision" has anything in common with "Journey's End." Hell, it may not be literature, but it's better than that one.

"UNDER THE COUNTER," a comedy sporadically assisted by girls and music, has turned up at the Shubert after a successful two-year engagement in London. It is a difficult piece to judge, since the best of it, the portions involving the robust and stylish pleasantries of Cicely Courtneidge, is very good indeed, and the worst, the parts devoted to a grotesquely complicated plot, is surprisingly annoying. Miss Courtneidge, a sporty matron whose technique may remind you somewhat of Beatrice Lillie's, though it is considerably more acrobatic, is wonderfully effective with the kind of lines that Noel Coward has been supplying for the English stage for longer than most of us care to remember. The following samples are not necessarily hers, since the marginal notes on my program are not very explicit about who said what, but they are typical:

> "Of course, I never *quite* know the difference between Rugby and crew."
> "You must be *terribly* insensitive."

And:

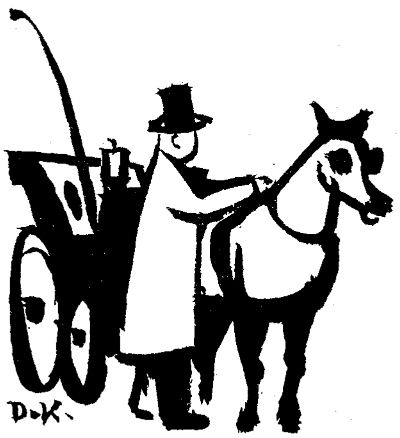
> "I shall hurl it right back in your teeth—if, of course, those *are* your teeth."

And, mysterious without its context, but still rather jaunty:

> "Really, Sir Alec, I trust this won't lead to pinups in the Privy Council."

Miss Courtneidge also has quite a gift for manhandling a song and does things to a tender ballad called "The Moment I Saw You" that might surprise even Ethel Merman. Gifted as she is, however, she can do very little to salvage a plot that exhibits a rather astonishing frivolity about the black market but otherwise has nothing to distinguish it from routine specimens of our own, except perhaps a certain obscurity of reference. An aside, for instance, that I caught as "Why, she's as dull as Battersea Power Station" plainly convulsed the cosmopolites in the audience, but I'm afraid it didn't convey anything in particular to me. All this is a pity, because at least half the time "Under the Counter" is a cheerful show, and the girls, perhaps because of their neat British accents, seem unusually fragile and demure.

THERE is not much to be said about "How I Wonder," Donald Ogden Stewart's unhappy attempt to blend the nonsense humor for which he was once celebrated with the intense but shapeless reflections about the state of the world that have distressed him in recent years. The humor, appearing in



conjunction with pronouncements upon the atomic bomb and the dignity of man, soon comes to seem only silly and impertinent; the ideas, probably never too clear in Mr. Stewart's head, soon lose every semblance of coherence, becoming, indeed, quite indistinguishable from the nonsense. It is a disastrous venture, proving, if anything, that whimsey is not the ideal vehicle for prophecy, and I think that the less said about it the better. Garson Kanin, whose motives for producing the darn thing are inscrutable to me, seems to have directed it on the principle that if you keep a bunch of actors in a state of great physical activity, it may be possible to disguise the fact that their speeches don't mean anything. The cast includes Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, Carol Goodner, and Meg Mundy. It's hard to believe that none of them can read.

NOW and then, in the course of "Music in My Heart," at the Adelphi, Tschaikowsky's music is rendered approximately as he wrote it, usually by the orchestra in the pit, and toward the end there is a prettily executed, if conventional, ballet, involving a pair called Olga Suarez and Nicholas Magallanes. The rest is a vulgar and staggering bore. The story has something to do with the composer's hopeless love for a famous singer, known in the program as Désirée Artot but to the members of the cast as "Dezeery;" the language, supplied by Patsy Ruth Miller, is stately ("We're having champagne in the Green Room. Won't you join us?," "I am happy to meet you, Monsure Tschaikowsky. Monsure Gounod speaks so highly of you"); the quality of the lyrics, the work of Forman Brown, is nicely indicated by their titles ("Gossip," "Three's a Crowd," "No! No! No!"); the scenery and costumes, by Alvin Colt, gave the curious effect, even on opening night, of having seen several years' service on the road; the acting, with the exception of some rather crisp dirty work on the part of Vivienne Segal, is preposterous; Charles Fredericks and Martha Wright sing pleasantly enough and Miss Wright is nice to look at, but their romance may easily drive you out of your mind. No! No! No!

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Mrs. Floyd W. Berdan of 320 Forest avenue, is a candidate for halfback position on the Lehigh University football squad.
—*Glen Ridge (N.J.) Paper.*

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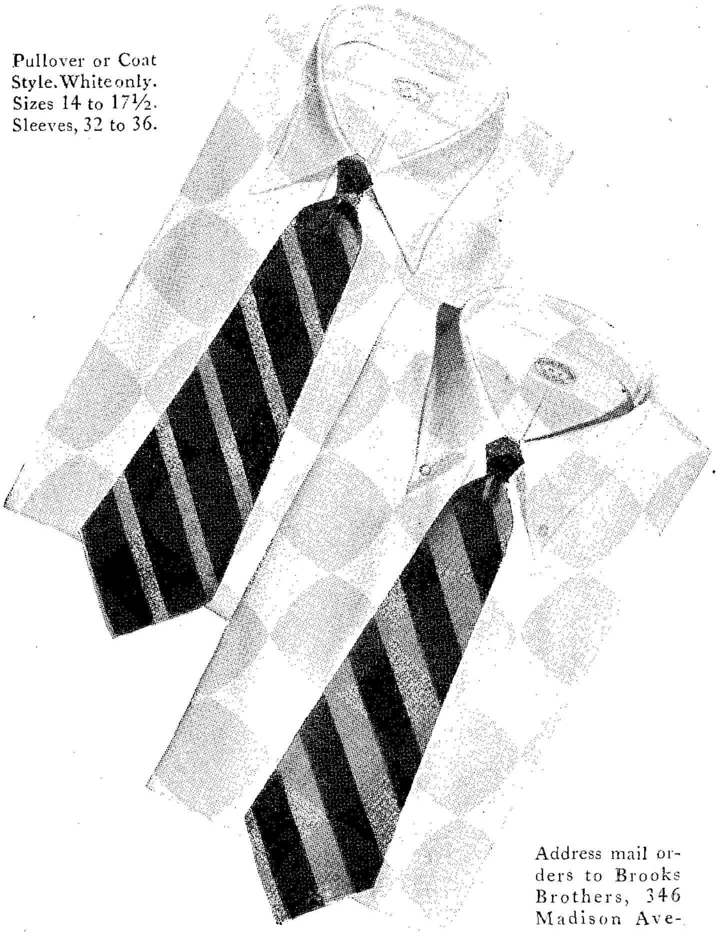

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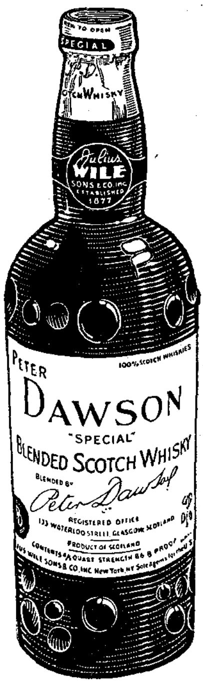

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MISS HATTIE

Miss Hattie knew when she was half awake that something was wrong. "Something's out of whack," she said to herself. It was the same sort of feeling that had bothered her when Sophie, the cook, had quit, ten years before, and when her brother Harold had died, up in New York. It was like not wanting breakfast, not even grits and shrimp. She slid her legs out of bed and groped with her big toe for her slippers. When she opened the blinds and saw the broken slat and said to herself, for the how-many-thousandth time, "This blind needs fixing," it came to her—the trouble. It was the electric refrigerator, sent by her New York nephew, without so much as by-your-leave. Even though the house would someday be his, Jake might at least have let her argue it out, the way she had when he insisted on putting electricity in, but no, he hadn't so much as given her a chance to state her case this time. He had said, when they were arguing about the electricity, "Oh, you're just old-fashioned, Aunt Hattie," and that had made her good and mad. "No," she had said, "I'm not old-fashioned and I'm not new-fashioned. I'm not fashioned at all," and he had looked at the old dress she was wearing and laughed and said, "That's a fact," and had run out of the door without giving her the satisfaction of making an answer. The next day, the Power Company had come and messed up the whole place. Jake would never have had his way about the electricity if he hadn't seduced her with a battery radio and then pointed out that with electricity she wouldn't have to worry about battery failure. "All right," she had said, "but only in the back part of the house."

The wiring had been put in, but only in the kitchen, the back bedroom, and the bathroom, just before we got into this new war, and for several years after that Jake hadn't been able to make any more of what he called improvements. But he had been at her again, during the most recent of his semiannual visits. "Can't you wait till I die?" she had asked sharply. "I don't want you to die, Aunt Hattie," he had said. "I want you to live forever, in comfort," and she had known he was speaking the truth. But she had managed the last word—"Your comfort, you mean"—and he had laughed and patted her shoulder.

Three mornings ago, Miss Hattie had come downstairs for breakfast and found the refrigerator sitting in the kitchen. Millie was clicking the handle and saying, "Sho nuff." When she saw Miss Hattie, she said, "Do God, see whut we got. Don' haf to git no mo' chunks off de iceman. Is you buy it?"

"Certainly not," Miss Hattie said.

"Who you reckon sont it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Miss Hattie said. "Probably a mistake."

Millie pointed to a card hanging from the handle. Forgetting for the moment that Millie couldn't read, Miss Hattie said, "Read it."

Millie took the corner of the card between thumb and finger and looked hard at what was written on it, as if the mystery would be revealed if she were intent enough. "It say—"

Miss Hattie seized the card, peered down at it, and read aloud, "With the compliments of Jacob Dingley, Esquire." She let go with distaste and said, "I might have known. And this a visiting day, too. Pa Jesus!"

Dingley Hall was open to visitors Monday through Friday from ten to two during the tourist season, and at other times by appointment. The house had been built in 1790 and was one of the few old plantation houses in the neighborhood of Charleston that had not been destroyed in the Civil War. Dingley Hall had been saved, as Miss Hattie often told visitors, "by Providence and the niggers." But house and avenue were all that remained, for when old Colonel Dingley, Miss Hattie's grandfather, bowed to fate, he bowed with a twist. He took the plat of his plantation and, with ruler and pencil, cut it lengthwise into narrow strips—some a mile long—and sold them to his newly freed slaves, leaving to the big house a skimpy ten acres where once it had sat in the midst of a thousand. On a day when she was feeling genial, Miss Hattie would tell the whole story to her visitors, after they, admonished thereto by a discreet sign, had deposited their half dollars in the box that sat on a table by the front door.

The furniture and furnishings of

Dingley Hall were a reflection of its architecture—for the most part eighteenth-century—with much added and nothing taken away. Visitors had to thread their way through two centuries and time their stay by two clocks, grandfather and cuckoo. But nothing new had come into the house for more than fifty years—that is to say, nothing the visitor could see—and this might almost be said of Miss Hattie herself. Not that she was defiant of style; she was simply unaware of it in dress or ideas. She took what she liked.

She liked the visitors' fees; they made her financially independent of her nephew, who, time and time again, had tried to persuade her to let him send her a monthly check. "Wait till I'm old," she always said. She liked the visitors for another reason: "They are company, and at my age you don't have much. Old folks ain't any fun to those who know them." She also liked the old ways of doing things, not because they were old but because they were hers, and the semiannual argument between life tenant and heir presumptive always ended there.

In all the talk, there had been no word about an electric refrigerator. Jake had simply plunked it down on her. The refrigerator meant change, and that was ominous. Miss Hattie had never even had an icebox. She had been content to set milk and butter in a pan of water and, on a very hot day, buy a chunk of ice from the Negro huckster. Millie had also been content, for, there being no way to keep food cold, she was entitled, by ancient custom, to take home with her at night—"tote" was the word—whatever of possible perishables was left over at the end of the day, and since she was cook, she saw to it that there was plenty. This was her right, as it was Miss Hattie's unquestioned right to begin the day by unlocking the pantry and waiting while Millie got out the staples needed for the following twenty-four hours—so much grits, side meat, lard, flour, corn meal, coffee, and tea—and then handing her exactly four matches for lighting fires.

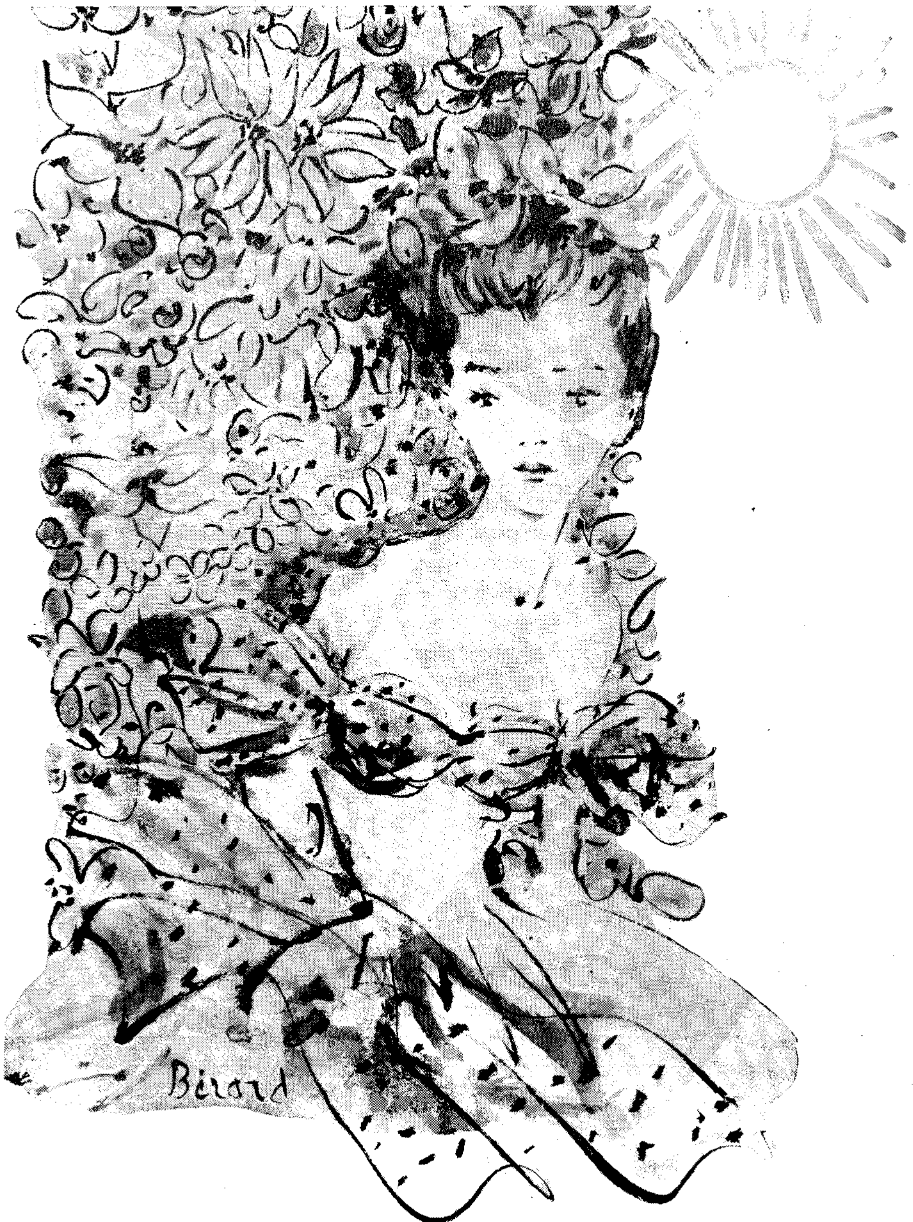
Miss Hattie took her turn at clicking the handle, the morning the refrigerator arrived, and made her first discovery of its inconvenience. "There ain't any lock," she said.

Millie shook her head. "Sho ain't."

"But I can't use it without a lock," Miss Hattie said accusingly.

"Sho cain't," Millie said.

Later in the day, a man came from the Power Company—"to check," he said—and Miss Hattie tore into him



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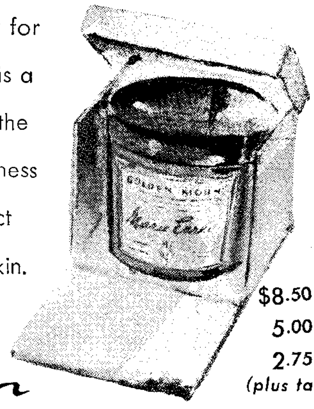

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about the lock. He defended himself with a promise to see what he could do. He would bring her a lock if he could find one to fit, but he couldn't promise for sure. They did have locks that fitted some of them, but about this particular model he couldn't exactly say. Miss Hattie cut him off. "Bring one," she said, and he almost fell down the steps in his haste to do her bidding. He brought one the next day and fastened it on, and Millie wanted to set everything in the refrigerator. "I do believe you'd put the soap in," Miss Hattie said. "But wait, don't put anything in yet. I'm not used to this thing. Let me think." It wasn't until late afternoon, when she looked out of the window and saw Millie swinging happily down the avenue with a big bundle on top of her head, that Miss Hattie thought again about the refrigerator, and her thought bore fruit.

The following day, about three o'clock, she went into the kitchen while Millie was washing up the dinner dishes, and when she turned the key, the refrigerator had in it everything that was to have ridden home on Millie's head that afternoon. Nothing was said—that is, nothing in words—but from that moment until Millie flounced down the avenue at dusk, every movement of hers expressed outrage, and Miss Hattie began to wonder what kind of fruit her thought had really borne.

THIS morning, Miss Hattie had awakened with the feeling that something was wrong, and the clash of utensils coming from the kitchen set her wondering again. She remembered her mother's words—"Never give in, Hattie, never give in"—and with a set smile above a set jaw she went, key in hand, into the kitchen and straight to the refrigerator and unlocked it, ignoring the blaze in Millie's eye and giving her as cheerful a good morning as the atmosphere would allow. Millie began to take out of the refrigerator the butter dish, the can of condensed milk, and the other fixings for breakfast.

On visiting days, Miss Hattie usually had breakfast in the kitchen, warmed by the stove and Millie's amiability, but this morning she said, "I think I'll have breakfast in the dining room." She tried to make her voice gracious and yet firm. Millie merely grunted and began to get out the long tablecloth. Miss Hattie had to hold her temper. Millie knew perfectly well that the long cloth was never used except for company and that Miss Hattie kept the table full length only because of the visitors and ate on a small island at the end. Now Miss Hattie had to say, "No, Millie, not that," and when Millie gave a blank look, "You know, the small cloth."

That was just the beginning. The grits were burned, the mullet roe was fried instead of broiled, the biscuits were underdone, and there was no jam. As Millie passed through the swinging door with the coffee, she gave it a savage push that made the whole room rattle. Miss Hattie knew what was wanted—words—but she kept silent, and when she had finished her second cup of coffee, she went into the kitchen and said, "You may have your breakfast now, Millie." By way of answer, Millie crashed through the swinging door again, saying as she went out, "I don't want nothin'." Presently, she returned with a laden tray and put into the refrigerator the butter dish, the underdone biscuits, the can of condensed milk, and, last, Miss Hattie's plate, with the congealed grits and rubbery mullet roe still on it. Miss Hattie said, "No, Millie, just the butter, or are you fixing anything for dinner that will need butter?" Millie's answer, as Miss Hattie afterward realized, was no answer; she said, "Cold roast don' need no butter, do it?" Miss Hattie knew then that it was going to be a bad day. What would happen, and when, she could not guess, but she knew she was in for a bad time, and for a moment she almost regretted that she had had the lock put on. Later, she remembered to blame her nephew, and she felt better—but not much better.

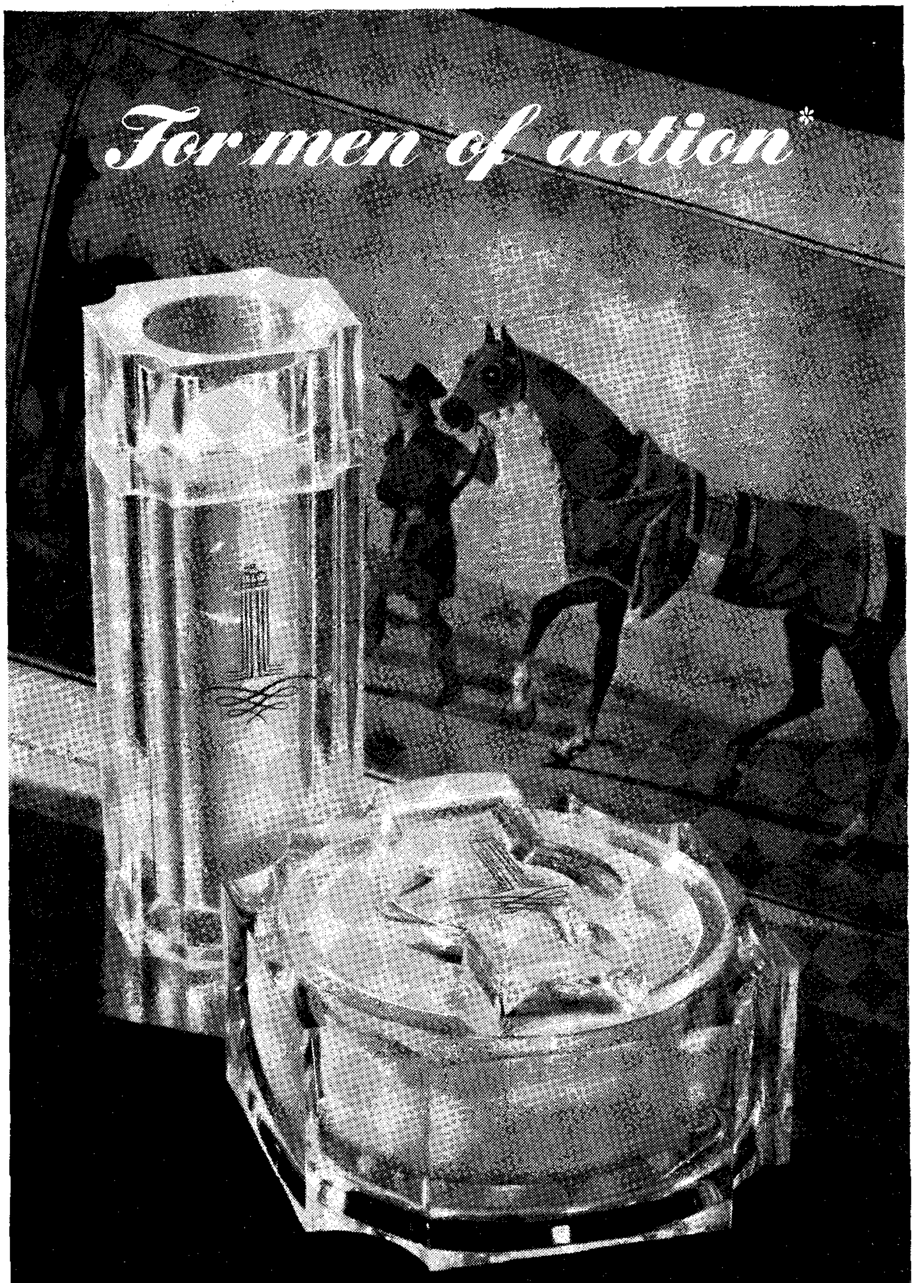
WHEN Miss Hattie heard a car door bang, and then another and another, she hurried to the side of the window and counted the visitors. There were sixteen. That meant eight dollars. For a moment, she considered raising Millie's wages, but that thought could wait. Now she must open the door and stand aside and hope that they would not take her for a servant, as had happened once or twice. One look, and the pleasant way in which they introduced themselves, brought instant relief, and she swung happily into her speech about the house.

"This house, built in 1790 by one of my great-grandfathers, was saved from destruction at the hands of Sherman's soldiers by Providence and the niggers. . . . This mirror, brought from Brussels by a relative who had been sent on an important diplomatic mission, as you see yourselves—only, of course, you can't see yourselves . . ." Here was her standard test of her visitors' sense of humor. If, when she pointed to the blackened glass, they laughed, she knew the rest would be good. This morning, they laughed. "This portrait, by an unknown artist—you know, of course, that in those days people had their portraits painted just like we have our photographs made—this portrait is . . ." She and the visitors were in the dining room, standing with backs toward the kitchen, when the swinging door burst open and a single word filled the room: "Butter!" Miss Hattie broke the startled silence that followed with, "Oh, dear, excuse me a minute, will you?" When she got into the kitchen, she waited until the door stopped swinging, and asked as quietly as she could, "What is it, Millie?" Millie, without looking up, said again, "Butter." Miss Hattie got out her key and unlocked the refrigerator and handed the butter dish to Millie without a word. "Words, if there must be words, can wait," she said to herself as she turned the key in the lock and hurried back into the dining room.

She couldn't even remember where she had left off, and the blank look of her auditors told her that it wasn't just *there*. She decided that, instead of taking them now into the parlor, she would take them upstairs, out of earshot, just in case. The interval of the stairway would give her a chance to get hold of herself, even though the rearrangement of the tour also meant a rearrangement of her speech.

Cries of delight soon put her back in her stride. The east bedroom was her peculiar joy and she let herself go. "An architect, whose name, if I were free to divulge it, says this is pure—the purest room in the South, not even excepting Williamsburg—and it hasn't been restored, either." She laughed pleasantly. "This," she said, picking up a vase and holding it to the light, "has a long and complete history. It has been mentioned in every family will since before the house was built, beginning in 1725." From just behind her came a loud whisper, "Cheese!," and the vase almost slipped from her hands. As she caught the precious relic to her, she turned and saw Millie's apron going out of the door and then heard her feet stumping down the stairs. Trembling, Miss Hattie put the vase down and said again, "Oh, dear, excuse me a minute, will you?"

When she appeared in the kitchen, Millie did not look at her, but Miss Hattie looked at Millie hard and said, "You told me this morning you didn't need anything more out of the refrigera-



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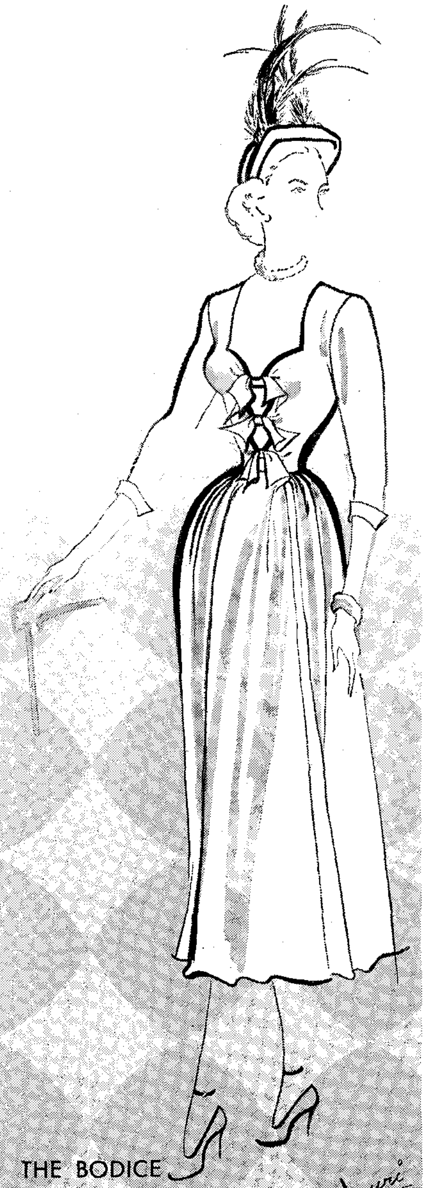

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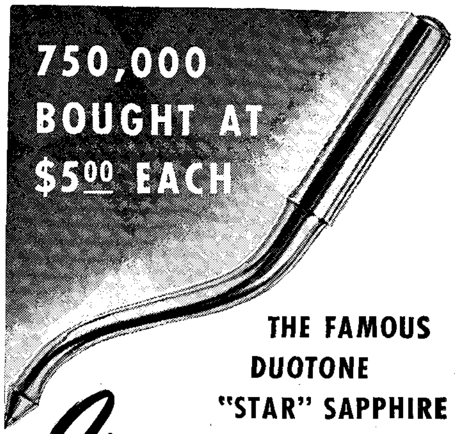
tor. Now what is it?" "Cheese," said Millie, still not looking at her. "Cheese for what?" Millie looked up with an astonished, innocent face and said, "Macaroni," and before Miss Hattie could speak, "You always likes macaroni, and I was thinking—" But Miss Hattie cut her short. "Macaroni? I didn't see you get macaroni out of the pantry." "No'm?" Miss Hattie knew the method; it was as old as Adam, and there would be no end. She went to the refrigerator, got out the cheese, and then locked it again noisily.

MISS HATTIE hated to go back upstairs, and even thought for a moment of letting the visitors find their way down without her, but she shook herself and went up to them. It was no use. The day had been spoiled. She remembered how, when she was a young woman, her mother had often said, "Never let your guests get out of hand; never let them break up into little groups," but when she went into the bedroom again, it had already happened, and from then on her only wish was to get them out of the house as quickly as possible. At last, after what seemed hours, she closed the front door on them and stood for a long time without moving. "I think I'm getting old," she said aloud.

Miss Hattie was defeated and she knew it. There would be a thousand excuses, and Millie would use them all. The question now was how to admit defeat, for of course it would never do to come right out with it. Surrender, she knew from experience, must be oblique. She went back upstairs, holding on to the banister as she climbed, and seated herself by the window in the east bedroom.

She had no idea what time it was or how long she had been sitting there when she heard the dinner bell—an old silver bell, reserved for occasions. Millie usually came to where she was and said, "Dinner." Now she had rung the silver bell. Miss Hattie smiled wryly and said, "I suppose that's for forgiveness." The dinner was also for forgiveness. Millie had done something radical to the roast, the biscuits were no kin to their morning brothers, the macaroni was a fluffy dream, and for anchor there was sweet-potato pie. Miss Hattie ate in silence and without acknowledgment, waiting for the light. With the last bite of pie, it came. She took the refrigerator key out of her pocket and handed it to Millie. "I reckon you better take charge of this," she said. Millie said, "Yas'm." Miss Hattie knew when she gave it up that there would



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be no more locking. In all her years of knowing Negroes, she had never known one who would lock anything.

She spent the afternoon in the garden. She had lost her taste for the house. But time, and weeding, healed her wounds, and at last she came in and sat by a window in the parlor and listened to contented noises coming from the kitchen. Then the noises—not singing; a kind of humming—grew dim and the kitchen door slammed. Presently, she saw Millie's laden head come around the corner of the house. "I wonder if she left anything," Miss Hattie said to herself, and again, "I wonder," and after a minute, "I think I'll just go see."

The kitchen floor had been newly scrubbed, with ashes and lye, and gave off the sweet, pungent smell of heart pine as it dried in a semicircle from the still-warm stove. There were fresh curtains at the window, below which Miss Hattie's supper was laid out on the small table—cold biscuits, jam, buttermilk, a large pat of butter, and, glory be, shrimp salad. Millie must have sent her grandson, Grandboy Jo, to the fishhouse in Mount Pleasant. Beside the salad gleamed the crown jewel, a bowl of Villa Margherita dressing. "Forgiveness with a vengeance," Miss Hattie said, and laughed. Then, feeling guilty, she went to the refrigerator, quickly put out her hand, and pressed the latch. It was locked.

—John Andrew Rice

•

Here on stately racks are colors and designs that are bizarre-bizarre, creative effects that are exciting-exciting. But let's get back to the Cadwalladers.—*The Post.*

Hell, let's get back to the Cadwallader-Cadwalladers.

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

Dr. C. P. Rhoads, director, Memorial Hospital, New York—"A momentous decision. It represents perhaps the most important step toward the cementing of international relations since the detonation of the atomic bomb."

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal*]

O'Neill, Neb. (UP)—Scientific farming is a laugh to an 11-year-old O'Neill girl. Carol Segar last spring buried some potato peelings, just to get rid of them.

Only the finest Broadcloth Shirts could register these

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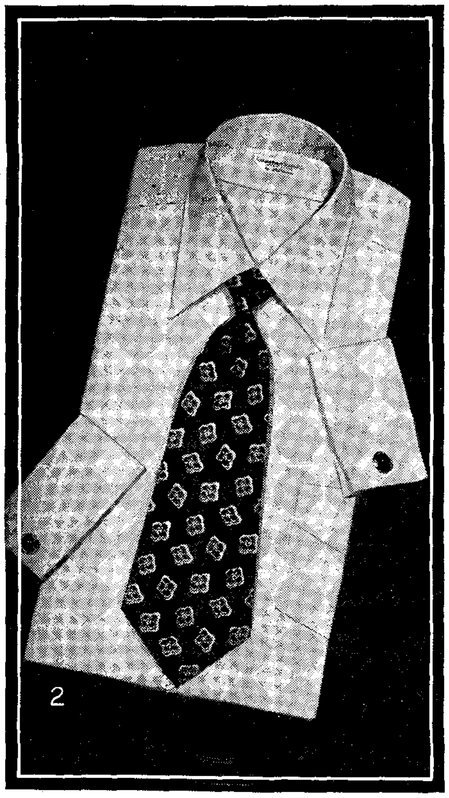

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two Way, Way Down

IN "Song of Love" and "Unconquered," we have an incisive demonstration of how Hollywood can hack away at a pair of standard movie themes. The first of this brace of turkeys is our old friend the overblown biography of a composer—in this case, Schumann. It concedes that he was an eminent musician but alleges that, away from his piano, he was no better than moonstruck. The composer of "Träumerei," it appears, was the sort of man who could simper delightedly when his own dream girl cut loose with such nonsense as "I'll always remember how the sun rose where you were standing, and how it set when you said good night." The wearing effect of this kind of chatter, however, is indicated by the fact that Schumann is eventually led away to a mental home. The lady on such intimate terms with the sun ends up as a recluse, after she has married the composer and been lethargically pursued by a fellow named Brahms. In the role of Schumann's wife, Katharine Hepburn, whose romantic appeal is rather lessened by the circumstance that the script has given her seven children, behaves as if she had just been wreathed with the Vassar daisy chain, and Paul Henreid, as Schumann, refuses to register anything but torpor. The third major character is Robert Walker, who plays Brahms as though he were a musician whose fate depended on bobby-soxers. Some very skilled recordings by Artur Rubinstein are wasted on the picture, along with some excellent imitations by Miss Hepburn of a pianist at work. She even manages to stay in the same section of the keyboard as the sound track.

THERE is, as you can see, nothing funny about "Song of Love," but maybe you'll be able to work up a smile or two at the idiocy of "Unconquered." This flaccid epic was created by Cecil B. De Mille, who still relies on the tricks he learned in the silent days to produce melodramatic effects. Without going into the plot, which is a lot of foolishness about the establishment of Pittsburgh, then known as Fort Pitt, I will point out that in this one we have canoes tearing toward the falls, and villainous

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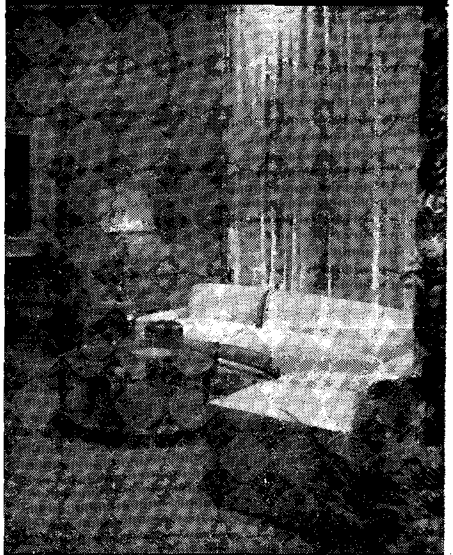

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Managing Director

Indians (all of them incontrovertible Caucasians), led by Boris Karloff. Figuring in the piece, along with Mr. Karloff, are Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard, who wrangle dully throughout. The picture is in a kind of Technicolor that makes all hands look like victims of ptomaine poisoning.

IF you don't like musical or cowboy-and-Indian dramas, you won't be much better off with "The Spirit of West Point," starring Glenn Davis and Felix Blanchard. According to the juvenile plot, the lads receive tempting offers from the professional teams after their resplendent careers at West Point, but decide for the Army. If you have been reading the sports pages, there won't be much suspense in this idea. There isn't much in the way of acting, either, and the best parts of the film are newsreel shots of the boys in action. There aren't enough of these.

THE heroine of "The Blue Veil," a French film, is a widow (Gaby Morlay) who has lost her first-born and is determined to devote her life to children. As a nurse or governess, she drifts from one menage to another, brooding heavily. The message of the thing seems to be: Don't hire frustrated women to manage your young. You undoubtedly know this already, so there is no reason to sit through "The Blue Veil" while your children are home worrying.

"THE UNSUSPECTED" is a seedy mystery film in which the corpses of murdered people are piled around like buns in a bakery's day-old shop. Claude Rains, Joan Caulfield, Hurd Hatfield, and Michael North are in it, but you'd do better, Lord help you, to listen to a radio serial.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The greatest rise occurred in food, which was up 2.3%. Other changes in the "Index of Quoted Retail Prices for Consumers' Goods and Services Purchased by Moderate-Income Families" (formerly called "The Cost of Living Index") were...—*Press release from the National Industrial Conference Board.*

That's the trouble with inflation—it's contagious.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Madras (India) Mail*]

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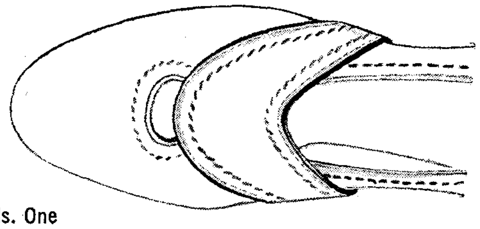

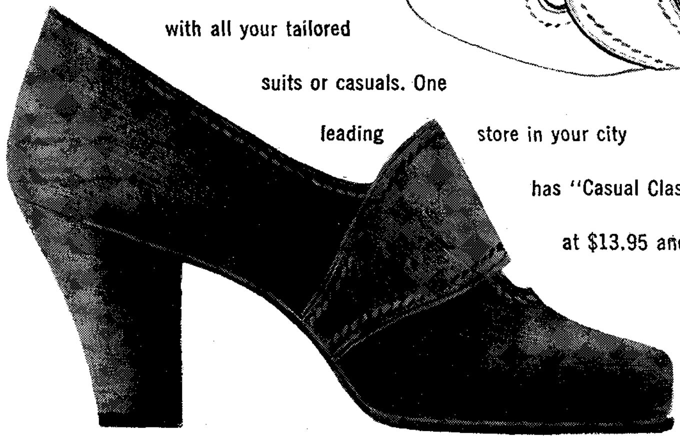

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THE ART GALLERIES

Contemporary Americans

BEN SHAHN, the subject of a compact and very well-selected one-man retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, is, at the age of forty-nine, a comparative newcomer to the top ranks of contemporary American painters. A number of factors have retarded his development. He grew up in the poorer sections of Brooklyn, and he went to high school at night and worked by day as a lithographer's apprentice—a form of training that, although it has its value in encouraging draftsmanship, exerts certain limitations on artistic expression. According to the biographical notice by James Thrall Soby, who arranged the exhibition, he didn't have any formal art training until 1922, when he was twenty-four, and when, a few years later, he managed to make a couple of trips abroad, he fell under the influence of Rouault and Raoul Dufy, two men whose very disparateness indicates the unsettledness of his mind at the time. And through much of his later career he has displayed a considerable ability for taking slightly wrong artistic turnings, from which he has rescued himself just in time.

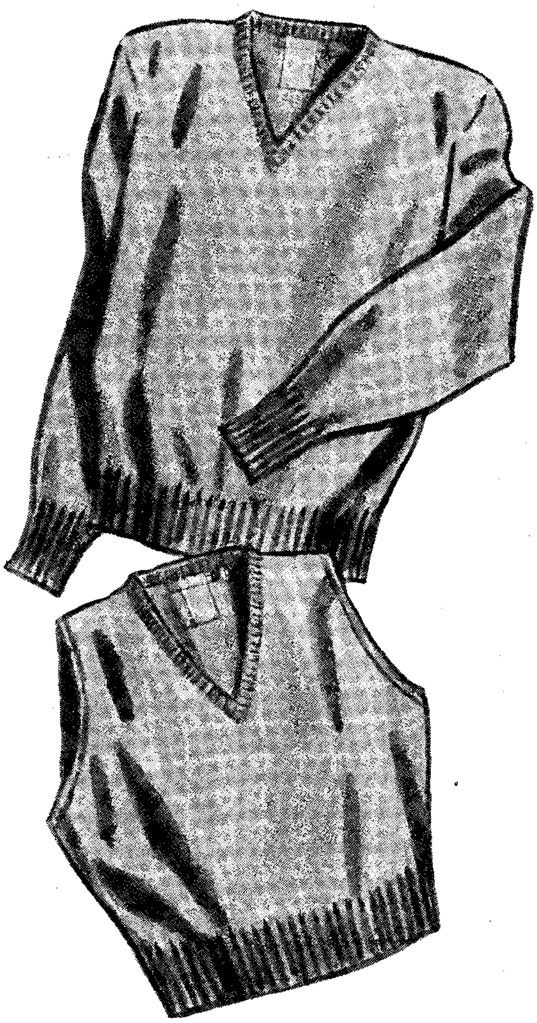
The exhibition skips Shahn's Paris work and all his earlier painting. It begins with the period of 1931 and 1932—a time when, having at last abandoned his Paris influences, he decided to make use of native themes—and the earliest pieces on view are a series of half a dozen paintings in gouache and tempera that he did on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. These were, I believe, his first venture into social commentary. They are followed by two similar groups, one of the retrial and final vindication of Tom Mooney, and the other on prohibition and repeal. The last group, done in 1933 and 1934, when he was working for the W.P.A., is in point of coherent effect the most successful, but there are paintings in the others—for example, the large "Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti," the moving "Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco," and the "Apotheosis," in the Tom Mooney series—that are infinitely superior.

But Shahn's art, I think, was already proving itself ill-adapted to the blunt purposes of direct propaganda, and he later turned from it to more personal commentary. He is less passionate than he is compassionate, he satirizes instead of denouncing, and I am sure that to those who miss the incisive artistry in the distorted politician's grin in his "Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California" (in the Mooney series), the picture must appear rather meaningless, while "Walker Greets Mother of Mooney" would perhaps seem a tribute to our late Mayor's zeal, unless they noticed the slightly "posed" attitude of the Mayor, and the news cameramen, just not too obtrusively introduced into the scene. Shahn was also still a good way from finding his best means of expression. His most important gifts, apart from the purely technical ones, are a remarkable ability to combine an appearance of matter-of-factness and realism with an enormous atmospheric suggestion, an ability to make concrete images flow effortlessly into the symbolic, a deeply philosophic approach, and an unforcedly romantic outlook, which makes it always possible for him to find the emotionally evocative in the commonplace. Technically, despite his deliberately stylized semi-naïve manner, he is an extremely accomplished draftsman, with a rigid respect for the limitations of the picture plane that makes many of his designs seem almost abstract. It was some time before he succeeded in bringing all these faculties into adequate focus. But from the middle nineteen-thirties on, as the show reveals, there is a growing assurance in his painting. For a time, his interest in photography acted as yet another hindrance. He had experimented with the camera as a means of recording ideas for picture subjects. It turned out to be a trap for him, as it has for other artists, and there is a hint of the mechanical, both in the design and in the color and texture, of such otherwise excellent canvases as his "Self-Portrait Among the Churchgoers," of 1939; "Spring (Democracies Fear Peace Offensive)," of a year later; and "Fourth of July Orator," of 1943, that I think can be blamed on his use of the camera.

It was this period, however, that saw the beginning of his approach to real maturity as an artist, and the show is particularly rich in examples of his work from this point on. The loneliness of the individual, set against either architectural or natural immensity, has always been one of Shahn's main themes (see his "Pacific Landscape" and "East Twelfth Street," both done in the last two years). But it is doubtful whether he has ever exploited this quality more tellingly than in the painting called "Vacant Lot," done in 1939, of a solitary boy before a featureless, windowless, towering brick wall, or his "Self-Portrait When Young," of 1943. Certainly the little study called, rather obscurely, "Pretty Girl Milking the Cow," of a man contentedly playing the harmonica alone in a fall landscape, is about as purely poetic a thing as he has done.

Where Shahn has gained, recently, is in a broadening of his imagery and of his philosophic approach. Whereas for some time he had tended to limit himself to a somewhat wry commentary on life around the corner, as in his "Sunday Football" and "Seurat's Lunch," he has now, by making a slightly freer use of fantasy, extended the implications of his work so far that a painting like "The Red Stairway," with its crippled man climbing a ruined staircase, can suggest all the endless frustrations of mankind, while his "Liberation," of three children whirling wildly on a rope swing before a smashed building, can convey all its buoyancy. As his imagery has broadened, so has his color, which, once a trifle dry and coldly monotonous in its dependence on blues and greens, has been steadily enriched, until now, in his "Reconstruction" and "Spring," for example, it has a real sonority. He still, however, hasn't reached a true equilibrium of all his forces, and in some of his latest pictures, such as "New York" and "Trouble," he stretches fantasy almost to the point of complete obfuscation. But these are hardly the kind of misstep he once made, and he seems definitely on the right path.

I SUPPOSE that one must take the long view about things like the Pepsi-Cola Annual. You can't get up a huge national competition, involving thousands of entrants, big prizes, a jury, and so on, and expect it to work out successfully from the start, especially when the purity of the enterprise is adulterated with the slightly coarser motivations of the admen. The first and second Annuals, as I recall them, had the sort of uneasy glitter of the parvenu. The third was soberer, but dull. In the fourth one, at the National Academy of Design, this series seems to have struck its stride, and I think that the hundred and sixty works on exhibit offer a very fair



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cross-section of American painting today.

There does remain a mild tendency toward the merely tricky in the selections, and the prize awards are, as usual, occasionally incomprehensible. Of the twenty winners, I really liked only Henry Kallem's "Country Tenement," Lamar Dodd's "The Breaker," Felix Ruvolo's "The Informer," and Philip Elliott's "Children at Play." But the general level of the work is extremely high, and despite its size and unwieldiness the show is worth looking through. Aside from the prizewinners I've just mentioned, I thought well of Kenneth Evett's sombre "County Fair," Virginia Cuthbert's "Winter Street," Max Kahn's stylized "November Still Life," and the brown, semi-abstract "Fish," by Charles Heaney.

AT Knoedler, they are having a memorial show of paintings by Horace Pippin, the modern primitive American, who died slightly more than a year ago. Pippin, who did not start to paint until 1930, had such force, taste, and integrity, coupled with such an urgent drive for expression, that he very soon went far beyond the normal range of primitive artists, and his later work has a fluency and resourcefulness that few schooled painters could surpass. His first picture, "End of the War: Starting Home," is in the exhibition, and so are two of the brilliant, precise little still lifes he did just before he died. In between, there are some thirty others—among them "The Den," "Lilies," "Cabin in the Cotton, II," and the masterly "John Brown Going to His Hanging"—as evidence of the rapidity and extent of his development.

—ROBERT M. COATES

●

For those visitors who will not go home when the party is over, don't yawn, look at your watch, or remark how tired you are. Little they care how tired *you* are. Instead, try this sizzle sentence: "What time do you get up in the morning?" This brings to their mind how awful *they* will feel in the morning if they don't go home. —*From an article by Elmer Wheeler in Liberty.*

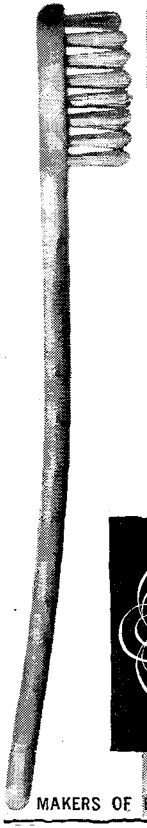
Too subtle. Our friends wouldn't get it.

●

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*Sheilah Graham in the Mirror*]

Maureen O'Hara wears a row of gold safety-pins on the front of her dress. Whenever she thinks she's expecting a baby, and isn't, husband Will Price gives her one!



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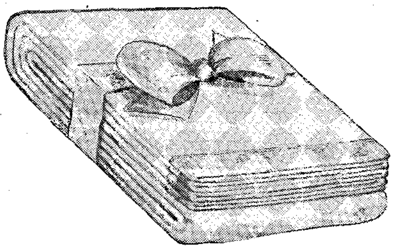

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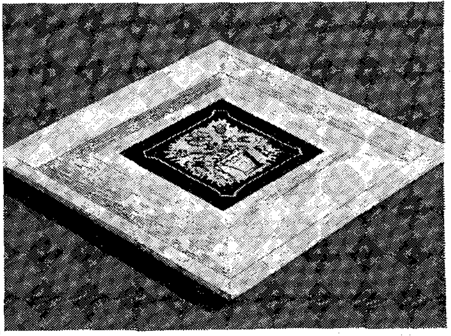

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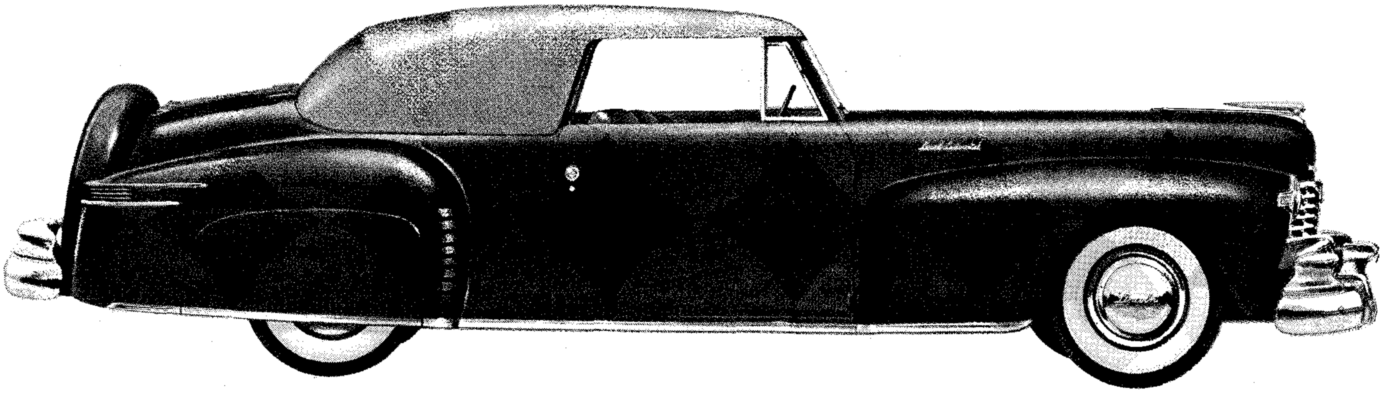

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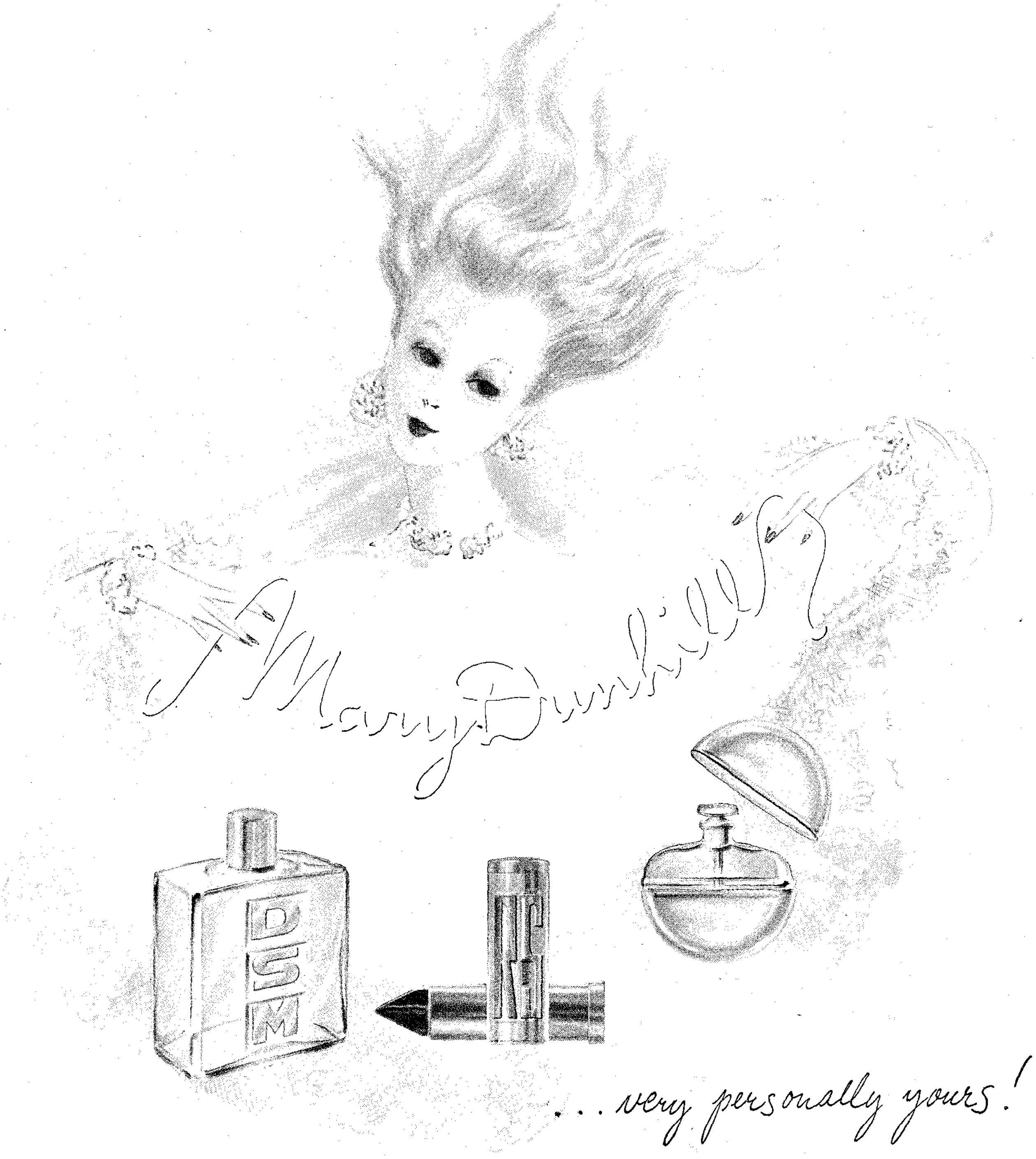

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

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A REPORTER in whose career I take a lively interest spent a bad winter last year simply because he thought he had a chance to go to Russia. A man working in Russia for U.N.R.R.A., the international relief organization, had suggested to this reporter, during a trip to New York, that he visit the U.N.R.R.A. base near Minsk, in the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic, and have a look at the country. The U.N.R.R.A. staff at the base could provide food, lodging, some motor transportation, interpreters, and a considerable understanding of Russia, and could also establish working relations for him with the local authorities. All this would help compensate for the reporter's unfamiliarity with the Russian language and Russian ways. The U.N.R.R.A. man's attitude toward Russia was friendly and the reporter's open-minded, circumstances, it happens, that have very little bearing on this story. The U.N.R.R.A. man, having convinced the reporter that he should make the trip, returned to his post in the Soviet Union. He repeatedly asked the government at Minsk and then the super-government at Moscow to permit the reporter to enter the country. Regularly, every two weeks, he cabled to the fidgeting journalist in New York that his admission to Byelorussia would be arranged very soon. The reporter meanwhile took shots against typhus, typhoid, paratyphoid, and smallpox, renewed his old passport, applied to the Soviet Consulate for a visa, and, hoping to get it any day, declined to make dates for more than a week ahead. At the Consulate, he was asked why he didn't apply instead for permission to attend the Moscow Conference as one of the diplomatic correspondents. The correspondents would, he was aware, be confined, by the terms of their visas, to the city limits of the capital, and he explained that nobody he knew of had been able to acquire, or at any rate to convey to anyone else, anything like a plausible impression of Russia by visiting Moscow, and that therefore he didn't much care to go there. The visa was not granted. In about six months, U.N.R.R.A. wound up its affairs in the Soviet Union, and the U.N.R.R.A. man came home. The reporter had abandoned the whole damned business some time before that, and he has since left word at the office that if Mr. Molotov calls up, he is out.

I have tried to relate this sequence of events without indignation, since, as a single incident, it doesn't amount to much. It does illustrate, however, the Russians' approach to one phase of human relations in which I have always believed us to be vastly wiser than they are. Even that staunch friend of Russia, Sir Bernard Pares, has called the Soviet Union's policy with respect to foreign journalists and students the least defensible part of her attitude toward other nations. Encouraging outsiders to stop in and look around, expressed on the commercial level by window cards reading "Come In and Look Us Over" or "Come In and Browse," is an American practice that happens to be not only traditional but sound. It has also been semi-official, on a national scale, for some time, having been promoted in speeches by Mrs. Roosevelt as well as by such possibly interested parties as Kent Cooper, the executive director of the Associated Press.

The *Times* carried a story not long ago headed:

PRESS GROUP BACKS
NEED FOR FREEDOM

Sigma Delta Chi Reports to U.N.
Stress Need to Remove All Barriers to Information

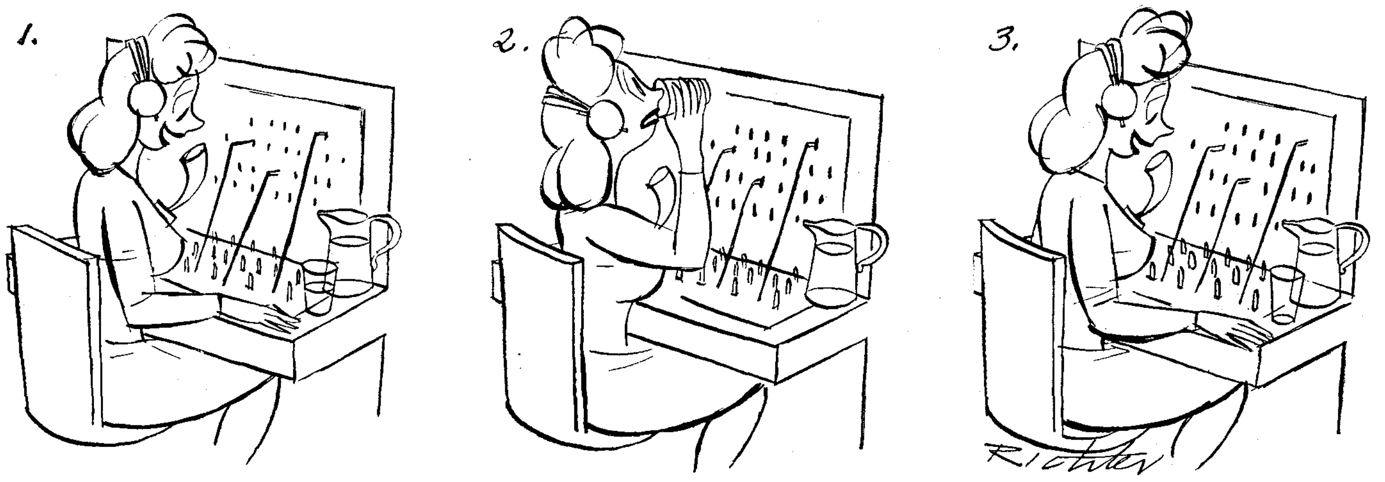
Sigma Delta Chi is an honorary journalistic fraternity, and its reports to the United Nations, according to the *Times*, were signed by Mr. Cooper; John S. Knight, of the Knight Newspapers; Seymour Berkson, the general manager of the International News Service; Hugh Baillie, the president of the United Press; and several other individuals, less prominent but no more radical. Along the same lines, legislators have demanded on the floor of Congress that we refuse aid to countries that won't allow outsiders free access to news. The Iron Curtain, denoting a boundary beyond which information cannot be obtained, is a phrase that has become part of our speech.

In view of all this, I was understandably astonished to read in the *Times* of Friday, September 26th, that the United States government had apparently endorsed, by imitation, the most imbecilic feature of Soviet foreign policy. A headline on page 18 of that issue read:

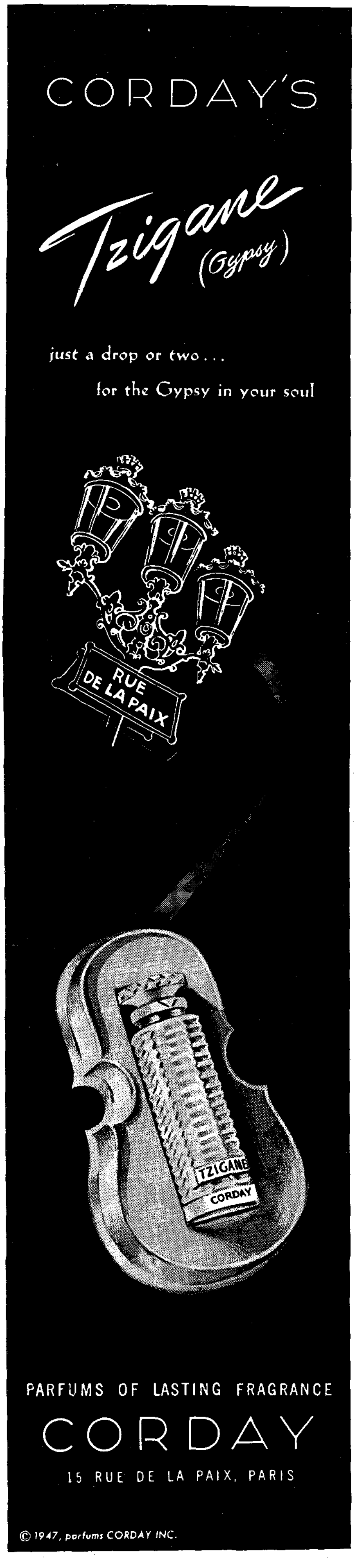
RED WRITER AT U.N.
RESTRICTED BY U.S.

Paris Reporter's Visa Limits Him to
New York Area and Bars
Propaganda Work

The story underneath set forth that the State Department had granted a visa to



"Milbank, Abernathy, Brickerhoff, Holloway, Montague, Van Alstyne, Livingston, and Oppenheimer ... Good morning."



permit a French journalist named Pierre Courtade, a correspondent for the Communist *L'Humanité*, of Paris (circulation about 500,000), to cover the United Nations Assembly sessions here, but only on condition, according to the *Times*, "(1) That he remain in the United Nations site area for the duration of his stay in the United States; (2) That he enter and depart from the United States from an Atlantic port; (3) That he remain in the vicinity of the United Nations site, to include New York City [points one and three, at least, would seem to constitute a fine illustration of officialdom's passion for redundancy]; (4) That he not engage in any propaganda or subversive activities against the United States [of course, if dispatches unfavorable to the United States should be considered propaganda, this provision would limit the man's value as a journalist]; and (5) That United States consular officials be satisfied that he will be able to get return transportation to France [the equivalent of the French government's requesting a guarantee that a New York *Times* correspondent would not be stranded in Paris for lack of funds]."

I was surprised almost as much by the inconspicuous position assigned the story by the *Times* as by its content, but I was heartened to find that the *Herald Tribune* of the same day had it on page 1, under a two-column head, which it certainly merited.

U.S. PUTS CURB LIKE RUSSIA'S
ON FRENCH RED REPORTING U.N.

said the *Tribune's* headline, thus neatly getting the point of the piece into two brief lines. The story that followed, by John Chabot Smith, indicated a reasonable amount of legwork by the reporter and an understanding, either by him or by the city desk directing him, of all the implications of the incident and of the proper angles to be covered. Mr. Smith had even taken the trouble to interview the principal in the story, whereas the *Times* contented itself with a State Department announcement. Smith wrote, in part, "The visa was issued only after long delay and after the United Nations had officially made representations to the United States on Mr. Courtade's behalf." The *Times*, in a passage bearing all ten thumbprints of the State Department's public-relations chief, reported, "The United Nations applied to the State Department for a visa for M. Courtade on Sept. 17 and the visa was granted by the embassy in Paris on Sept. 19." It is hardly likely that a French citizen would ask the United Nations to get him an American visa unless he had already applied for it through the usual channels and been refused. Courtade told Smith, the *Tribune* said, that he had actually been obliged to swear that he would observe the State Department's conditions before he received his Russian-style visa.

An Associated Press dispatch from Washington in the *Post*, three days later, reported, "Officials said a new official policy under discussion would apply generally the curbs imposed on Pierre Courtade, a writer for the Paris Communist daily *L'Humanité*." A State Department official, quoted in the *Tribune* by Mr. Smith, had said that "the restrictions imposed on Mr. Courtade were in accordance with the law and the policy of the United States government," and that they are based on a law passed on October 16, 1918, which bars from this country certain classes of aliens, including those who advocate the violent overthrow of the government. This, said the *Tribune*, has been construed to mean all members of the Communist Party and persons who work for official organs of the Communist Party, such as *L'Humanité*. Mr. Courtade "made no protest," according to Mr. Smith. Being a good Communist Party man, he naturally couldn't. Monsignor Sheen, visiting a convert, could hardly resent being served fish on a Friday. (Non-Communists, however, will be excused if they think poorly of the State Department's official adoption of the Party line.)

Smith also wrote that the United Nations correspondent of the Yugoslav news agency, who says he is not a Communist, although his government is Communistic, claimed that it had taken him nearly two months to get a visa to enter the United States. Another Balkan newspaperman, who had had less difficulty getting admitted, begged Smith not to print his name, saying that he wanted to avoid trouble.

THE Courtade story, which indicated that our reply to the Iron Curtain is to be another Iron Curtain, just about played day and date with a serial involving Andrei Vishinsky, chief Soviet delegate to the United Nations, and Walter Winchell, a columnist. Mr. Vishinsky has apparently replaced the late Ben Bernie in Winchell's comedy routine. Three Sundays ago, Winchell, who talks on the radio, is supposed to have spoken harshly of Vishinsky over the air. The next Friday, September 26th, Vishinsky called a press conference and spoke harshly of Winchell and of a number of less articulate Americans. He was also reported to have suggested that Winchell would do well to visit Russia. The following morning, the *Times* stated:

WINCHELL RETORTS
TO VISHINSKY VIEW

"Asked for a comment last night," the *Times* story under this headline said, "Walter Winchell replied that the war that Andrei Y. Vishinsky thought was coming on might be avoided if newspaper men were permitted to get all the facts in the situation and tell them to the Russians as well as the rest of the world. 'I would be glad to go to Russia as soon as possible,' Mr. Winchell said, 'but I will go only if the Russian Government extends to me and the men that I pick to go with me . . . the same courtesies that the Russian Tass men get over here —the right to go wherever they please and write what they please.' "

On Sunday, in the *Mirror*, Winchell picked his team for the Russian visit. It numbered forty-one, including Westbrook Pegler, Jack Lait, Leonard Lyons, Jimmy Cannon, and Noel Busch. Dorothy Kilgallen, Lee Mortimer, Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, and the current Cholly Knickerbocker were inexplicably left out. Ed Sullivan and Danton Walker, the *News'* gossip columnists, were also conspicuous omissions from the list (Winchell was presumably planning, among other things, a scoop on a Moscow confinement), and Colonel Stingo, the erudite commentator of the New York *Enquirer*, was another absentee. It is to be assumed that the party would also include a number of night-club press agents, so that Winchell would know what was going on. It is difficult not to agree with Winchell once in a while, and I must say that the proposed trip would be a fine thing. I wondered, however, if, when he replied to Mr. Vishinsky, he had read the story about Courtade, which appeared two days before he printed his list.

As for myself, I think that an unrestricted exchange of correspondents would be the finest possible way for Russia and the United States to get to know each other. I also think that a comparison of the reports of both groups would confirm my belief that our journalism is better than theirs. The reports of the Russian correspondents, at least as published, would be one hundred per cent in accord, I imagine, and anywhere from mildly to violently unfavorable to the United States, depending upon the directive of the day. A large proportion of the American reports would be equally well orchestrat-

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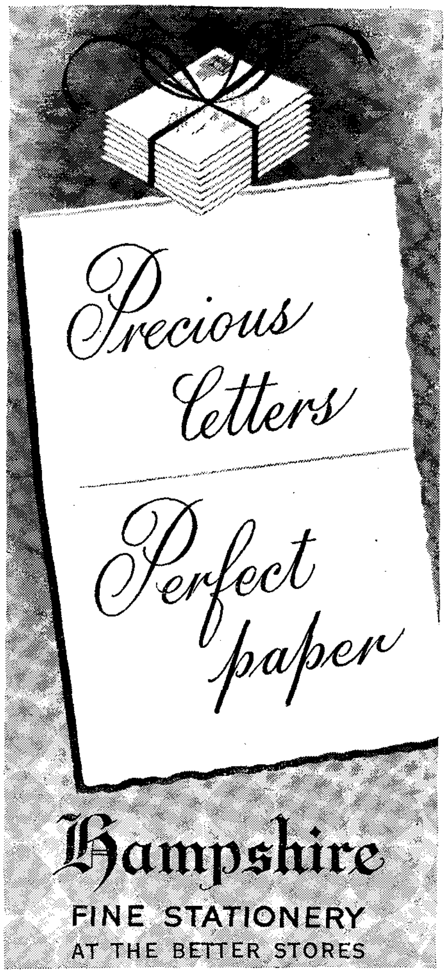
ed, I fear, since many American corporations dealing in news have laid down a line as arbitrary as the Communist Party's. But there would be important divergences among the Americans—honest, accurate stories in some publications, which the correspondents who wrote them would not subsequently have to recant before a plenum, or even before their employers. The spectrum of our men's reports, contrasted with the monochrome of the Russians', would show how much more freedom we still enjoy.

ALMOST every American reporter working for an employer with whose policies he is not always in agreement cherishes the project of writing a book about his work, in which he will tell the story as he sees it. Few reporters invent facts to fit their employers' preconceptions (those who do are, of course, beyond redemption), but many learn to omit the facts that do not jibe with these preconceptions, or else to resign themselves to the excision of these facts from their reports. Someday, the man in the field consoles himself, he will sit down and fill in the blanks in, let us say, his account of a war in China as it appeared in the publication he wrote for. This minor compensation is one proof of the superiority of the American system over the Soviet one. In Russia, the journalist cannot ever change his story unless the government changes its story.

This safety device, which permits many an American reporter to continue earning his living without going mad, has now been seriously threatened. A few weeks ago, the management of Time, Inc., sent a notice (a copy of which a kind friend provided me with almost immediately) to its editorial employees headed, "Time, Inc., Policy on Outside Writing and Speaking." I quote certain interesting sections of the text: "If a staff man wants to do a journalistic book or piece in his spare time for an outside publication or organization, he is required to get permission for it from his managing editor or Allen Grover [a vice-president of the corporation]. . . . If permission is granted it assumes that the management in the person of either the managing editor or Allen Grover has the privilege of reading the manuscript to check its coincidence with Time, Inc.'s, editorial policy. Time, Inc.'s, editorial policies are laid down after thoughtful deliberation. If a staff man's manuscript deviates sufficiently for the piece to be definitely in opposition to Time policy, the manage-



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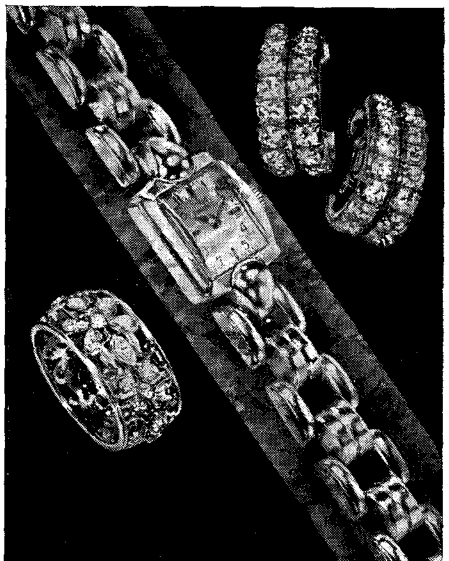
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ment will discuss the matter with the author, point out the differences, and see if they may not be resolved. If they are not resolved, and the author goes ahead with publication, then he may be separated from the staff."

The notice, distributed during negotiations between the management and the American Newspaper Guild, undoubtedly kicked the props out from under many a precariously shored-up conscience. It also provoked a respectable demonstration of revolt by the staff, two-thirds of whom signed a protest to the management. Don Hollenbeck, the young man who does a radio program called "C.B.S. Views the Press," began to prepare a broadcast touching on the dispute and interviewed a *Time* executive about it. The *Time* management, I am informed, then hedged and told C.B.S. that *Time* "had never had a policy," so how could anybody be expected to conform to it? The management, however, notified the staff in a second memorandum that "our practice [in regard to outside writing] has been for the managing editors to work out each case on its merits." This was, of course, not an abandonment but merely a playing down of the power to censor. Hollenbeck did his broadcast on September 20th. *PM* was the only paper that carried an account of it.

What particularly impressed me about the first order from the *Time* management was that it said manuscripts were to be checked not for truth but for "coincidence with Time, Inc.'s, editorial policy." I could have understood *Time's* not wishing any book by a *Time* man to contain inaccuracies that might reflect on the organization's standards of reporting. This is the line that I am sure a periodical's management would have adopted ten years or so ago whenever it wanted to look over manuscripts prepared for outside publication. With a manuscript in hand, the editor might threaten the individual *in camera*. The trend of the times, however, is toward shamelessly enforced conformism.

Incidentally, what would you give for a *Time* man's book bearing the endorsement "FIAT, LUCE"?

—A. J. LIEBLING

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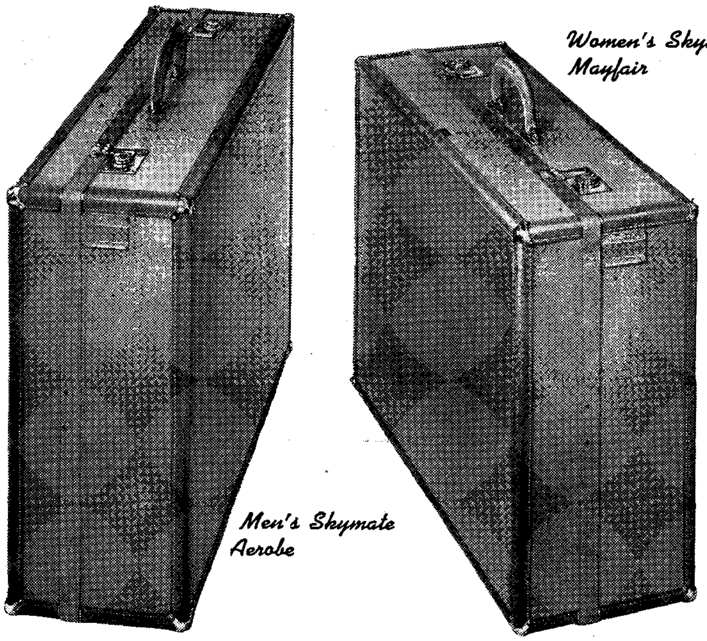
Tonight
By quiet pools of light
The opposites have met—
Those reading to remember,
Those reading to forget.

—MILDRED WESTON



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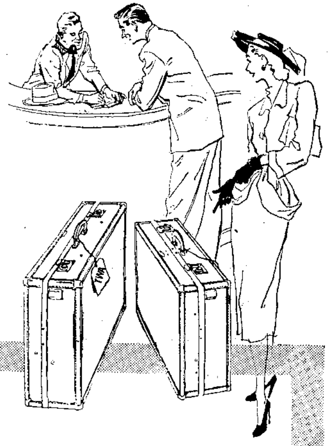

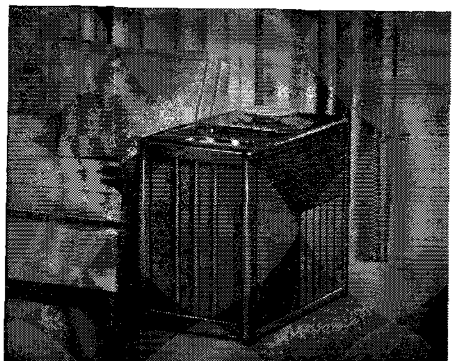

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DENTISTS AND DIPLOMATS AT 6 A.M.

Asunción, Paraguay

CIVIL war or no civil war—and even by South American standards, Paraguay has had more than her share of it lately—most people in Asunción start taking things easy and early at this time of year. From six to eight in the evening, residents of the Paraguayan capital promenade along the Calle Palma, usually winding up at the Sorocabana Café for little cups of *café puro de Brasil.* By nine o'clock, the streets are deserted. There are a few late movies, and a casino of sorts that features roulette, but that's about all. Not much entertaining is done at home, and most people just go to bed after their stroll. This is understandable, because during the warm-weather months—September through March—the business day starts at around six in the morning. It is by no means unusual for dentists to give 6 A.M. appointments. One recent Paraguayan Foreign Minister was in the habit of reaching his office at about five, and was soon after genially receiving haggard diplomats accustomed to drifting into European embassies at noon. Servants generally rise at three or four to brew the morning *maté,* which is sipped through a straw from a dark gourd. Paraguay is the second-smallest republic in South America, but it seems large because of its leisurely railroad service. The two-hundred-and-seventy-five-mile run from Encarnación to Asunción, for example, takes fourteen hours.

The streetcars in Asunción bump along cobbled streets whose names change every few blocks, and after a hard rain the red soil of the region often covers the tracks. Motorists, whose tires are likely to be from fifteen to twenty years old, prefer the trolley tracks to the cobbles. Taxi fares, now only half what they once were, are still probably higher than anywhere else in the world. It costs four guaranies ($1.30) to go eight blocks. The streets are lined with crooked little bitter-orange trees, legacies of the Jesuits who ran Paraguay, as a semi-socialist theocracy, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the luxuriantly green patios of elegant old houses, many of them flanked by vacant lots in which garbage has been dumped, you'll often see monkeys, parrots, and egrets. The flora in these patios includes dark-green elephant's ears, *lapacho* trees, with great bursts of light-pink blossoms, and a large variety of palms and bougainvillaea. The soldiers on guard in front of the Ministerio de Interior y Justicia shy rocks at grazing cows that stray near enough to impair the dignity of the government. (Occasionally, one of the newspapers takes a strong stand against the vagrant cows in the city, and everyone agrees that something must be done.) The most pretentious structure in town is the Banco del Paraguay, an enormous, cream-colored shoe box that cost three million dollars. It has a richly ornamented lobby three stories high, immaculately groomed cashiers, elaborate paper forms of many colors, lots of rubber stamps, and all but nonexistent service. Prices in Asunción have risen some thirty per cent in the last year, but the average wage of an unskilled laborer is still only about fourteen dollars a month. House servants get around five dollars a month and found.

CLAM HOUSE
HOTEL
BAR
SEA FOOD
EICKE

Ordinary mail from the United States takes a month to reach Asunción, for it has to be brought nearly a thousand miles from the Atlantic by boat up the Río de la Plata, the Paraná, and the Paraguay. "Paraguayan postage stamps," says a guidebook still current, "are famous among collectors for their color and variety. Visitors should not neglect to send letters home to their philatelist friends." These days, however, the Post Office Department is down to five moderately drab issues. The smallest denomination is five centavos (one and a half cents), so the Department cheerfully collects ten centavos for a six-centavo letter. Another peculiarity is a law that decrees a much stiffer fine for shooting a man through the head with a .45 than for doing it with a .22.

When the very poor die, they are carried to their graves by bearers, but families that have money may hire a streetcar hearse from La Compañía de Luz y Tracción, the government's trolley-and-power monopoly. There is little yellow fever or malaria in Asunción, but it is believed that almost three hundred and fifty lepers are at large in the city, nearly half of them infectious cases. Few cases are reported to the authorities, because of the low esteem in which Sapucay, the bleak government leprosarium, ninety miles away, is held. There the lepers make a cheese that is sold in the capital. A member of an American health-and-sanitation mission to Paraguay has estimated that if the disease is not checked there will be, in the next ten years, twenty-five thousand lepers in this country, out of a presumed population of around a million.

About the only pastimes available to most Paraguayans are smoking tobacco and drinking a strong vodka-like beverage called *caña*, although some of the younger set are now turning to Scotch-type whiskey. Wizened crones, dressed in black and puffing away at large stogies, ride through the streets on skittering gray donkeys. Children usually begin to smoke at the age of five or six. There seems to be a factional difference between two groups of young barflies; some sport little enamel pins bearing crossed Paraguayan and American flags. others display pins with crossed Paraguayan and Argentine flags. A hair-raising ceremony celebrates the completion of a new building. After the last roof tile has been laid, the contractor gives the workmen a *caña* party up on the scaffolding. When this is over, all the workmen who haven't fallen off tie little bunches of herbs to one of the uprights to chase away evil spirits. There are no bullfights and few dances in Asunción, but there are occasional surprise parties, for which refreshments are frequently accumulated a long time in advance by the person to be surprised. Every year there is some excitement during the nation's two-day celebration of its liberation from Spain in the early part of the nineteenth century. The revolution of 1811 started at night, but the patriots got tired and went home, so it had to be finished up the next morning; hence the double holiday. There is a holiday of one kind or another about twice a week. The United States Embassy recognizes approximately fifty of them, including Columbus Day, Navy Day, the Pope's Birthday, and Mother's Day.

Paraguay is the only American republic whose citizens continue to use the aboriginal language, which in this case is Guaraní. Spanish is the official tongue. You see a full-blooded Guaraní Indian on the streets of Asunción about as often as you see one in Times Square,

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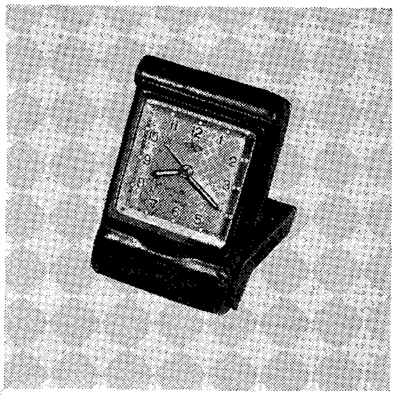
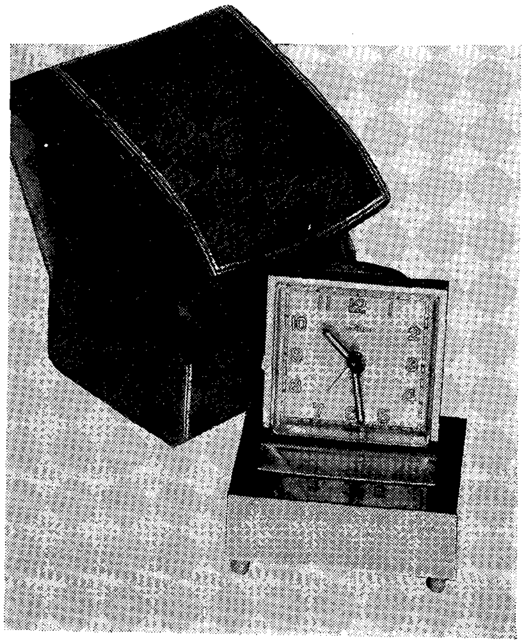


Travel Alarm Clock (right) small and efficient with 15-jewel, 8-day movement and radium dial. Case in brown or wine calfskin, $56.*



Musical Alarm Clock (left) that plays enchanting tune, has 15-jewel, 8-day movement and radium dial. Gold-tooled travel case in ivory, red, blue, or green ecrasé, $53.*

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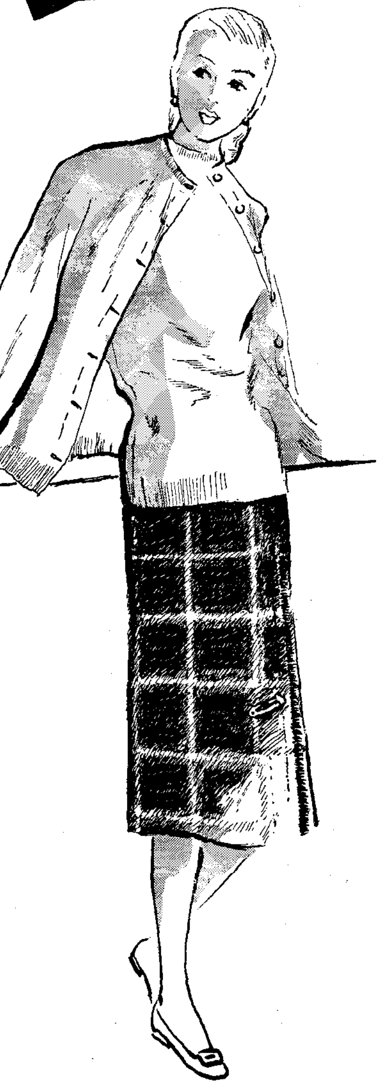

Kiltie for a Bonnie Lassie in authentic imported clan plaids. Sizes 12-16, $29.50.

Your Favorite Shetland Sweaters—direct from Scotland—in Tartan Green, Yellow, Wedgewood Blue, Cherry, Turquoise. Sizes 36-40. Pullover $13.95, Cardigan $15.95.

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but Guaraní is everybody's first language and the Guaraní has become the national ideal. An allusion to "the great Guaraní heart that beats in all true Paraguayan breasts" is surefire demagoguery. Some of the papers print articles, or even a couple of pages, in Guaraní for those who can't read Spanish.

EVER since the first white man reached Paraguay, the nation has been a turbulent one. The Jesuits, who arrived late in the sixteenth century and were expelled by Portugal and Spain in 1767, herded the Guaranís into settlements called *reducciónas*, where no lay Spaniard was permitted to stay more than three days at a time. There the missionaries taught the Indians carpentry, wood carving, masonry, the polka, how to weave a spidery lace called *nanduti*—which is still produced here—and how to handle firearms. Spelling phonetically, the missionaries set Guaraní down on paper, for the first time, and saw to it that the local folklore was recorded in it. On holy days, the *reducciónas* had elaborate church services with dancing, bonfires, rattles, trumpets, bells, fireworks, tilting, incense, and military and ecclesiastical processions through streets that were lined with chained wild beasts.

After the liberation from Spain, Paraguay was ruled for many years by Dr. José Gaspar Rodríguez Francia, who persuaded the citizenry to elect him dictator for life at the age of fifty-one and lived to be seventy-four. He closed the borders, stopped trade with the outside world, discouraged marriage, and forbade miscegenation. Francia, who called himself El Supremo, required that every male wear some kind of hat, so that it could be swept off at the approach of the chief of state. After El Supremo came Carlos Antonio López, a milder dictator, who had a terror of a son named Francisco Solano López, also known as El Mariscal. In 1854, Francisco visited England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany on an official tour to bring Paraguay to the attention of Europe, and returned with an Irish mistress named Eliza Lynch and a great admiration for Napoleon. Francisco succeeded to the dictatorship in 1862, upon the death of his father, and presently the ladies of his household established an exchange where they purchased torn paper money at a considerable discount and sold it to the treasury at its face value. They also made loans on jewelry at usurious rates and refused to return pieces they fancied. El Mariscal liked his court to dress sombrely, though he wore brilliant uniforms, and dress sombrely it did. In 1866, taking a very definite hint from the palace, the ladies of Asunción presented him with a gold, silver, diamond, and ruby Paraguayan flag, a solid-gold album, and a box on which was mounted an equestrian figure of gold. After accepting the gift, El Mariscal gallantly seized all the jewelry the ladies of the donating committee had on.

Between 1865 and 1870, El Mariscal led his small country in a war against the Triple Alliance of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay over a matter of boundaries. The Paraguayan troops, although they were not taught how to use the sights on their rifles, fought fiercely and bravely, often on empty stomachs, and irritated the Brazilians by honking at them with horns called *turututus*. El Mariscal would not allow his soldiers to surrender, but he made a point of keeping himself carefully sheltered from bullets. In the end, however, he was killed by an enemy soldier, which was probably all for the best, since by that time there were only five hundred men left in the Paraguayan Army. Eliza Lynch packed up and went back to Europe. For a time, after the war, there were so few Paraguayan males around that polygamy was in vogue.

The current President of Paraguay is General Higinio Morínigo, who, after the death of his predecessor, in a 1940 airplane accident, was appointed to hold office until there could be an election. When, three years later, the government finally got around to having one, all the ballots were printed, "I vote for General Higinio Morínigo." The General won. Paraguay has had no session of its Congress since 1940. In fact, there *is* no Congress. It is the only nation in South America without one. The government is really a dictatorship, which is run by a clique of often rebellious colonels who are supposedly responsible to Morínigo. It may be a less absolute dictatorship than some of those recently overthrown in neighboring countries, but there is no freedom of speech or assembly. People are required to keep their coats buttoned and their hats off in a police station or in police headquarters. An unfortunate gentleman from Boston was kicked down the stairs of Asunción's headquarters not long ago for being ignorant of these points of etiquette.

ASUNCIÓN, it is claimed, has about a hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, but its atmosphere is still that of a small town. There are wagons in the streets, generally drawn by mismatched teams of three animals—anything from draft horses to burros. Cocks crow most of the night, and here and there in the capital are windmills, slowly turning. Small boys and a good many of their elders go around barefoot. When it rains, the boys set up plank bridges across the brimming gutters and make anyone affluent enough to have shoes on pay a toll. All school children wear pinafores. The gifted ones adorn the walls of their classrooms with their drawings of Wild West Indians and American cowboys carrying smoking six guns, apparently oblivious to the fact that in the Chaco region, only a few miles away, there is a wilderness whose denizens, mostly former soldiers, make the characters of our old frontier seem like something out of Jane Austen. Custom demands that the city's lawyers, some of whom earn as little as three or four hundred dollars a year, hire attendants to walk behind them and carry their briefcases. Since the day the Mack Sennett studio folded, Asunción has been the only place in the world where banana peels on the sidewalks constitute a real peril.

—ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER

•

Yes, life at Saratoga during the racing meet is gay, exciting and different than at any other summer resort. Look at one socialite's diary and you have the picture of everyone else's program. Mrs. John Morris, one of the most attractive, active and utterly charming hostesses anywhere, welcomed her guests on the morning of The Opening, got them settled as to their rooms etc., and then they were driven to the Little Golf Club for luncheon, which is a great get-together-spot and the scene of gay greetings such as "Hello-how-are-you! . . . "Do-come-over," and, "we must do this and we must do that!" For many the merry-go-round began right there at the Little Golf Club.—*Park Avenue Social Review.*

The scintillating conversation certainly began right there, merry-go-round or no merry-go-round.

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," by Thomas E. Watson, 1903*]

DEDICATION

Because he has consecrated his wealth, talent, and energies to the improvement of the conditions under which the masses of our people live; because he has shown an earnest, fearless, and consistent interest in the cause of the weak and oppressed; because he is today working with splendid ability along the same lines which Mr. Jefferson marked out a hundred years ago, I dedicate this book to

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

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"Why, oh why, must you pinch, strangle and cramp your poor waistline into a strait-jacket for the 'new look' in fashion?" asks Ann Delafield. Why? When you can fashion a waistline small as a necklace the DuBarry Success School way. It's so easy — such fun to mould your midriff at the Success School. Do come in or write for full information. P.S. If you live in or near New York, drop in at the DuBarry Success School where Ann Delafield's make-up experts will give you a complimentary make-up and advise you on the "new look" cosmetics for your type. At no charge. None at all.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FOOD FOR THE HOLIDAYS ABROAD

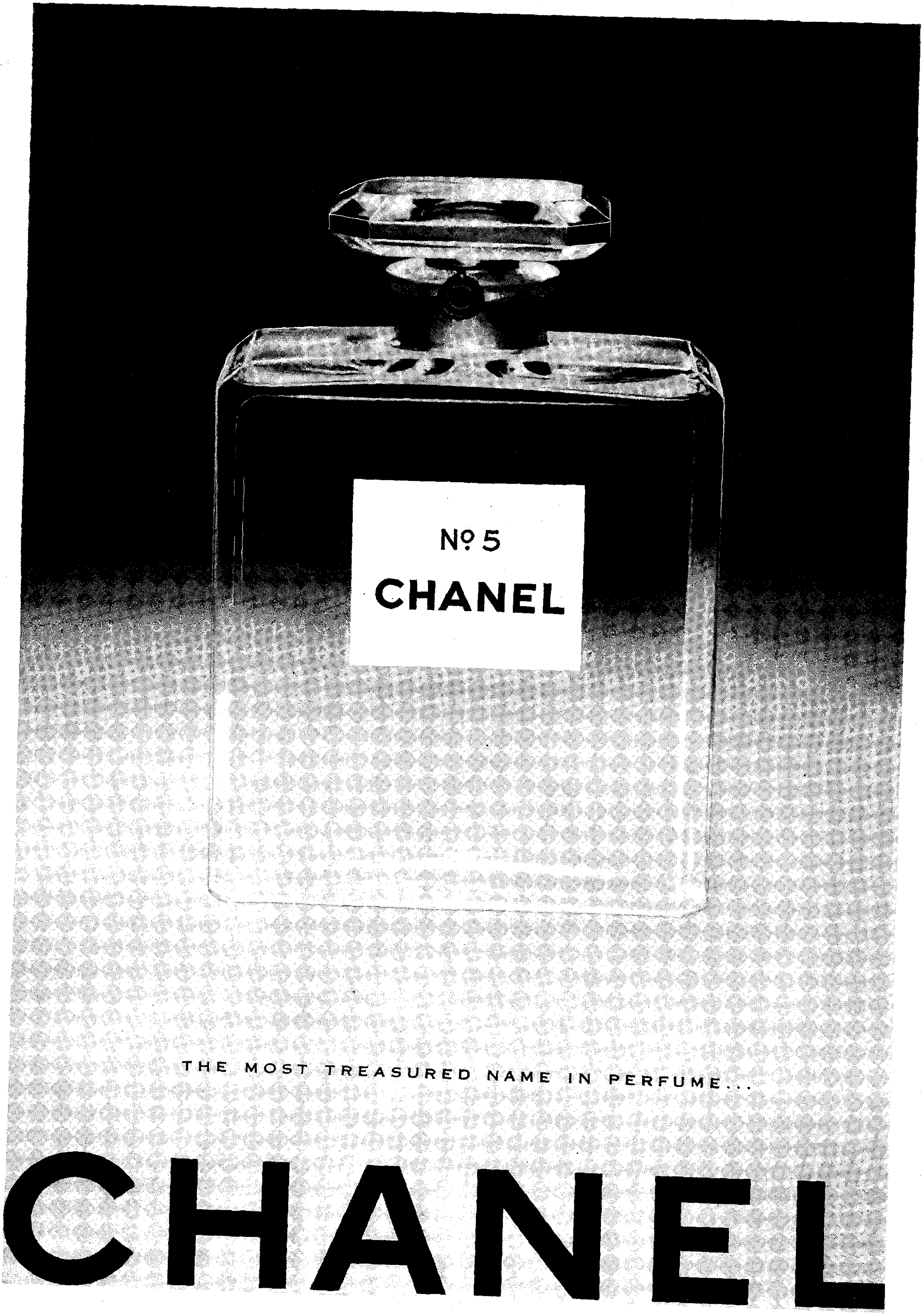
YOU may recall that in other years it has been the custom of this department to try to make itself useful shortly before Christmastime by reporting on foods for holiday entertaining and gifts here at home. This year, however, it seems more appropriate, for reasons all too obvious, to substitute a report on provisions suitable for shipping overseas, with the idea of cheering up the Christmas dinners of friends in Great Britain and France. Such suggestions, coming at a time when you have no more than got yourself out of your summer clothes, need not put you in a Christmas-shopping frame of mind; Christmas isn't really just around the corner, but then neither are London and Paris, so, unless you mean to send your gifts of food by air, you had better start work on them without delay.

The Post Office people have set December 1st as the deadline for mailing Christmas packages abroad, but they do not deny that November 15th might be a safer date. Moreover, American export regulations stipulate that not more than one gift a week can be mailed to one address. Parcels for Great Britain may weigh up to twenty-two pounds, must not exceed seventy-two inches in length and girth combined and forty-two inches in length, and must be marked "Unsolicited Gift." The value of all edible fats in one box must not exceed five dollars. The postage rate is fourteen cents a pound, and parcels may be insured. The necessary United States customs-declaration and international-parcel-post labels, which must be filled out and attached to each package, are obtainable at any post office. British Overseas Airways will transport shipments that weigh not over twenty-two pounds, at the rate of ninety-six cents a pound. Delivery normally takes two days if the parcel is taken to the company's office, at 420 Madison Avenue (48th), before four o'clock in the afternoon of any weekday except Monday. British Airways will also pick up parcels at your house, if you live in Manhattan. Whether you send by air or sea, four shipper's declarations have to be made out for the American customs, and three itemized statements of contents for the British customs. The latter forms can be got at the airline's office.

Parcels mailed to France must comply with the same regulations on measurement, but must not exceed eleven pounds and cannot be insured. The postage rate is fourteen cents a pound. Air France accepts packages of any weight, at the rate of $1.25 a pound. They should be taken to the firm's freight office at 5 Pearl Street or Hangar Four at LaGuardia Field, or Air France will call for them at addresses in Manhattan. The French customs require three signed copies of your sales slips, and our own customs again ask for four export declarations.

A YEAR ago, most English people were chiefly interested in little luxuries to give a lift to appetites depressed by a crushingly monotonous diet. These days, almost any nourishing food is urgently desired, so the only problem is to choose items that are sustaining and yet festive enough to make a reasonably cheerful Christmas present. Fortunately, Swift has recently put on the market hams and sides of bacon coated with an airtight film of paraffin and tar, which ensures their keeping indefinitely without affecting their taste. As the British weekly meat ration is no more than what one shilling will buy, the receipt of either of these will probably be counted a major blessing. Charles, at 340 Madison Avenue (44th), and some of the Gristede stores carry the hams; Bloomingdale has the bacon. Fuel for prolonged cooking, such as one of the Swift hams requires, is often a troublesome matter in Great Britain today, so you may want to consider one of Forst's well-smoked hams, which need no cooking—Altman; Ellen Grey, 800 Madison Avenue (67th); Bristol Market, 1110 Park Avenue (90th)—or to order a cooked Smithfield from Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, or from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street. Ellen Grey and Bristol Market sell the excellent Forst bacon, which will, obviously, survive only shipment by air. Bacon packed in tins is available just about everywhere, but you had better

COMPLAINTS
Chon Day



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be warned that much of it is of an extremely indifferent quality.

So great is the yearning for meat in England that stews put up with vegetables are not as welcome as solid pieces of meat packed in their own juices. Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), has two-pound cans of beef or pork, and Charles stocks frozen six-pound cuts of the same meats, packed in dry ice, which will last out a journey by air. Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), has a two-pound pot roast packed in gravy, which is well spoken of, and tongues in cans are to be had at Maison Glass. Any really good food shop carries imported goose liver in its various tinned manifestations—whole liver, pâté (with or without truffles), and more modestly priced purées. Since foie gras is supposed to nourish the body almost as fully as it delights the spirit, this is not as frivolous a gift as it sounds. Much less grand, but very nice all the same, are some first-rate whole chicken livers put up by the House of Stevens, which you can find at Altman and Hicks, 30 West 57th Street. Sell's liver paste, on practically every grocer's shelf, ought to make an acceptable sandwich spread. To give your friends a taste of meat on days when no meat is forthcoming, you might tuck into your parcel several small cans of Buitoni's flavorsome meat sauce or a jar of the Au Gourmet brand of chicken concentrate, both stocked by Hammacher Schlemmer. A new grilled hamburger, recently put up in tins by Dorset, would also help out the skimpy meat ration. And, just to get away from the dismal monotony to which the British are now condemned, you might consider a carton of potato chips as a refreshing addition.

KEYS
KEYS
MADE WHILE YOU WAIT
LOCKS
BOUGHT & SOLD

Gimbel, Macy, and Bloomingdale all have very large assortments of smoked and canned processed cheeses, which, unfortunately, are the only ones that will submit satisfactorily to shipment by ordinary parcel post. For air-express packages, a well-wrapped and boxed piece of Cheddar or imported Swiss is safe enough. You had better not risk sending soft or semi-soft varieties even by air, though. The British are less eager for fish than for meat, but even so, a can of lobster, or of Espey's fine smoked oysters, or of French sardines (one of the distressing elements of the present situation is that Americans should think of sending French sardines to Englishmen) should give pleasure, so long as they are not made the *pièce de résistance* of a parcel.

If you're considering tea, of which there is an acute shortage in England, you cannot do better than investigate the splendid stock of F. P. Garrettson, 150 Front Street, where you will find all the rich, suave blends—rare Darjeelings, Earl Grey, Lapsang Souchong, and a more robust China—that English tea fanciers have only dreamed of these past years. Plum puddings are rather scarce in our shops now, though a multitude will be coming along soon. Martin's Fruit Shop, Altman, and Dussourd & Filser, 960 Madison Avenue (75th), have some of the so-called homemade brands. Charles sells the familiar cans of Richardson & Robbins puddings, and Lord & Taylor can supply you with that wonderful variety made by Blum, in San Francisco. Nearly all the shops have canned hard sauce to go with them, and fruit cakes of one kind or another as well. Maison Glass, Vendôme, and Hicks, among other places, carry tinned crêpes Suzette that are altogether as good as the ones that you've seen in jars. Quite nice jams can be found at most shops, and Hammacher Schlemmer have canned guava jelly. Something called Pyequick, containing all the ingredients for making an apple pie and sold at the Gristede stores, ought to be a moderately happy substitute for the tart that so rarely comes out of English ovens these days.

For the children, Altman has boxes of simple sweets in which the candies are arranged in the outlines of animals and nursery figures. These are no better or worse than other assortments of peppermints, sourballs, and such, and the cheerful novelty will possibly please a child. For the same reason, you might include a box of chocolates molded in the forms of fish and animals, which are sold at Martin's Fruit Shop. Glacé fruits, especially the stuffed varieties, are most welcome and will keep well in transit. Or, if you are shipping by air, you can forget all about durable sweets and send a box of Blum's marvellous candies, which you will come upon at Lord & Taylor and Hattie Carnegie. Butter and sugar ought to be included in every parcel, along with powdered milk and powdered eggs. If, bearing in mind the five-dollar limit on fats, you can get olive oil or lard into your parcel, your gift will be just that much more exciting. You should remember, too, that lemon crystals are universally wanted.

THE French are hungry for much the same things as the English are. Unlike the English, however, who seem to be managing to make out on their bread ration, they have an insatiable longing for starches. Flour should go into your package, and even one of those innumerable mixes for popovers, biscuits, and so on that you have undoubtedly seen at your grocer's ought to find friends. Enclosing a translation of the simple mixing directions is a smart thing to do, and it is also wise to choose a variety that requires only the addition of water. Along with the rice, noodles, spaghetti, and farina that are so sadly lacking, you might send a box of Hammacher Schlemmer's dried mushrooms, or a spaghetti sauce with a meat base, or a beef extract, since the French appetite for meat is as keen as the British. The French have acquired a taste for our pudding mixes; chocolate is the favorite flavor. One put up by Droste and sold by Macy and the Gristede stores is better than average. Macy also has a variety of canned puddings (mincemeat, date-and-nut roll, and others) that you might look into. Cocoa and coffee (in the bean) are wanted more in France than in England, but tea is greatly desired by the French, too. There is a sharp demand for sweet biscuits, honey, and nuts, as well as for sweet chocolate, both in the cake and in the ground form, such as the one packed by Ghiradelli and sold at Macy. Condensed milk is liked better in France than in England, and so are dehydrated soup mixes. Otherwise, the taste for what may help to make a Merry Christmas and a *Joyeux Noël* are about the same. —S. H.

FEMININE FASHIONS

Custom Furs

WHAT with the uproar over new skirt lengths and shoulder lines, dresses and suits have quite naturally had most of the attention lately, while furs, if not entirely ignored, have in general been left to shift for themselves. Of course, anything as majestic as a fur

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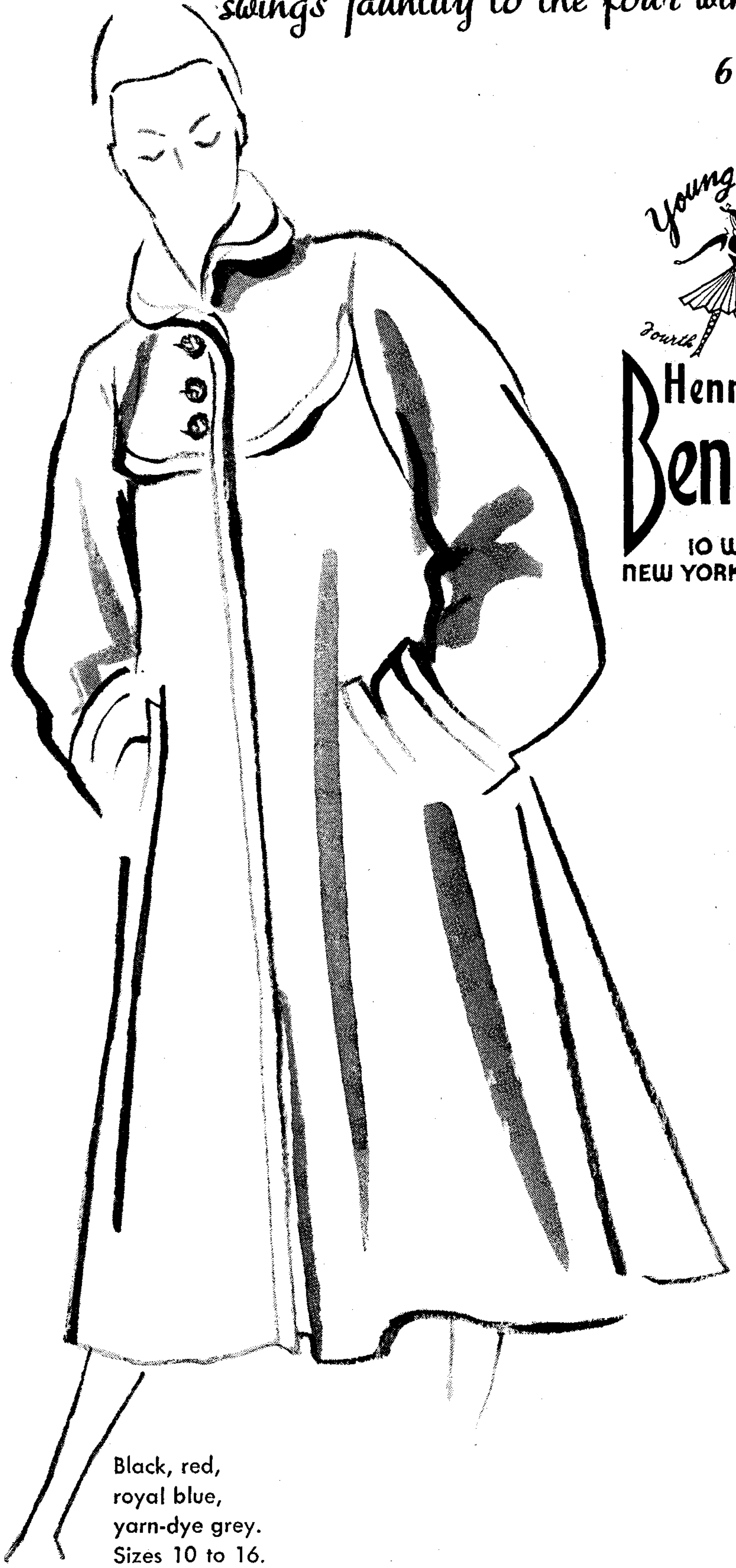

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coat is not as susceptible to fads as a cocktail dress, but you'll find that this year it is not entirely insensitive to change. On the whole, fur coats are longer, but the shops are graciously allowing you to choose the length most becoming to you. Like many of this season's cloth coats, a lot of the models being shown are wrap-around. Sleeves are tighter and shoulders are less padded, indicating that we've emerged from the era of top-heaviness, and collars have reappeared. (A girl in a fur coat that hasn't a collar to shelter her neck in bad weather has always been a figure of fun to me.) Caracul is back, after too long an absence, and the furriers' admiration for nutria is unabated. As for prices, I'm sure you know how high they run.

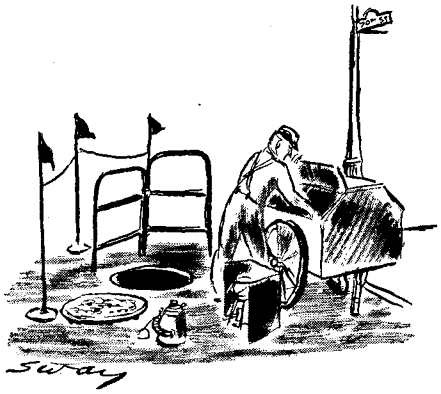
But let's get down to particulars:

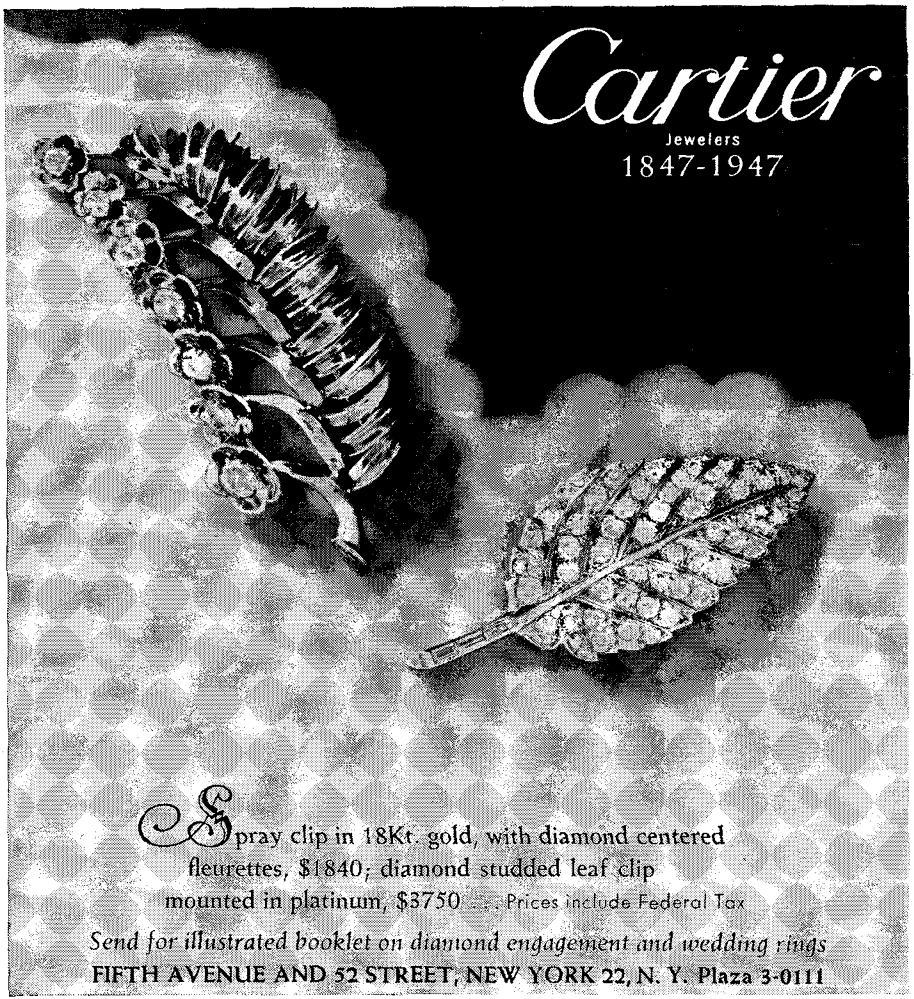
GUNTHER likes a wide, flat collar that can be fastened up to keep not only the neck but the ears warm. This happens on a fitted nutria greatcoat with pointed lapels, a straight front, and a full back that is held in by a half belt tying in a bow at the center rear. The sleeves are slender and have the turned-back cuffs that almost everybody favors this year. The same collar appears on an adaptation of a monk's robe, in Alaska seal, dyed brown, that would certainly create a stir in any monastery. It has a circular skirt, sleeves caught in at the wrist, and a nipped-in waist encircled by a cord sash. Black Russian broadtail makes a slender coat whose fitted bodice is fastened with three braid frogs. There are box pleats down the front of the skirt and the flat collar drapes into folds across the front. You'll have trouble finding a more beautiful job anywhere. As for black caracul, a coat with a high, turnover collar manages to look very slim despite two vertical folds in front that start at the hipbones and drop to the hem. The result is a rounded silhouette. Gunther is fond of combining brown and black fur, which I must say gives coats more than a hint of a dowager look. Examples: a slender black caracul wrap-around coat has a short mink jabot, the shawl collar of another is edged with baum marten, and a flat mink collar appears on a double-breasted, three-quarter-length Persian lamb coat.

JAECKEL is full of French designs this fall, among them a three-quarter-length Worth affair, in wild mink, that has unexaggerated square shoulders and three-quarter sleeves. The collar is narrow, stands up in back, and ends in revers across the chest. The coat is belted with a brown faille sash that ties in a bow in front, and buckram reinforcements are used to make the hips hippy, but the skirt is slim at the hem. It's really a lot handsomer than I may have made it sound. Worth has also turned out one of the most magnificent ranch-mink greatcoats in town. It has turnover cuffs, and the shawl collar that distinguishes so many things at Jaeckel this year. This can be pulled up to make a hood. A nutria greatcoat by Balmain with a standing collar ending in short, wide lapels ties at the front in a bow. This has enormous, folded pockets and dolman sleeves, loose at the wrist. Balmain also is responsible for a black caracul wrap-around coat with wide, rounded shoulders, kimono sleeves, and a narrow collar. The width of this coat diminishes at the hemline, as wrap-arounds are apt to do. Patou has done a caracul with a rolled V collar, leg-of-mutton sleeves that end at the elbow, and a beautifully slim waistline. There's an attached bolero, as well as a long, narrow caracul muff, crushed in at the middle and adorned with Parma violets, to go with it. A similar muff, but in ermine, accompanies Raphaël's waist-length evening ermine bolero, which will make bouffant dresses look even frothier. It has elbow-length puffed sleeves and is, like almost everything else in the collection, absolutely lovely.

ONE of the leading candidates for the best all-around coat of the year is at Alfred Rainer, 17 East 55th Street. It's made of Hungarian lamb—grayer and less curly than the lamb we are used to—and it's worn with the furry side inside, except that there are glimpses of the fur at the collar and cuffs. The outer side, which looks like suède, is dyed tan, soft navy blue, dark gray, bright brown, bright green, or red. The coats are not at all bulky, and the shop swears that rain won't hurt them. A full-length one, with a small, rolled collar, rounded shoulders, and slender sleeves, buttons part way down and has a set-in belt. Rainer uses the same fur in the same way for a hip-length jacket that has an attached hood, flat hip pockets, and a waistline nipped in with a drawstring. Or you can have a hip-length box jacket whose turnover collar ties at the throat with a cord of whatever color the pelt is dyed. If you can tear yourself away from these fascinators, you might examine profitably a long, double-breasted, tailored coat, belted across the back, in otter, one of Rainer's favorite furs. Brown felt, a sort of trademark with this shop, edges the coat's mannish collar, lapels, and pockets, and covers the buttons. A hip-length version is pulled in amidships with a leather belt and has pockets that reach from the waist almost to the hem. For bouffant dresses, this establishment fancies a stole, more than two yards long and nearly thirty inches wide, of alternating bias bands of black Russian broadtail and black satin, but you may prefer a three-quarter-length black Russian broadtail cape, edged with black fox that forms a high collar when the cape is tied at the throat with a black satin bow.

THAT old expert, Maximilian, of 20 West 57th Street, is concerned this season with what he calls the Infanta silhouette, best exemplified in a street-length ermine coat, dyed café au lait and meant to be worn over afternoon and short dinner dresses. It has a turnover collar, rounded shoulders, and slender, cuffed sleeves, which you are supposed to push up nearly to the elbow. The bodice is slender, and the skirt is flat in back and padded slightly just in front of the hipbones. The skins are stitched together horizontally, and the whole thing is perfect. As for other silhouettes, the same sort of hip padding appears on a full-length black Persian broadtail coat with a collar that may be worn flat or fastened high at the throat. This one has gauntlet cuffs. The back is full below the waistline, but the bodice is slender. Then there's a full-length nutria coat, bleached to the color of a Scotch-and-soda, with a Peter Pan collar and a swing back. Its full sleeves, which have folds running down the outside, taper into cuffs at the wrists. This house's pet black broadtail is full-length and wrap-around, and has a collar, narrow in back, that turns into a draped shawl affair in front. Its dolman sleeves have elasticized shirring along the lower part, so that they can be either tight and slender or pushed up, as you choose. Maximilian displays considerable ingenuity in a stole of Labrador mink that is

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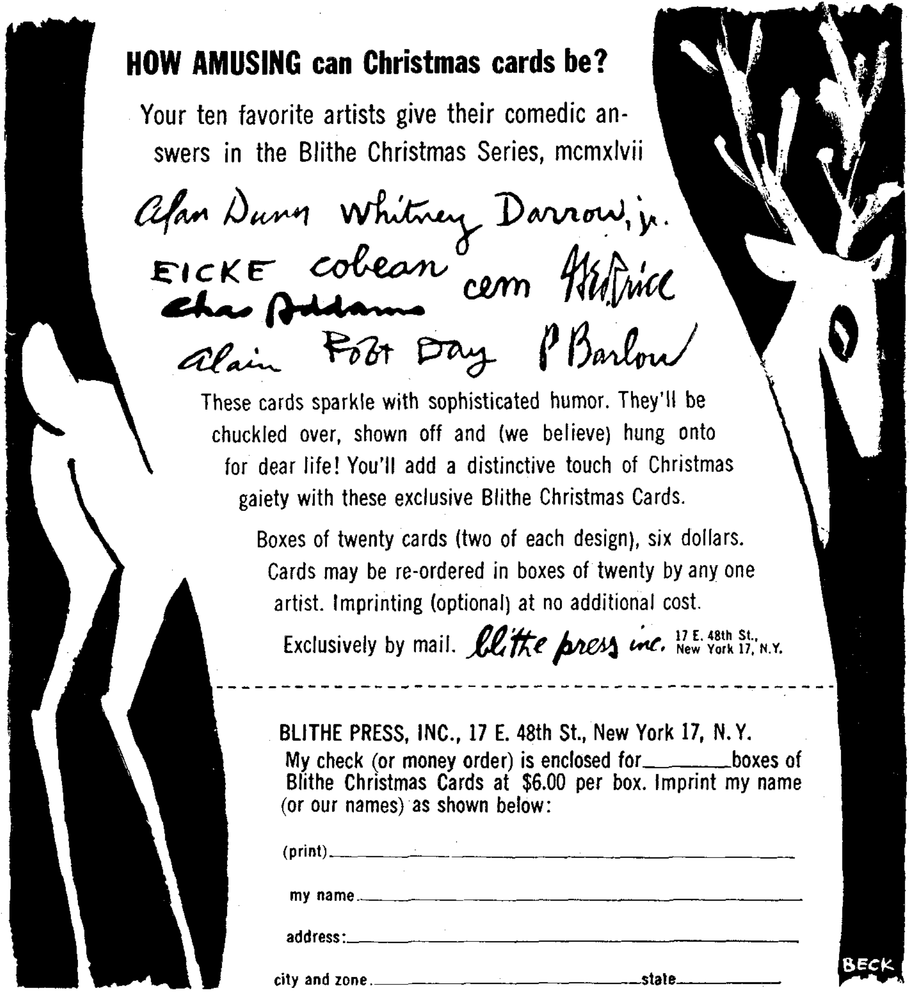

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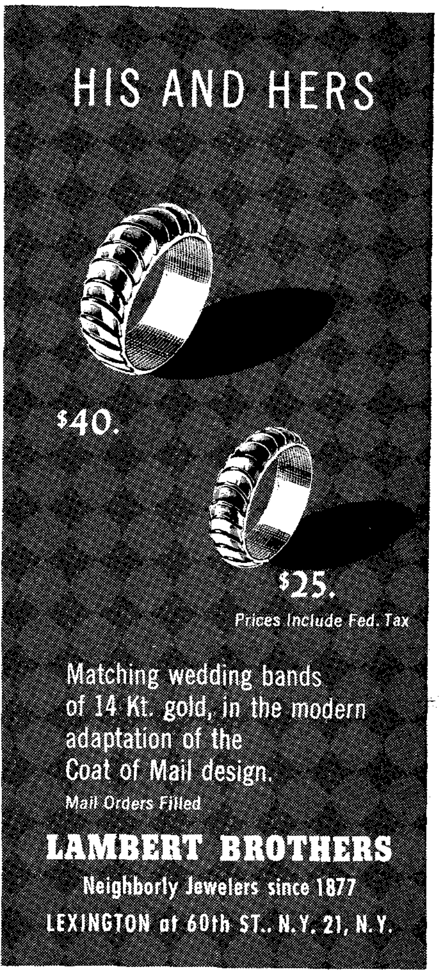
WINTER SPORTS UNDER A "SUMMER SUN"

just a long panel of fur with cuffs (to make a muff, dears) at the ends. This all seems straightforward enough until you start toying with the zipper that is built into the stole toward one end. Once you learn how to operate this, you can turn the stole into (1) a waist-length jacket or (2) a cape that hooks across the chest to form a V neck.

AT Ackerman Blatt, 60 East 56th Street, the accent is firmly on youth. There is a jacket of gray American broadtail, for instance, that has a narrow, turnover collar, a pocket on the chest and another on the opposite hip, and loose sleeves slit at the wrists. Chartreuse wool crêpe lines the sailor collar and loose sleeves of a slim, black American broadtail coat that comes down below the hips. The shop can make even Persian lamb look sleek and young. For example, a fitted job with a *black suède belt, a slightly bloused back,* and a vent in the slender skirt; the collar is high and turnover, and the sleeves are slim at the wrist. If you like loose coats, you might consider Choir Boy, a three-quarter, swallowtail Persian lamb with a yoke around the tips of the shoulders below the narrow collar. The sleeves are full at the wrists. A brown Alaska sealskin greatcoat has a sailor collar; it's one of the nicest seal coats around, because it's not too bulky. Brown seal also makes a seven-eighths cape with an inverted pleat below a yoke across the back; a separate hood of brown wool crêpe is lined with sky-blue rayon crêpe and edged with more brown seal. A three-quarter cape of black Russian broadtail has the skins arranged in a diagonal pattern. The hemline dips below a pointed yoke in back, and the standing collar ends in an Ascot tie.

ESTHER DOROTHY, a few doors up the street, at 68 East 56th Street, likes color and spectacular lines. There is, to start off, a wonderful greatcoat of muskrat that looks like sealskin even though it's dyed navy blue, with a turnover collar, patch pockets, a loose back, and dolman sleeves that taper into cuffs. The lining is bright plaid taffeta. Nutria, bleached to a beautiful ivory shade, makes a seven-eighths coat with a swing back, a small, notched collar, and vertical pockets near the waistline. Red fox and red broadcloth are used on either side of a reversible, collarless greatcoat that is a bit bulky. Miss Dorothy also treats mink in a jaunty manner; the front of a short jacket with a shirred peplum across the back, for ex-



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ample, is of wild mink and the back of ranch mink. She makes a long, formal, wrap-around coat of amber-colored crossbred mink. The skins are swirled in such a way that they form an oval yoke in back above a wide hem; the shoulders are sloping, the deep dolman sleeves are narrow at the wrist, and three sable tails cascade from each side of the collarless throat. The ultimate in splendor—or pretty near it, anyway—is a black Russian broadtail suit. The short, fitted jacket is faced with ermine, the three-quarter sleeves are shirred through the inner side of the arm, and the skirt is wide. As a final extravagant touch, there are ermine tails on a fabric petticoat, which show only when the skirt swings as you walk. —L. L.

•

The scenario given me by Mr. Cunningham was the basis for a study of numbers with which I find it congenial to begin a musical composition. His remark, "the fullness and stillness of a summer day," suggested that Summer would be the longest section; that, together with his desire that each season would be developed by continuous invention and preceded by a short formal prelude (formal by means of exact repetitions), and that the entire work would by cyclical and concise, brought about the following numerical situation: 2,2; 1,3; 2,4; 1,3; 1. The number, 4, represents Summer, since it is the largest number (it is also the smallest number which could be the largest number in this situation); the first 3 is Spring, the second, Fall (3's are, like these seasons, assymetrical, un-static); they suggest both the approach to and away from 4. The second 2 is Winter, for 2 suggests the place between two 3's, opposite a 4. The other numbers are the Preludes. Summer (4) has a Prelude of 2 (fittingly, the longest). Spring and Fall have Preludes of 1. Winter has a Prelude of 2 which is actually 1 repeated.
This was done to provide an instrumental description of atmosphere before the actual dancing begins (the ballet begins with Winter), and to provide an end-piece which was the same, but suitably proportioned to the other preludes as dance accompaniment. This made 2 to begin with and 1 to end with. The entire series of numbers occurs throughout the ballet, not only with respect to the length of sections, but, as is my custom in works for percussion and "prepared" piano, also with respect to phraseology. Thus within each 1, the series given above occurs as the determinant of breathing. Within the 4 of Summer, it occurs 4 times, etc. The tempo changes the actual number of measures as it changes: actual time length being the basis of this plan. Naturally, a plan like this is made not only to be followed, but also that it may be broken. Yet the pleasure of breaking a law can only exist if the law is existent. The question arises whether one can know this rhythmic structure from a first hearing. The answer clearly is: No. —*Ballet Society program.*

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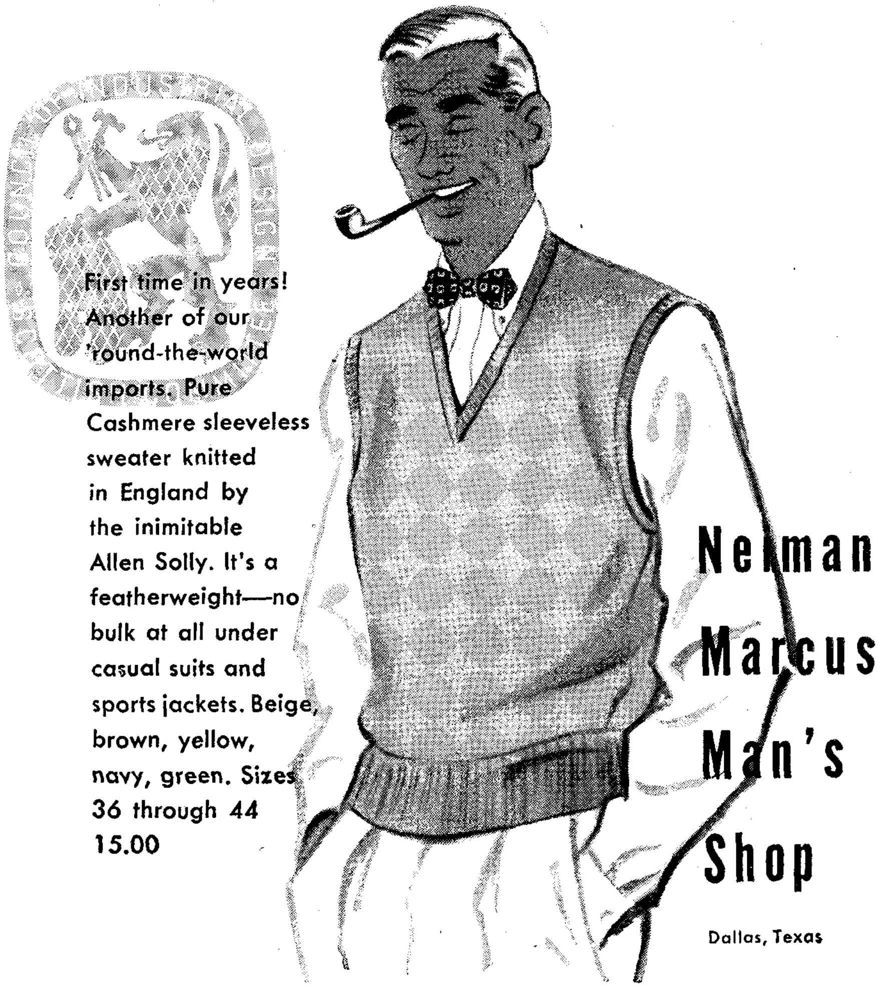

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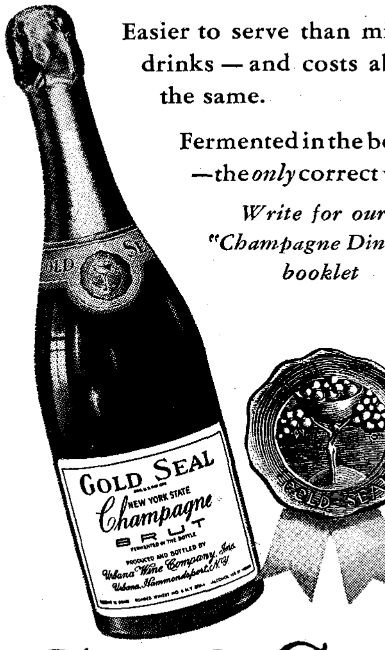

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THE AGE OF FLIGHT

RECENTLY, I travelled from New York to Chicago by plane. The trip was uneventful, the service all that could be asked, the food served aloft was reasonably warm, the stewardess on a par with the alluring young women who beckon from the advertisements of airline companies, and I had ample opportunity to think a number of melancholy thoughts having to do with flying machines and the men who used to fly them.

As a boy in Belgium, I lived in comparative unawareness of the sky and the things, animal and mineral, that now and then propelled themselves across it until my Uncle Theodore became a balloonist and brought the sky very near to me. Uncle Theo's balloon was called the Flandria, and during the spring and summer months he went up in it frequently. If the wind was right, he soared in lonely splendor over the River Scheldt to the Land of Waes. If not, he just hung there, halfway between the gilt cross on the cathedral and the clouds that all through spring and summer protect Antwerp from the sun.

"Can you still see Uncle Theo?" Mother would call from the living room.

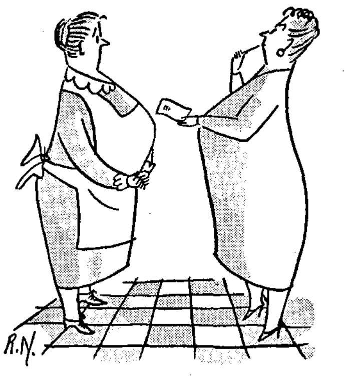
"Yes, I can still see him," I would reply from the terrace, and that meant that there was no wind and that we might expect rain before the day was over.

Every twenty-first of July, which in Belgium is the Fête Nationale, Uncle Theo made a public ascension from the gardens of the Harmonie. People desiring to witness the ascension from the lawn paid two francs each for the privilege. There was a band concert. The proceeds were donated to the war orphans' fund. I usually got a pass.

On one of these occasions, Uncle Theo had invited three friends to go up with him and one of them sent word at the last minute that he was sick with mushroom poisoning. Uncle Theo forthwith invited me to make the flight. I was twelve, I think, and life had used me kindly up till then. I accepted with enthusiasm. "It'll be the making of you!" said Uncle Theo confidently as he hoisted me into the basket, which was already occupied by a very fat lady and her husband. The ground crew of six men was leaning on the rim of the basket to keep the balloon from rising.

My uncle, an optimist if ever there was one, squeezed in beside us and called, "*Lâchez tout!*" The ground crew hastily let go.

Thereupon, the overburdened basket, deprived of restraint, gave a feeble hop and settled gently on the turf. Uncle Theo said "*Sapristi!*" and handed me out. The band played "Valencia" and the balloon rose reluctantly, like an antediluvian monster from the slime. As soon as it was beyond reach, it headed straight for a clump of chestnut trees at the edge of the gardens. Uncle Theo tossed out some ballast bags, apparently without caring much where they landed, but that didn't help. The chestnut trees took a good grip on the hapless monster. It billowed pathetically and let out an audible sigh. Then it began to deflate. Uncle Theo threw out the anchor and cursed through a megaphone at the firemen who came with a ladder and hatchets to rescue the fat lady, her husband, and himself. The fête ended, as it had begun, with the lighthearted music of "Valencia." On the whole, I was glad I had not gone up.



THE next time I received an invitation to fly was in Munich, where I was registered at the Ludwig-Maximilians Universität as a student of political economy. I had a room in the Kameradschaftsheim, a dormitory for students established in a former Reichswehr barracks. I went to live there in the month of April, 1932, and found it chilly and cheerless; fires were *streng verboten* after March 15th. My fellow-students and I found it expedient to spend as much of our time as possible outdoors.

The Kameradschaftsheim was quite some distance from the university, but it was close to the Munich airfield. On Sunday afternoons, it was the custom for the students at the *Heim* to stroll over and watch whatever was going on there. The girls of the neighborhood knew this and also went there in a group on Sunday afternoons. When both parties were tired of watching, they usually paired off and walked home together. It was my destiny that one

Sunday, instead of a cherry-cheeked *Bavaroise* with a talent for yodelling, I should encounter Hans Christoph on the airfield.

Hans Christoph lived in the room next to mine in the dormitory. He was a lean, hard-thinking law student who came from somewhere in the north of Germany. He never left the *Heim* without a weighted stick to protect himself against "*Anarchie und Revolution*," both of which, he repeatedly warned me, lurked in every lane and alleyway of Munich that spring.

Hans saw me looking at the planes of the Lufthansa on the runway.

"It is a great feeling to fly," he said with conviction.

"I'll have to take your word for it," I said.

"*Ach*, you have never flown?"

"Never."

"Why not?" he demanded sternly.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I want to."

"Oh, you must!" he said, much as if he had been suddenly reminded of *Anarchie und Revolution*. He had a friend who would be delighted to take me up for the ridiculously small sum of five reichsmarks. It was perhaps characteristic of Hans that he had a friend in every one of the professions.

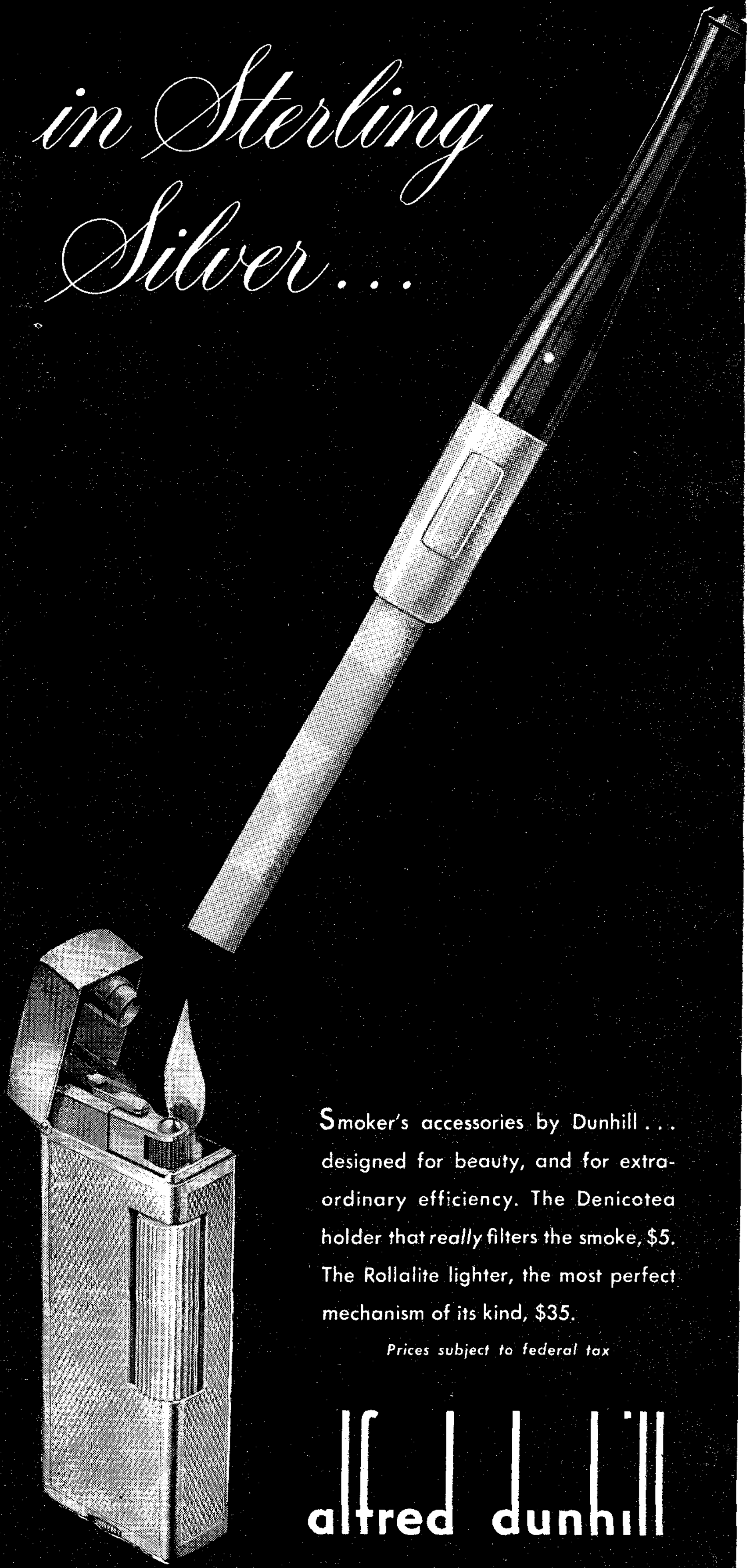
Later in the day, when I met a friend of mine who was an official at the Belgian Consulate, I talked it over with him. He took a dark view of the project. "*En somme, vous voulez vous suicider*," he remarked kindly.

"On the contrary," I said. "Lots of people go up and a large percentage of them come down and walk off the airfield unattended."

"Ha!" he said scornfully. "I've heard about the pilots out there. They're all ex-Richthofen men. The death wish is very strong in them at present. Don't let me influence you, but in your place I'd certainly make my will before the event."

Hans was waiting for me when I got back to the *Heim*. "It's all settled," he said. "You fly at eight tomorrow morning."

I had a number of things to say to him, all of a negative character, but he went about his affairs before I could frame them in acceptable language. The rest of the day passed slowly. I spent a morbid couple of hours tidying up my *Bude*, a tiny, rectangular space furnished with an iron cot and a washbowl and a view of the bare trees in the court. I meditated upon the words of my friend at the Consulate and found them of little comfort. After supper, which con-



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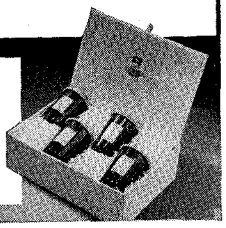


sisted, I recall, of *Rindfleisch mit Kartoffeln*, I took a jug of beer up to my room and sat there, listening to the chattering of my teeth.

When I could stand the cold no longer, I set out in search of Hans, carrying my jug of beer with me. He was not in his *Bude*. I went into the recreation room. Everyone there had heard about my flight of the morrow, and I was surrounded by fellow-students eager to congratulate me.

"I take it all of you gentlemen have already flown?" I asked respectfully. Without exception, they shook their heads.

"Has Hans Christoph?" I asked. They thought it very unlikely.

"*Ach*, Herr Vanderest," said a scarred duellist of the Teutonia Corps, "you are so lucky! You cannot know how much we all envy you!"

I went to bed very late. It was dawn by the time I fell asleep. The walls of the *Heim* were not designed for privacy. At seven o'clock, Hans Christoph jumped out of bed and put a recording of the overture to Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" on his portable phonograph. I heard him leaping up and down and smacking his hands together. Shortly thereafter came the pounding on my door that I had anticipated. "Get up!" Hans commanded.

I went to the door and opened it. "I am very sorry," I said, "but today I do not feel flightworthy."

Hans looked horrified. "Herr Vanderest," he said in a shocked whisper, "you are not going to back out? Everything has been prepared for you. It would place me in a very embarrassing position if you did not come."

I had thought of that. "Here's the five marks," I said quickly.

Hans refused to take the bill I tried to press upon him. "It's not a question of that, Herr Vanderest," he said with considerable dignity. "You are a Belgian. Don't forget that in everything you do here you represent your country. The eyes of the Kameradschaftsheim are upon you!"

Ordinarily, breakfast is my best meal. That morning, I ate with a quiet concentration. Life, I told myself, is very beautiful and very desirable. Hans sat by, drumming his long, bony fingers on the table. "Cheer up!" I said, misinterpreting the reason behind his sombre mien. "You're not going up. I am."

"It is not a question of cheerfulness, Herr Vanderest," he said stiffly. "It is just—well, some people react adversely to flying. These are small planes, you know, and that is your third cup of cocoa."

We went out to the field. There was a sharp-nosed machine with low-set wings waiting for me. It was patched with aluminum strips here and there and had obviously seen quite a bit of service. A man in riding boots and goggles, whom I rightly took to be the pilot, eyed me as we came up. He stood leaning with his back against the plane, his hands in the pockets of his pants.

I was perhaps in an unduly sensitive frame of mind, but it seemed to me that the pilot did not like me. "Where do you want to go?" he said heavily, after Hans had introduced us. He had not even bothered to click his heels.

"I have no preference," I said.

Subsequently, I did as I was told. There were two open cockpits. I clambered into the forward one. The pilot vaulted into place behind me.

"One moment, please," called Hans. He beckoned to a little man in black, whom I had not previously noticed. The man sidled up and aimed a Leica at me.

"Attention! Smile!" said Hans. The price of the photograph, he informed me, was ridiculously small.

OF the actual flight, there is little I can say. From questions fired at me upon my return to the *Heim*, I deduced that I had been in a good position to admire a panorama of the Bavarian Alps, as well as a bird's-eye view of the city and environs of Munich. I was asked whether I had been able to identify the Frauen-Kirche, the Pinakothek, the Residenz, the Maximilianeum, and even such lesser landmarks as the Brown House and the Bürgerbräu beer hall. To all these questions, I replied yes, but as a matter of fact I had not seen anything, because from beginning to end of the expedition my eyes were tightly shut. When I opened them, we were taxiing languidly back to our starting point.

When the plane stopped, Hans came up and had a brief conference with the pilot. Following this, he turned to me with a shake of his head. "*Ach*, I am so sorry, Herr Vanderest!"

I slid down from the cockpit. I was a little shocked that he should have something to be sorry about. The horrible thought struck home that perhaps we had never left the ground.

"You didn't loop the loop!" said Hans dejectedly. He described a circle in the air with his hands. "It's the best part of the trip. Under the circumstances, the pilot requests you to take back your five marks or go up again." He threw me an eager look.

"What happened?" I said. "Engine trouble?"

"Oh, no—merely that the pilot forgot to fasten your safety belt." He went on. "You didn't do it yourself by any chance?"

"No," I said. "No, I didn't."

I have always disliked ambiguity. The sky was blue and a lot farther away than the sky in Antwerp. Between it and the asphalt-covered runway of the airfield, there was a clean drop of several thousand feet. I felt in urgent need of enlightenment. "Just a moment," I said to Hans. "Am I to understand that if your friend had looped the loop, I'd have left the plane?"

"That is correct, Herr Vanderest."

"Suppose he hadn't remembered?"

Hans gave me a reproving look. "Then he would have looped the loop, naturally."

The pilot had taken out a porcelain pipe and was feeding it tobacco. The bowl of the pipe, I noticed, was fashioned like a human skull.

Hans walked off the field with me. "Herr Christoph," I said, "it is a good thing he remembered in time."

"A miracle, Herr Vanderest, because he has a silver plate in his head from the war."

—George Vanderest

•

I am secretly in love with a beautiful girl who goes with a friend of mine. This boy has told me he is secretly in love with the girl I date. I am willing to give my girl to this boy if he will trade his girl to me. He wants to trade his sister for my girl. His sister is called Miss Dog-Biscuit of 1947 by boys in the neighborhood. How can I get the girl I am in love with and remain friendly with my chum and his sister? Mr. X

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Have you ever considered starting fresh, with a new crowd?

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

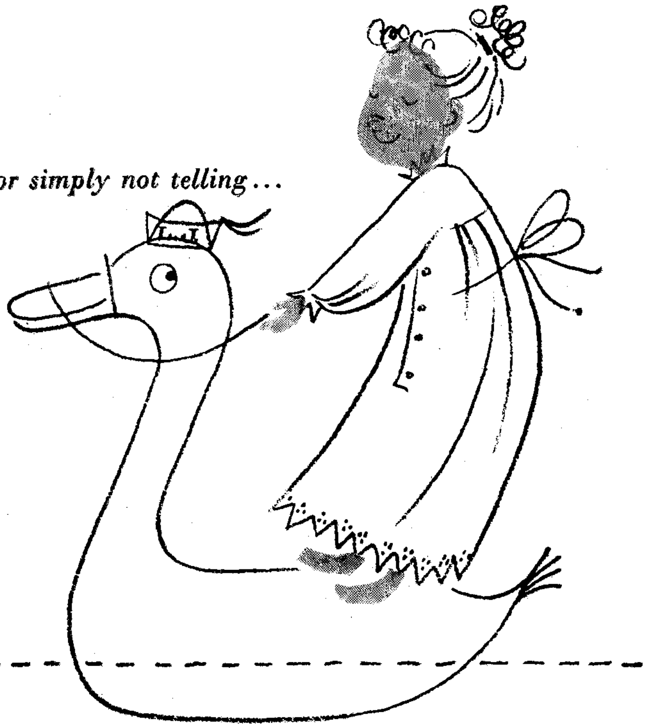
[*From Time, September 22nd—or one day before Jackie Robinson Day at Ebbets Field*]

The Brooklyn committee drew up a list of do's and don'ts a yard long; Jackie's [Jackie Robinson's] deportment in public & private was to be supervised as thoroughly as Princess Elizabeth's.

He could not, like other ballplayers, endorse breakfast foods (or any other product, for that matter) at the usual $1,000 per endorsement. He could sign his name to no magazine or newspaper articles.... There were to be no Jackie Robinson Days at Ebbets Field.

W*hether she's* **1,**

21, *or simply not telling...*



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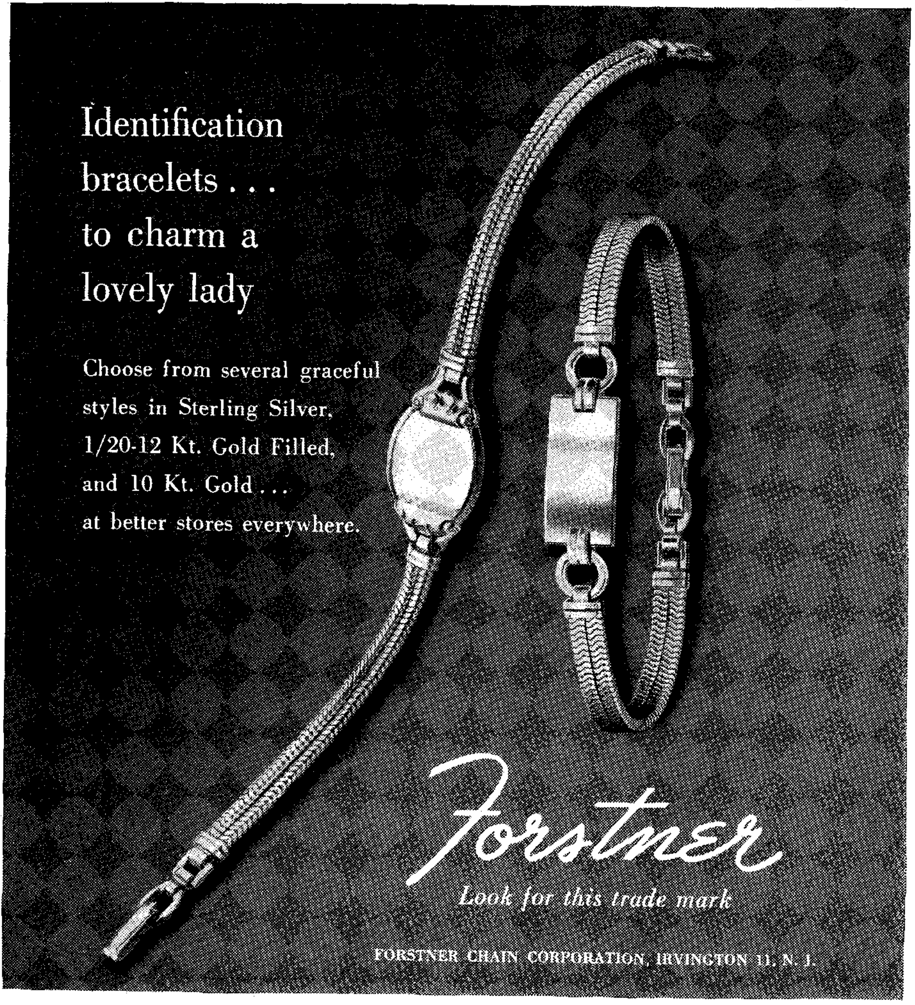

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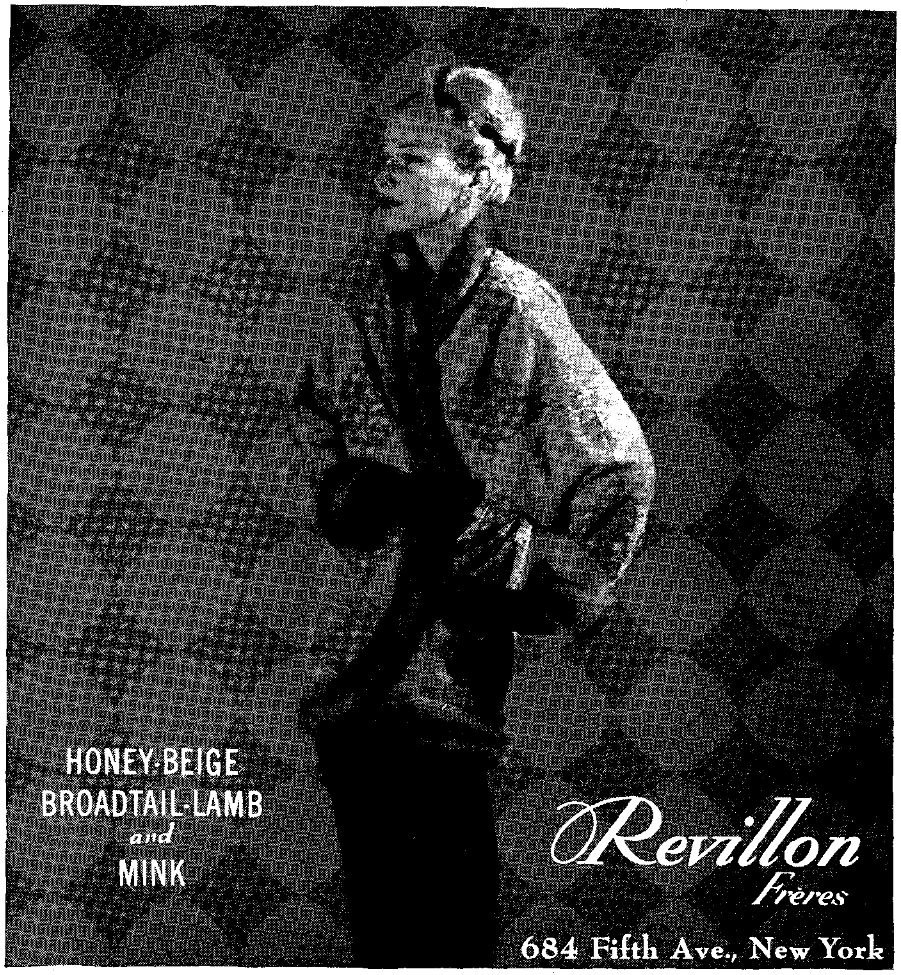
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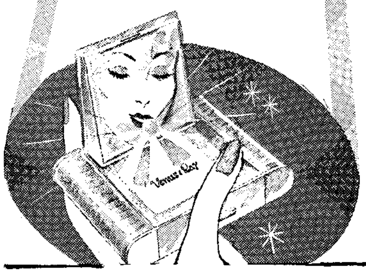

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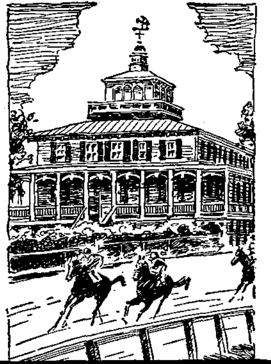
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Both are in Baltimore

APPREHENSION OVER SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Inside U.S.A.," by John Gunther*]

California was, as we all know, the jumping off place for the war against Japan . . . *—Page 2.*

Its [California's] actual inclusion in the United States came, as everyone knows, as a result of one of the most vulgarly cold-blooded wars in history, that against Mexico . . . *—Page 8.*

He was, as everyone knows, an implacable isolationist . . . *—Page 14.*

San Francisco is, as everyone knows, one of the strongest labor towns in the country . . . *—Page 23.*

Each state makes . . . its own laws, which are, as everybody knows, indescribably various. *—Page 28.*

Finally, as is known to everyone, governors are so important . . . *—Page 30.*

The state CIO leader is, as everyone knows, the redoubtable Bridges. *—Page 39.*

San Francisco is, as every American knows, brilliant . . . *—Page 42.*

San Francisco has, as we know, a robust and chromatic history. *—Page 43.*

. . . there can be berserk storms, as everybody knows . . . *—Page 45.*

Los Angeles is, heaven knows, full of crackpots. *—Page 45.*

That the movie world is highly self-conscious politically is well known . . . *—Page 49.*

And, as everybody knows, he is tilting at . . . the automobile. *—Page 67.*

First, because, as everybody knows, Nevada, with 110,000 people, has the same senatorial representation as, say, New York. *—Page 80.*

Both Washington and Oregon were, as is well known, originally part of the same Oregon Territory . . . *—Page 85.*

Everybody knows the story of the Mercer girls . . . *—Page 93.*

. . . one of the greatest struggles in American life was, as we know, that between the people and the railroads . . . *—Page 129.*

Wheat has diseases, as everybody knows, just as has man. *—Page 136.*

. . . and it has a cocktail lounge—as all assiduous readers of Boeing advertisements know. *—Page 143.*

As every school child knows, the Homestead Act made land free to settlers . . . *—Page 145.*

Everybody has heard something of the "War of the Copper Kings."*—Page 167.*

In 1924, as everyone knows, Wheeler ran for vice-president . . . *—Page 178.*

The church is, as everyone knows, organized with extreme efficiency . . . *—Page 195.*

. . . polygamy which, as the world well knows, the church was forced to give up. *—Page 198.*

Everybody knows the old ballad this evoked . . . *—Page 219.*

Nye, Shipstead, Wheeler, and LaFollette were, as we know, all casualties at about the same time. *—Page 242.*

That there are an infinity of different kinds of co-operatives in the United States . . . is known to everybody. *—Page 243.*

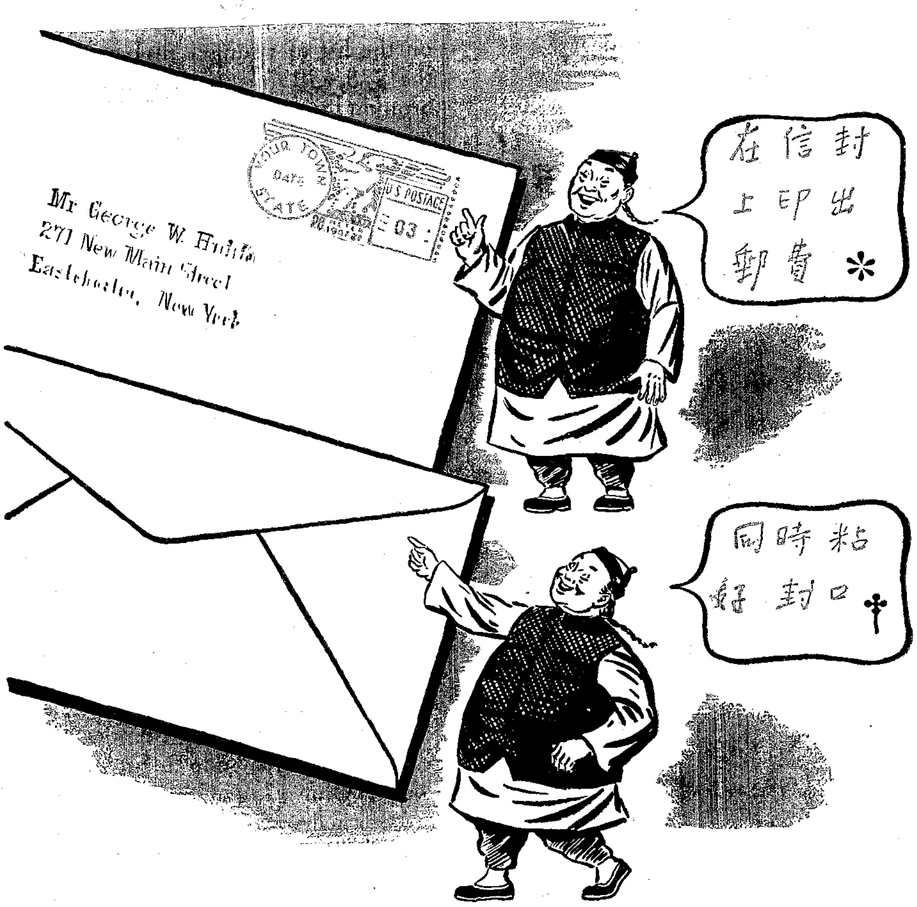
[EDITORS' NOTE: Fifty-nine similar passages from the 920 (as everyone knows) pages of Mr. Gunther's book omitted because it seemed the only sensible course.]

THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Futurity

Citation crashed through in great style for Calumet Farm at Belmont last week with victories in the Futurity Trial and the Futurity Stakes. Not many colts have won both; the last one to do it, you may recall, was Our Boots, who beat Whirlaway in them in 1940. At the risk of sounding too enthusiastic about the Futurity (an occupational hazard for old horseplayers, because, after all, it's our most important race for two-year-olds), I must say that it was a particularly fine show, and truly run. I fancy that the stewards found special satisfaction in the behavior of Bewitch, Citation's stablemate. Everyone had feared that she would repeat her harum-scarum performance of the week before in the Matron Stakes, in which she was disqualified. She did swerve across the track again, but her rider, Westrope, who has strong arms and is a smart judge of distance, saw to it that she did no bumping. She finished third, a head behind Whirling Fox. Your guess is as good as mine about what might have happened if her position at the post had been near the rails instead of in the middle of the track.

Without backsliding a bit in my admiration of Bewitch, I have to admit that Citation strikes me as a sharp two-year-old. He's a medium-sized, powerfully muscled colt, and not the handsomest piece of horseflesh I ever saw—all in all, a typical representative of Calumet Farm. Somehow, Warren Wright's better horses look as though they came out of the same mold—perhaps because of the bloodlines (Citation is by Bull Lea, the senior stallion at Calumet). Citation is fast. He set a track record of fifty-eight seconds for five furlongs at Arlington Park in July. He wasn't slow in the Futurity, either. In the first five furlongs, he kept close to Up Beat and Royal Blood, the leaders—who finished fifth and ninth, respectively—then buckled down and passed them easily. We had had an inkling of what Citation really could do earlier in the week, when he polished off My Request in the Futurity Trial. As you've probably heard, he has won seven of his eight starts (he finished second in the other, the Washington Park Futurity, in which his jockey eased him up to



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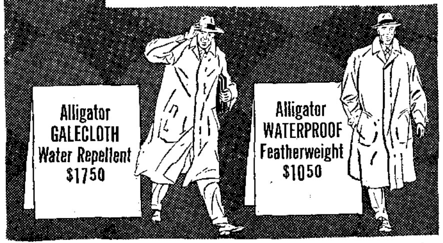
Alligator GALECLOTH Water Repellent $17.50

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allow Bewitch to win) and is high on the list of younger money-winners; the $78,430 he earned in the Futurity brought his total to $119,005. He is in the Champagne Stakes, at Belmont, on Saturday, and I imagine that he will be kept in training for the Pimlico Futurity, in Baltimore, next month. Obviously, he will be the winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby.

FROM time to time, horseplayers have wondered how Stymie would run if he went to the front in the early part of a race instead of holding back and making his bid toward the end, as is his wont. Hirsch Jacobs, his trainer, didn't have the foggiest notion when I asked his opinion some time ago. He said it was an academic question anyway, because he had no intention of changing his gold mine's tactics. "The stakes Stymie is in are too valuable for me to make any experiments," he said. Well, we know now. Stymie set the pace for nearly a mile in the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup last weekend, and finished twelve lengths behind Phalanx and Talon, the only other runners. I am positive that Jacobs was not experimenting. Stymie was forced to take the lead because the riders of Phalanx and Talon pulled a slowdown on him at the start, and, though he tried to make the best of an unfamiliar and painful situation, he tired after a mile and a half. Jacobs, you may be surprised to learn, says Stymie's best distance is a mile and a sixteenth. Arcaro has seldom ridden a horse harder than he rode Talon through the last half mile, but Donoso, on Phalanx, beat him in the stretch. Earlier in the week, *Phalanx* lost the Lawrence Realization Stakes to Cosmic Bomb in almost as close a finish.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

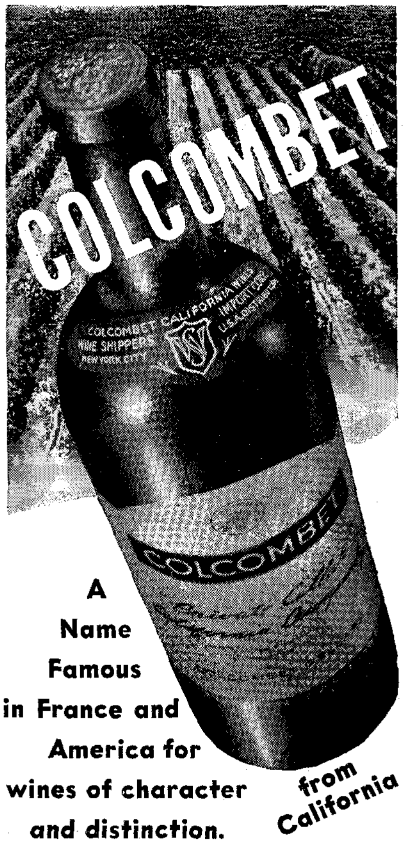
Walker met a Kentucky woman in a Lexington bar in March, 1946. During the courtship that followed he told her he was expecting an $80,000 inheritance but was temporarily short of funds. Nevertheless he sent her an orchard every other day.—*Washington Star.*

Excessive, even for a well-heeled suitor.

•

Miami Beach virtually was isolated when two causeways to the mainland were closed. Electric power and water were cut off. Several persons were missing in the Churning Sea.—*Berkeley (Calif.) Daily Gazette.*

Let's see, where's that old geography book?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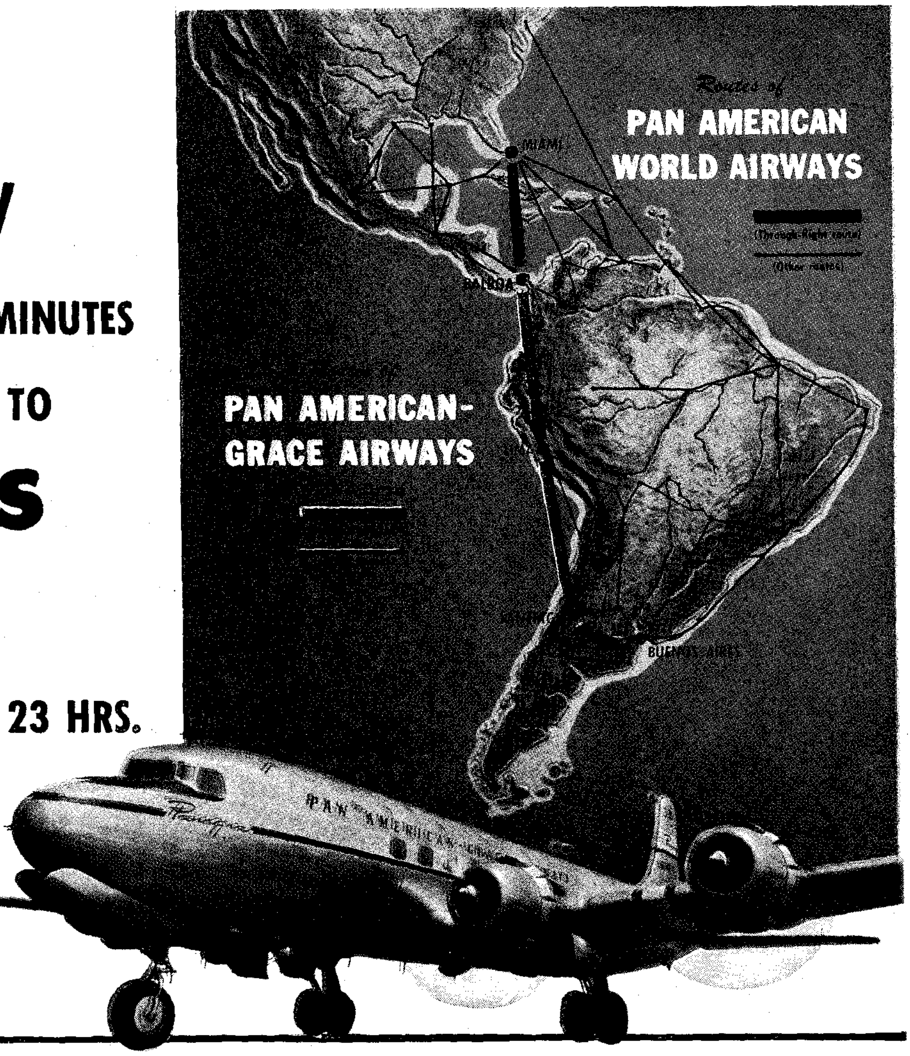

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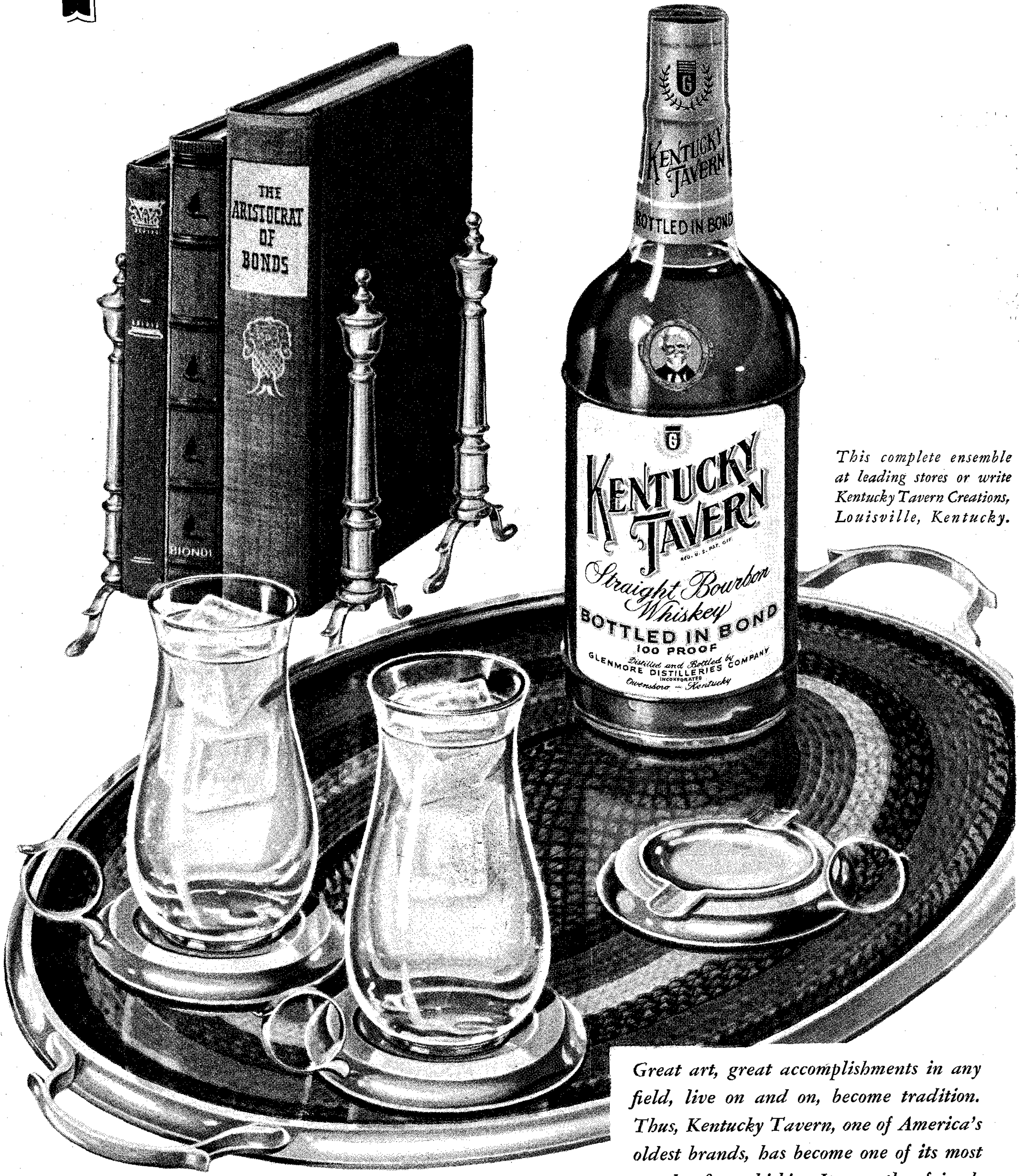
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•

A surprisingly large number of farmers admit that the present prices of foodstuffs are too high. As the wheatgrower lugs his tainted money to the bank, his honest face is red with shame as well as exertion.

•

Talk of running a war hero for President persists, but one possibility has already been eliminated. Admiral Halsey will not be a candidate on the Prohibition ticket.

•

Winston Churchill's demand for a general election has not had much public support. The British voters apparently feel that Conservatives are easier to do without than movies or tobacco.

•

Senator Taft has enlightened us upon all subjects except how his campaign is coming along. Ignorant Easterners do not know whether he is riding on a bandwagon or a bobsled.

•

The forward-looking Chicago *Tribune* has built an atomic-bomb shelter in its cellar. Thus the "World's Greatest Newspaper" gives notice that any attempt to rub out Colonel McCormick will only drive him underground.

•

Pittsburgh has at last made coal smoke illegal. Optimists believe that the inhabitants will learn to like air after they have breathed it awhile.

•

Movie advertisements keep telling us in how many days "Forever Amber" will come to town. As is often the case, it is later than we think.

•

Americans visiting Paris are astonished to find that few women there are wearing the new long skirts. It appears that the great French revolution is for export only. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE SKY LINE

Status Quo

THE reconstructing of the sky lines of our cities, a very nearly continuous process since the early years of the century, came to a halt about fifteen years ago, and except in the boom towns of the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast there has been no real revival of the movement. In New York, to cite the example closest to hand, in the period between 1908, when the Singer Building went up, and 1930, when a great rocket burst of almost immediately bankrupt skyscrapers accented the end of the boom, the outline of Manhattan was changing every year—indeed, every month. The silhouette has been frozen so long that today it is difficult for people to recall even the best of the most recent skyscrapers, such as the Insurance Company of North America's building. What new skyscrapers appeared during the thirties were mostly hospitals. For sheer elegance and gay virtuosity, to say nothing of refined craftsmanship, the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center is certainly the best of them, even better, perhaps, than the more "modern" addition to the Massachusetts General Hospital that the same architectural firm—Coolidge, Shepley, Bulfinch & Abbott—did in Boston. At the moment, the New York City Housing Authority seems to be the only victim of the skyscraper mania; I shall say something about its monuments of planned obsolescence another time.

What I am getting at is that the interesting modern construction in New York during the last fifteen years has mostly involved buildings of under fifteen stories. Don't make the error of pointing out that Rockefeller Center is an exception; the fresh and positive contribution made by this city-within-a-city to the art of building is that comparatively modest fifteen-story pile, half a block long, called the Eastern Air Lines Building, which, though it covers the entire plot on which it is built, is set back above the second floor and again at the fifth sufficiently to provide even the lower floors with decent allotments of light and air. This is the only significant improvement in office-building design that New York has had in the last couple of decades, and I doubt that the architects themselves realize how good the innovation is.

Yes, the sky line of the metropolis has solidified, even in midtown Manhattan. If any important changes are coming, they will probably take place in Long Island City, on the Brooklyn waterfront, and on Staten Island, particularly if Mr. Moses finally succeeds in physically joining that secluded borough to Brooklyn. (I am not overlooking the possibilities of the United Nations site along the East River, either.) Why, incidentally, anyone thinks it a bright idea to bring Staten Island and Brooklyn together, I have no notion. If we had had an intelligent overall plan for the development of the greater city, we would have set aside most of Staten Island for a waterside recreation ground, semi-rural in character; that is to say, exactly what it was at the beginning of the century. But Mr. Moses is an inveterate matchmaker. If he sees two sections of the city living quietly apart, he is not happy till he has married them with a tunnel or a bridge or a super-highway. It's a pity that Moses the Parkmaker didn't get to the Borough of Richmond before Moses the Matchmaker did.

There is nothing controversial in what I have been saying. All it points to is the fact that most of our tall office buildings and hotels belong to another generation. We in New York don't really know, for instance, what a modern hotel looks like, since the last of our hotels went up in the early thirties. I was struck by this last year in England, when I found that the bedrooms in even such dreary old structures as the Great Western Hotel at Paddington Station had been done over during the thirties and provided with handsome furniture and fittings; this, plus the benefit of the generous Victorian ideas of space, made our New York hotels of the same class, even those built as late as 1930, look decidedly crummy.

WHAT I had been thinking about hotels came to mind again the other day in Washington, when, instead of staying at my usual hotel, I stopped at the Statler. Now, *there's* a modern hotel, and a very fine one, too. Remembering that it was finished during the war, when shortages were hitting right and left, one wonders at the sober perfection of the job. The Statler was designed by architects—the firm of Holabird & Root, in association with A. R. Clas—who apparently convinced their client that the art of profitable hotel-building does not rest on the premise that every square foot of the plot must be used. This hotel, which is completely air-conditioned, has a series of shallow wings, seven stories high, jutting out from a taller central mass. As a result, there is a maximum of usable interior space, with a sense of external light and airiness, and a minimum of dead interior space. There are no dark air shafts or courts so constrained that, as Mark Twain said, you can hear the young lady in the opposite room change her mind, or, to carry the thought further, watch her change everything else, if she forgets to pull down the shade. No one, by the way, has yet devised a noise absorber for the ventilating shafts that connect interior bathrooms.

As a result of this intelligent plan, my room, instead of being the usual narrow corridor of the twenties, was far less constrained; it gave, in fact, the impression of being broader than it was deep, and the breadth was occupied by a handsome expanse of window. Since the room was air-conditioned, the Venetian blinds and the window curtains enabled one to ensure complete darkness for a late-morning nap without having to pay for one's extra sleep by suffocating. The sense of space in such a room is comparable to what Adler & Sullivan achieved in the old Auditorium Hotel in Chicago by the use of much more ample dimensions, and it is accentuated by a large wall mirror placed behind a very neat combination of writing desk and chest of drawers in such a way that it frames the top and one side, like a huge inverted "L." And the floor lamp was designed and placed so that there could be a chair on either side; conceivably, two people could read at the same time under the same light. The great mind that devised this simple arrangement should get a medal or a bonus. Then, too, the bed is transformed into a divan in the daytime, so that one will not give visitors the slummy impression that one is entertaining them in the wrong room.

Perhaps the most miraculous thing about the new Statler is the fact that it is possible to eat one's breakfast not in a dim dungeon but in a spacious, handsome room with great windows that look out upon the strip of green grass and foliage bordering the hotel. I have a perpetual desire to know what the weather is like in the morning, to have some idea of how the day is beginning. Hotel men seem to think that people like me are peculiar, for during the last

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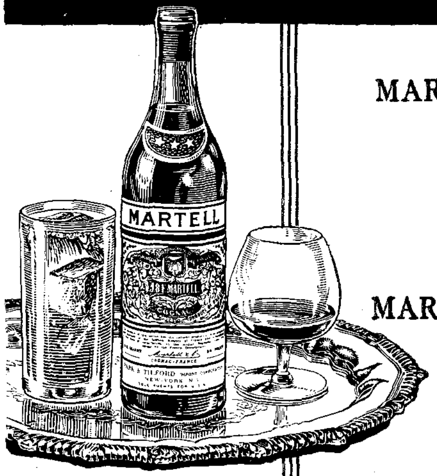

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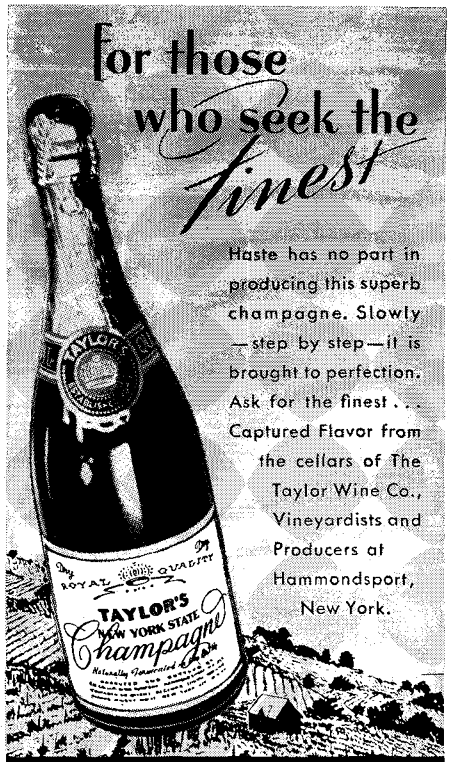

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generation they did their best to make their dining rooms look like the interior of a stuffy drugstore on a dark morning. They were unwilling to give any light or street frontage to their public rooms; they tried to dedicate every foot of that space to shop windows. The Statler has a plentiful supply of shops, too, but on one street front it also has a spacious corridor and lounge, a grand entrance, and one of its four dining rooms.

All this contributes to the feeling that this hotel is the Great Good Place that Henry James dreamed of in one of his short stories—a story that, by the bye, is both a premonition and a justification of modern architecture. James realized that one needs the beauty of well-composed space to alleviate the fretful pressures of a wicked world. The absence of fussy touches in most of the Statler's decoration underlines this fact. There is a lot more that I might say in praise of this hotel, and I have only one minor unfavorable criticism. The limestone face is, like all limestone faces on which the architect has not used contrasting colors or textures in the surface or the trim, a little chilly and bleak.

While I'm talking of Washington, I may as well say what I think of the new National Art Gallery, where the Mellon Collection is entombed: that it is perhaps the most fatuous and faulty monument that has been erected in the last twenty years. It is worse than the capital's Supreme Court building and its National Archives building. It is even worse than the Littauer building at Harvard, and that is saying a lot. I never quite knew what is meant by a whited sepulchre till I stepped inside this building, nor did I realize that it was possible to waste so much marble, to misuse so much space, and to create an arrangement of galleries in which the guileless visitor could so quickly lose his sense of direction. When one realizes that the sole effect of all this marmoreal solemnity is to dwarf and diminish, rather than to set off, the noble works of art that are housed in it, one is ready to indict the trustees of the institution as enemies of both painting and architecture. The best thing I can say about the place is that if the walls are as thick and solid as they look, it might someday be used to house an atomic-power plant.

MEANWHILE, new winds are beginning to blow, and presently they may hit even backward old New York. The very critics, such as Mr. Henry-Russell Hitchcock, who twenty years ago were identifying the "modern" in architecture with Cubism in painting and with a general glorification of the mechanical and the impersonal and the aesthetically puritanic have become advocates of the personalism of Frank Lloyd Wright. Certainly Le Corbusier's dictum of the twenties—that the modern house is a machine for living in—has become old hat; the modern accent is on living, not on the machine. (This change must hit hardest those academic American modernists who imitated Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe and Gropius, as their fathers imitated the reigning lights of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.) Mr. Siegfried Giedion, once a leader of the mechanical rigorists, has come out for the monumental and the symbolic, and among the younger people an inclination to play with the "feeling" elements in design—with color, texture, even painting and sculpture—has become insuppressible. "Functionalism," writes a rather pained critic in a recent issue of the *Architectural Review* of London, "the only real aesthetic faith to which the modern architect could lay claim in the inter-war years, is now, if not repudiated, certainly called into question . . . by those who were formerly its most illustrious supporters."

We are bound to hear more of this development during the next decade, but I am not alarmed by the prospect. What was called functionalism was a one-sided interpretation of function, and it was an interpretation that Louis Sullivan, who popularized the slogan "Form follows function," never subscribed to. The rigorists placed the mechanical functions of a building above its human functions; they neglected the feelings, the sentiments, and the interests of the person who was to occupy it. Instead of regarding engineering as a foundation for form, they treated it as an end. This kind of architectural onesidedness was not confined to the more arid practitioners. Frank Lloyd Wright, it is said, once turned upon a client—let's call him John Smith—who had added a few pleasant rugs and comfortable Aalto chairs to Mr. Wright's furnishings, and exclaimed, "You have ruined this place completely, and you have disgraced *me*. This is no longer a Frank Lloyd Wright house. It is a John Smith house now."

Well, it was time that some of our architects remembered the non-mechanical and non-formal elements in architecture, that they remembered what a building says as well as what it does. A house, as the Uruguayan architect Julio Vilamajó has put it, should be

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as personal as one's clothes and should fit the family life just as well. This is not a new doctrine in the United States. People like Bernhard Maybeck and William Wilson Wurster, in California, always practiced it, and they took good care that their houses did not resemble factories or museums. So I don't propose to join the solemn gentlemen who, aware of this natural reaction against a sterile and abstract modernism, are predicting a return to the graceful stereotypes of the eighteenth century. Rather, I look for the continued spread, to every part of our country, of that native and humane form of modernism which one might call the Bay Region style, a free yet unobtrusive expression of the terrain, the climate, and the way of life on the Coast. That style took root about fifty years ago in Berkeley, California, in the early work of John Galen Howard and Maybeck, and by now, on the Coast, it is simply taken for granted; no one out there is foolish enough to imagine that there is any other proper way of building in our time. The style is actually a product of the meeting of Oriental and Occidental architectural traditions, and it is far more truly a universal style than the so-called international style of the nineteen-thirties, since it permits regional adaptations and modifications. Some of the best examples of this at once native and universal tradition are being built in New England. The change that is now going on in both Europe and America means only that modern architecture is past its adolescent period, with its quixotic purities, its awkward self-consciousness, its assertive dogmatism. The good young architects today are familiar enough with the machine and its products and processes to take them for granted, and so they are ready to relax and enjoy themselves a little. That will be better for all of us.

—Lewis Mumford

•

Parker, the Madrillon's headwaiter, and 11 of his staff spent an entire night fishing on Chesapeake Bay not long back. Total catch: one (1) small, frightened crab, picked up on the sand. Had Parker mighty unhappy. "I go down there to swim," see is water." . . . Bob Callahan is fish I go down to fish and all I he moaned, "and all I see is dead Berg at the Dubonnet Room while that pianist subbing ably for George George recuperates from an appendectomy.—*Washington Star.*

Best not to spend an *entire* night fishing, Parker.

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FOOTBALL

Never Say Die

A RECENT look at Army and Yale, two of this department's favorite operators, indicates that there is no reason for a change of heart. A couple of Saturdays ago, I took a Hudson River Day Line steamship up to West Point to watch what I had been informed would be a merciless slaughter of Army, which had not been beaten since 1943. You could say that the presumed slaughterer, Villanova, left its mark on Army—I sometimes suspect that the Villanova football squad and the Villanova boxing team got mixed up in their cradles—but its vehemence got nowhere, for Army, though it obviously missed the great men who were graduated last spring, had the wits to win easily. The score, if you can't remember back that far, was 13–0. Last week, ignoring a rumor that Colorado was very much underrated and would give Army a tough battle, I decided to leave Army to its own devices—which turned out to be good enough to nose out Colorado by a score of 47–0—and run up to New Haven. The gloomy news was that Yale, which had looked bright and menacing earlier in the season, had lost so many players through injuries that, far from scoring on Cornell at will, it was more than likely to lose. I have always admired Yale for its ability to win games it has absolutely no business winning, and I disliked the implication that it was giving up its franchise. Well, when Yale came out on the field, it did look a trifle shorthanded, and it looked a good deal more so when Levi Jackson, one of its liveliest backs, was knocked cold the first time he carried the ball. Still, pondering the result—Yale 14, Cornell 0—on the train back home, I knew that I'd had enough of prognosticators for this year.

WHEN you watch Army now, you see something that hasn't been going on for three seasons up at West Point—wholesale experimentation, the point of which is to find replacements for the wonder workers who have departed. Just the same, it is hard to feel sorry for Army. The middle of the line is as uncompromisingly rigid as ever, and several of the less spectacular but useful old hands in the backfield are still about. In addition, there are some new young men whose activities will be familiar in time—a fellow named Trent, at end, and backs called Dielens, Gabriel, and Lobe, who may be known to you already as West Point's best second baseman. One of Army's tricks, by the way, is using one backfield on the offensive and another on the defensive, until teams like Colorado have become dizzy. Army, it should be noted, is still careless about defending against passes, just as it was at the start of each of its last three seasons. I'm drawing no conclusions, merely pointing out facts.

Yale, unlike Army, is going to have to get by mostly on what is left over from last season. The legacy is, of course, quite handsome, and Howie Odell, the coach in charge, will, I am sure, make the most of it. The show the squad put on against Cornell was as good as any of those entertaining exhibitions that Greasy Neale arranged in the days when he was the Yale backfield coach. Yale would have had another touchdown if Cornell's Girolamo had not laid a highly illegal hand on Nadherny as that elegant Yale performer was about to catch a pass in the Cornell end zone. A bit later, Girolamo had a fine, and highly legal, chance to lay a hand on Furse, the Yale quarterback, who was carrying the ball on the play that set up, as we technicians say, the second Yale touchdown. Girolamo missed this shot, and things went about like that for Cornell the rest of the game. Cornell has some nice backs—Dean and Kretz and Babula and Dawson—who run like haunted jack rabbits, and some nice linemen, but on Saturday there were several things the matter with its passing attack, not the least of which was Nadherny. Chollet, Cornell's regular left halfback, was unable to play against Yale, and presumably his absence was felt, but it seems improbable that he could have helped his teammates do any better than they did against Yale's really splendid sleight-of-hand act. —J. W. L.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Sept. 16.—A package of cigarets today brought a convict down to the ground after an all-night sitdown strike atop a 100-foot water tank in Ohio Penitentiary. —*The World-Telegram.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Sept. 16 (AP).—A convict who had defiantly perched all night on a 125-foot water tower at Ohio Penitentiary finally came down today when Warden F. D. Henderson told him newspaper photographers wanted to take his picture.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Pleasant Sorrows

THE New York City Opera Company, an organization with a commendable spirit of enterprise, last week presented Massenet's "Werther," which hadn't been staged in New York for nearly forty years. It was an intelligent selection, for the work has many local admirers, most of whom have heard it only on records. They turned out in force on the first night and were rewarded by a sound and agreeably fanciful version of the opera. The libretto is based, not surprisingly, on Goethe's romance of a sorrowful student who falls in love with a married woman and shoots himself when she refuses to deceive her husband. The hero, one of those young men who are attractive principally because they worry so much, is a poetic fellow, and in the opera he makes a natural vehicle for the composer's arias. The piece contains such standard and useful elements as declarations of love, renunciations, and brandishings of pistols, and ends with a rather protracted death scene, during which a Christmas carol is sung by children offstage, for a good, theatrical finale. In the early scenes, unfortunately, the libretto underplays the dramatic possibilities of the story and fails to characterize the principals adequately. Massenet's score doesn't pick up momentum until the action does, but the music is consistently pleasant, and at the end it is enormously effective.

The company sang "Werther" ably and with impressive teamwork, under the knowledgeable and energetic conducting of Jean Morel. Eugene Conley and Winifred Heidt, the principals, turned in especially distinguished performances, and Virginia Haskins and Norman Young were excellent in the somewhat limited roles of the heroine's sister and husband. Leopold Sachse's staging was clear, fluent, and inventive, and the settings, by H. A. Condell, made neat use of a cut-out frame in the foreground and handsome scenery projected onto a screen backdrop. There were a few contretemps on opening night, among them the entanglement of the curtain in the scenery in the

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first scene, but they didn't matter much.

THE schedule of concerts this fall is the most crowded we have ever had. Moreover, the season may be memorable for something besides mere quantity. I noticed at half a dozen concerts last week that the programs were more imaginative than they have been for some years; many artists are no longer self-conscious about performing new or comparatively unfamiliar music. My only complaint is that even now modern compositions are often saved for last, in line with the rather pointless tradition that one must start with classics and work up to the moderns.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Reductio ad Absurdum

A COUPLE of weeks before the scheduled opening of the new Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musical, "Allegro," Victor issued a recording (No. 20-2402) of two songs from the score—"So Far" and "A Fellow Needs a Girl"—sung by Perry Como. I felt confident that they would be pretty good. Well, they weren't and I'm slightly depressed by this lapse on the part of the authors of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." It's possible, of course, that "Allegro" contains better material, but I'm pessimistic, because these songs are in two patterns that the authors have used successfully in the past. "So Far" is obviously intended to reawaken the emotions so gently played upon by "If I Loved You" and "People Will Say We're in Love." It's the same kind of song, but it's just not up to the two others. For one thing, its melody is reminiscent—unquestionably a coincidence—of a song called "Plenty to Be Thankful For," which Irving Berlin wrote for the movie "Holiday Inn." "A Fellow Needs a Girl," on the other hand, is in the collaborators' simple, ingenuous style, which made "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top" and "What's the Use of Wond'rin'?" so effective. But in this case, I'm afraid, the simplicity approaches idiocy. As I listened to the lyric—"A fellow needs a girl to sit by his side at the end of a weary day, to sit by his side and listen to him talk and agree with the things he'll say"—I couldn't help picturing an antiseptic young couple, the girl a clod, sitting side by side on a worn but spotless horsehair sofa and mumbling vacuously into space. Even this sentiment might have been acceptable, though, if Rodgers had pro-

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INVISIBLE
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vided anything in the way of a compelling tune. My only conclusion, after listening to Perry Como sing the two songs manfully and with sincerity, was that if Rodgers and Hammerstein become any more unaffected in their style, their next show will have to be set in a nursery.

I'M sorry that I never saw Bessie Smith, the blues singer, who was killed in an automobile crash in 1937, because she unquestionably had one of the biggest, richest voices of her time. A new Bessie Smith album (Columbia C-142) has come along now, containing two previously unreleased songs. Her tendency to use a growling tone too often is the only fault I've ever found with her style; the rest of the time, her voice is vibrant and appealing. "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" struck me as being by far the best entry in this collection, mostly because she sings it with more pathos than the others. The rest—"New Orleans Hop Scop Blues," "Gimme a Pigfoot," "Take Me for a Buggy Ride," "Do Your Duty," "I'm Down in the Dumps," and the two new ones, "Baby, Have Pity on Me" and "See if I'll Care"—are a bit tiresome after you've heard them once. Still, I think the album is a good one to have. Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, and the late Chu Berry, the tenor saxophonist, are among the musicians who work with Miss Smith.

FIVE of the songs from Maurice Chevalier's recent one-man show have been collected in Victor album

The TIME Advertising Quiz No.6

HOW DO YOU RATE AS AN ADVERTISING EXPERT?
HERE'S A WAY TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

(Answers below, upside down)

I. Bemis Bro. Bag Company advertises in TIME for three of these five reasons:

A. To reach thousands of TIME-reading major executives in the many companies that package their products in bags. ☐

B. To reach hundreds of thousands of TIME-reading junior executives on their way up in those same companies. ☐

C. To convince brand-name pork packers that they should sell their pigs in Bemis pokes. ☐

D. To reach the 658,500 TIME readers who hold major or minor executive positions in the businesses and industries which *could* use Bemis bags in some operations. ☐

E. To teach large-quantity bag-users how to fold, stack, save, and use the bags they buy. ☐

BEMIS BRO. BAG COMPANY

II. Advertisements describing the Esterbrook Pen Company's Dip-Less Writing Set appear often in TIME for two of these reasons:

A. Most of TIME's more than 3,000,000 readers live on dry land, usually write above water. ☐

B. TIME readers in business or the professions have 1,088,000-plus desks, are top pen-set prospects and top prestige builders for the pens they use. ☐

C. To register the Esterbrook name with U.S. atomic scientists, from whose ranks may well come the next big pen invention. ☐

D. TIME is read by more than half the head purchasing agents of America's leading corporations—Esterbrook's top prospects for bulk pen orders. ☐

E. To popularize their slogan, "Ester Brooks No Competition." ☐

III. Glenmore Distilleries Co. advertises its "Aristocrat of Bonds," Kentucky Tavern, in TIME to reach three of these groups:

A. The thousands of TIME readers in Kentucky (all presumably colonels). ☐

B. The many leading hotel, clubs and restaurant managers and owners who read TIME. ☐

C. The bartenders of the nation, whose recommendation sells many a jigger of whiskey. ☐

D. TIME-reading families, who entertain 258,000,000 guests a year and can afford to serve fine whiskey. ☐

E. 870,000 businessmen TIME-readers, most of whom patronize the best bars and clubs, entertain frequently and are always best prospects for quality products. ☐

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Every fact about the TIME audience in this advertisement is correct. The right answers are: Question I, "A," "B," and "D." Question II, "B," and "D." Question III, "B," "D," and "E."

WHEREVER IT'S

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In every country, on every continent . . . cocktail time is Cinzano time among people of good taste.
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Cinzano Italian Vermouth in sweet cocktails or straight, as an aperitif before meals.

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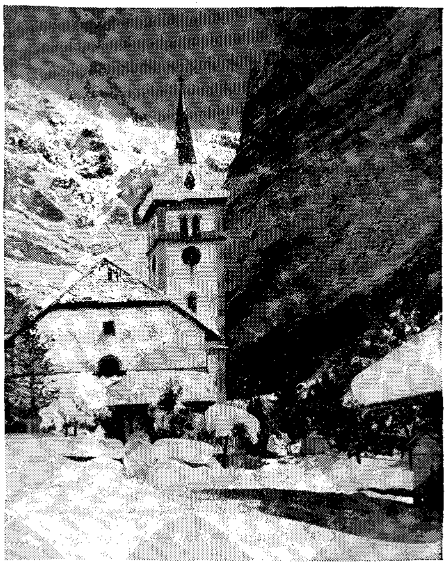
S-51. He sings three of them—"Vingt Ans," "Valentine," and "Quai de Bercy"—just as he did on the stage, with long prologues in troubled English (which take up one side of each record) explaining the burden of each song before he settles down to work, in French. This is, of course, intended to be charming, and sometimes it is, but I think you'll have to keep the entertainer's familiar facial expressions and gestures pretty firmly in mind to relish the lengthy introductions. "Weeping Willie" and "Place Pigalle," back to back on the other record, are done in English. Henri René and his orchestra accompany Chevalier with Continental-style arrangements.

EIGHT blues, played by Duke Ellington with and without his band in Victor album P-182, make up the latest of the many recent Ellington sets. I should add that these are all new recordings and not the result of research in the company's files. The best thing in the album, to my way of thinking, is "Drawing Room Blues," a piano solo played partly by the Duke and partly by his dexterous arranger Billy Strayhorn. One man replaces the other at the keyboard until five twelve-bar choruses have been accounted for, three by Strayhorn. The piece is a soft and imaginative blues, unlike any other I've ever heard that sticks to the basic twelve-bar pattern. There are also orchestral versions, all of them worth hearing, of "St. Louis Blues," "Royal Garden Blues," and something called "Transblucency" ("A blue fog that you can almost see through" is the way it's described in the album notes), in which Kay Davis's expressive soprano is used, wordlessly, as another instrument. Backed up by a rhythm section, Ellington plays his entertaining piano interpretation of "Frankie and Johnny," and on another side "Pretty Woman," a rather ordinary blues by Ellington, is sung by Al Hibbler. A good set for the Duke's fans.

HERE are a few singles you may want to know about:

I'M DROWNIN' IN YOUR DEEP BLUE EYES and SOUTH—Count Basie and his orchestra. "Baby" and "save me" are used nine times each in the rhymes of the first work, but it's still a fairly diverting job, as sung by Bob Bailey against a powerful background. "South," an instrumental, is a cheerful tune, also forcefully played. (*Victor 20-2346*)

TROMBONOLOGY and DEEP VALLEY—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. The first is melodically trite, but its only purpose is, after all, to demonstrate Dorsey's considerable ability on the trombone. How warmly he can play it is further shown on the other side, in a pleasant song with



Grindelwald, and Wetterhorn

SWITZERLAND . . winter fun ahead!

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a vocal by Stuart Foster and the Town Criers. Good band, good beat, good singers. (*Victor 20-2419*)

STANLEY STEAMER and WHEN YOU GOT A MAN ON YOUR MIND—Jo Stafford and a vocal group. "Stanley Steamer" is an adequate novelty song with a lyric by Ralph Blane, who wrote the words to "The Trolley Song." It is an imitation, and the tune is not nearly so good, but it has a mild charm. The other song is even poorer than you might expect from its title. (*Capitol B-454*)

—D. W.

•

DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD:

I am extremely worried about my grandfather. He has lived with us for five years now and never showed any signs of helping around the house.

He won't help pull weeds in the flower beds, won't even move his chair in off the porch. In fact, he doesn't even pick up his clothes and since we have only one maid in a 12-room house this makes things a little awkward sometimes.

But during the past month he has taken a great interest in the marketing and asks to go to the store for me almost every day. At first I suspected nothing. I knew it always took him a long time but I put that down to the fact he couldn't move very speedily.

Now, however, it is all clear. This morning's mail brought a letter from the manager of the store requesting me to keep grandfather away. It seems there are two girls there who check out the groceries and grandfather has made himself a nuisance. The manager did not state specifically what grandfather had done, but he intimated he was annoying to the girls.

I showed the letter to grandfather and he said, "My, I am a devil!" I asked him what he had done and he said quite frankly he had patted one of the girls a little bit and pinched the other one, only not to hurt her. I asked him why, and he said because they were "pinchable and patable" and that furthermore it gave him more pleasure than it did harm to them.

He wasn't a bit repentant and said he would try to explain his side to the manager and if the girls didn't mind why should the manager?

I know that you will agree with me that it is bad enough for grandfather to have acted so, but that it is even worse for him to take it so lightly and not to feel shame and regret at his conduct. I do not know how I am going to keep him from going to the manager, and I don't know how I'm ever going to trust him again.

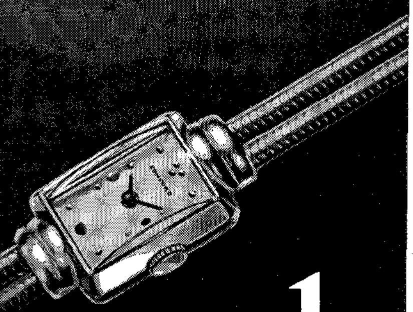
GRANDDAUGHTER.

DEAR GRANDDAUGHTER:

You mustn't take this matter so terribly seriously. Far be it for me to condone your grandfather's conduct. A THOUSAND TIMES NO. But after all, no great harm has been done, and your grandfather has been perfectly honest about the whole matter, hasn't he?

—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Not only that, he does the marketing, doesn't he?



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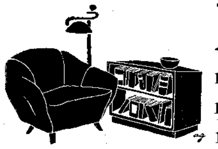
BOOKS

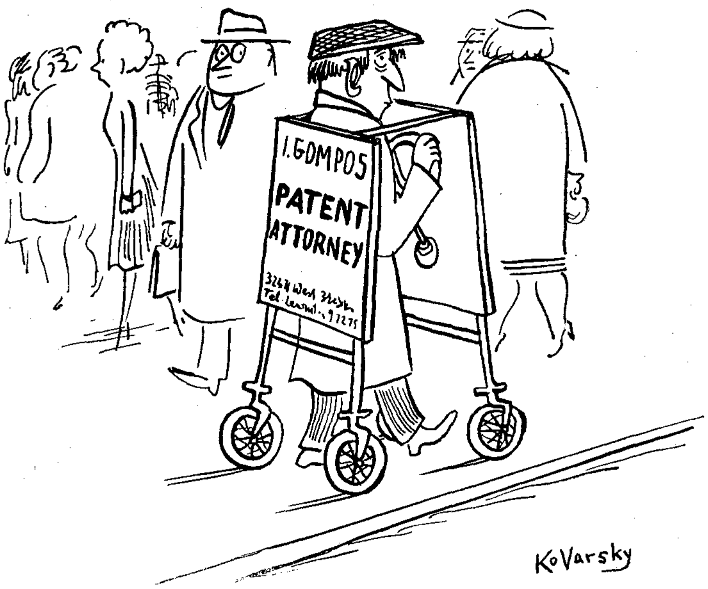
Thomas Beer and Others



I HAVE had a good time lately reading the short stories of Thomas Beer, recently published in a big, handsome volume under the title "*Mrs. Egg and Other Americans*" (Knopf). There are twenty-nine stories in the collection. Three of them are now being published for the first time. Most of the others appeared originally in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They deal, as Mr. Beer's earlier readers will remember, with the two-hundred-pound Mrs. Myrtle Egg and her Ohio dairy-country family; the members of the Rawlings dynasty in their barony in the timberlands of Pennsylvania; the inhabitants of Lutherville, deep in the heart of the Middle West; and a number of other characters. Wilson Follett, the editor of the collection, has written the introduction, in which he argues that these tales have a definite value as literature, and he has arranged the stories in groups, so that the fortunes of the Eggs, the Rawlingses, and the rest have something of the continuity and texture of novels.

I read some of Mr. Beer's stories when they came out in the *Post*, but since I'd forgotten them, I reread them with interest. I had not particularly cared for his three novels—"Sandoval," "The Fair Rewards," and "The Road to Heaven." They seemed to me rather inconsequential, too preoccupied with manner, and too indifferent to matter, and I think that it is fairly evident, on the basis of this new book, that Mr. Beer was much more at home with the popular short story. I am not using the word "popular" in a disparaging sense; I simply mean a story that has an appeal for thousands of people. Mr. Beer's stories have such an appeal, and it is not hard to see why. They are as pleasantly entertaining as stories of this sort can be.

That, however, is about as far as they go. Mr. Follett's contention that they are "a searching commentary on American life" is somewhat overenthusiastic. Myrtle Egg and all the others bear as much relation to American life as do Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs; they are fairy-tale figures, not real people. The best thing that can be said about Mr. Beer as a short-story writer is that he is a more polished, a more dexterous O. Henry. The earliest item in the collection was brought out in 1917, when O. Henry's influence upon magazine fiction was very great, and it is obvious that Mr. Beer had studied him carefully. Most of the stories—such as "Addio," in which we learn at the very end that the principal character is blind—have an O. Henry "snapper," and they all follow more or less his rather mechanical formula. They are excellent entertainment, as I have said, but I don't think that they should be confused with art.

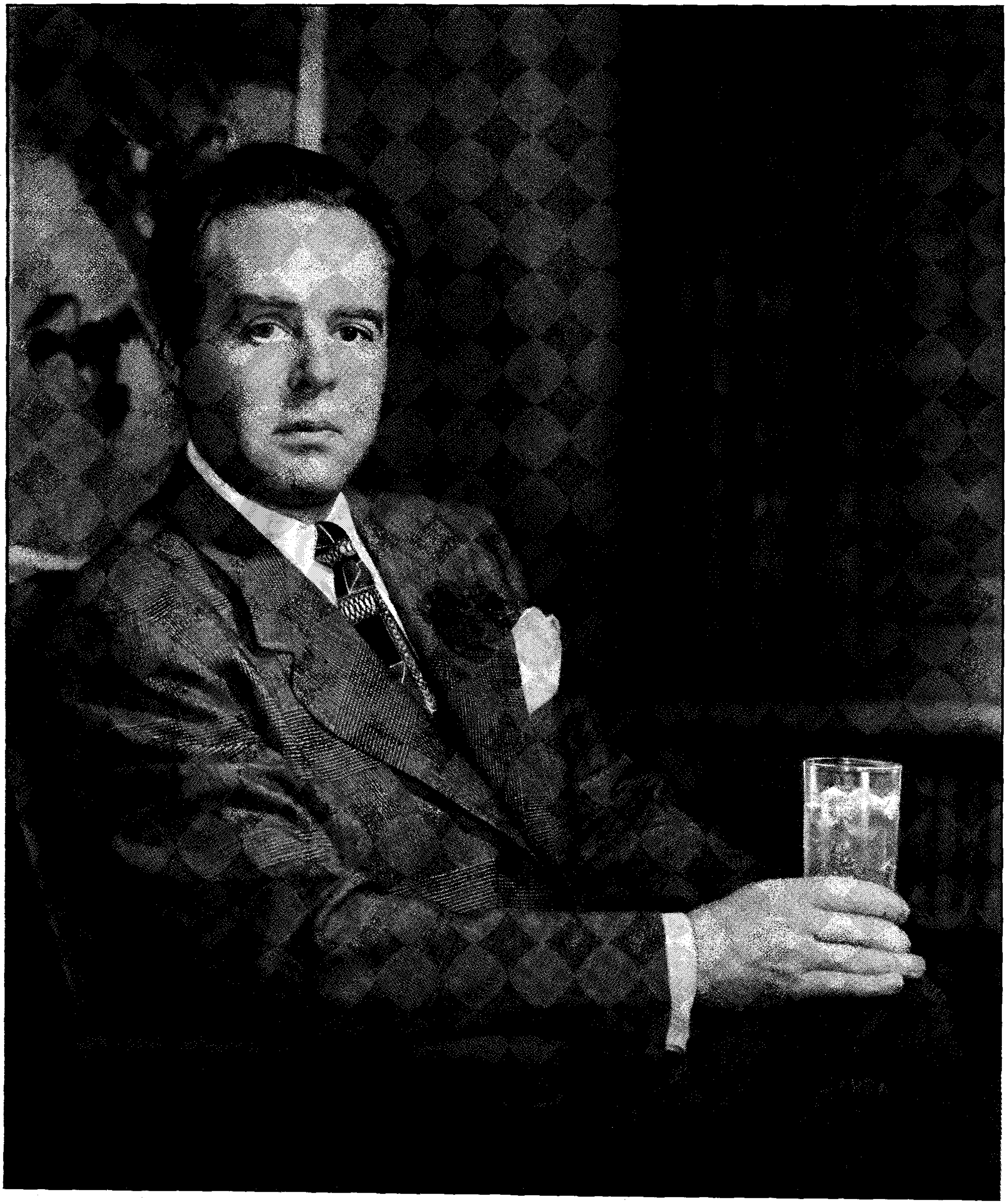


IN "The Heretics," by Humphrey Slater (Harcourt, Brace), you can get two good novels for the price of one. Mr. Slater, an Englishman who writes in the dry, terse style that is clearly a by-product of the English public-school system, has built both his novels—short ones—around the theme of fanaticism. The first, laid in Avignon during the time of the Children's Crusade, in the year 1212, tells what happens to four children who were caught up in the turmoil of the campaign to suppress the Albigensian heresy; the second, set in Spain at the time of the civil war that ended in Franco's victory, deals with four people who get tragically involved in the ideological and physical warfare that went on between the Stalinists, the Trotskyites, and the Anarchists.

The first of these novels is a fine example of how the historical novel ought to be written. The usual cloaks and daggers have been done away with, a sense of history has replaced the traditional historical nonsense, and the ability to create characters is proved more important than an inordinate passion for research. The children in this book, made homeless by the arrest, torture, and execution of their parents and protectors, turn into the kind of wretched, desperate, depraved waifs who appear in Robert Neumann's recent "Children of Vienna." I think that Mr. Slater handles them wonderfully; the terrors they experience, seen through their eyes, become all the more chilling because of the innocence of the children. And his final chapters, in which he describes how they and thousands of children like them were lured into joining the Children's Crusade and then sold into slavery, are as penetrating a commentary on the ugliness of the world as anything I have read in a long time.

The second novel, which brings Mr. Slater's theme of what happens to people because of fanaticism up to date, is not quite as impressive. This, I suspect, is because he is covering ground that has already been well covered. The Left Wing conflicts within the Republican forces during the Spanish Civil War have been written about often, and Mr. Slater's adults, while thoroughly convincing, are now almost stock characters. There are the young, radical idealist who really isn't interested in political abstractions; the determined Communist who, because of these same abstractions, is willing to betray his best friend; the girl journalist who gets herself pregnant by a Spanish officer on the Republican side; and the officer himself, a professional military man, who wants to come to terms with the enemy when he sees that the military situation is hopeless. I liked this story too, however, and I rather suspect that Mr. Slater's book is going to be one of the novels of the year.

TWO other recent books I have enjoyed are "Foreign Mud," by Maurice Collis (Knopf), and "Kingdom of Adven-

MR. ROBERT L. SMITH, DISTINGUISHED NEWSPAPER EXECUTIVE

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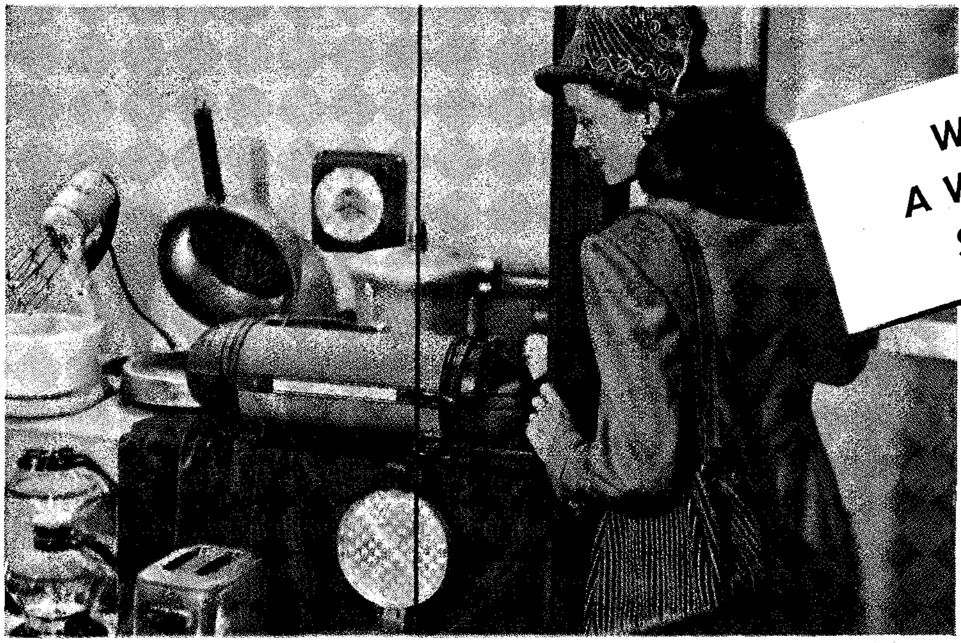

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When a woman shops
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appliances to lighten
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her mind goes far beyond
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thermostatic controls
and automatic switches . . .
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in her mind . . .
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and of precious minutes
saved for leisure use
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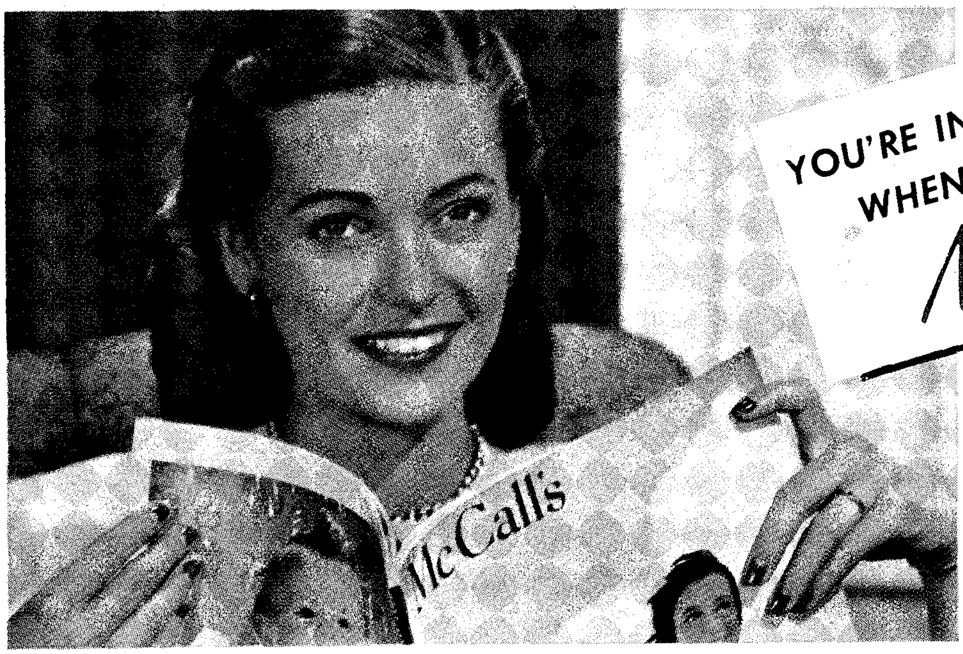

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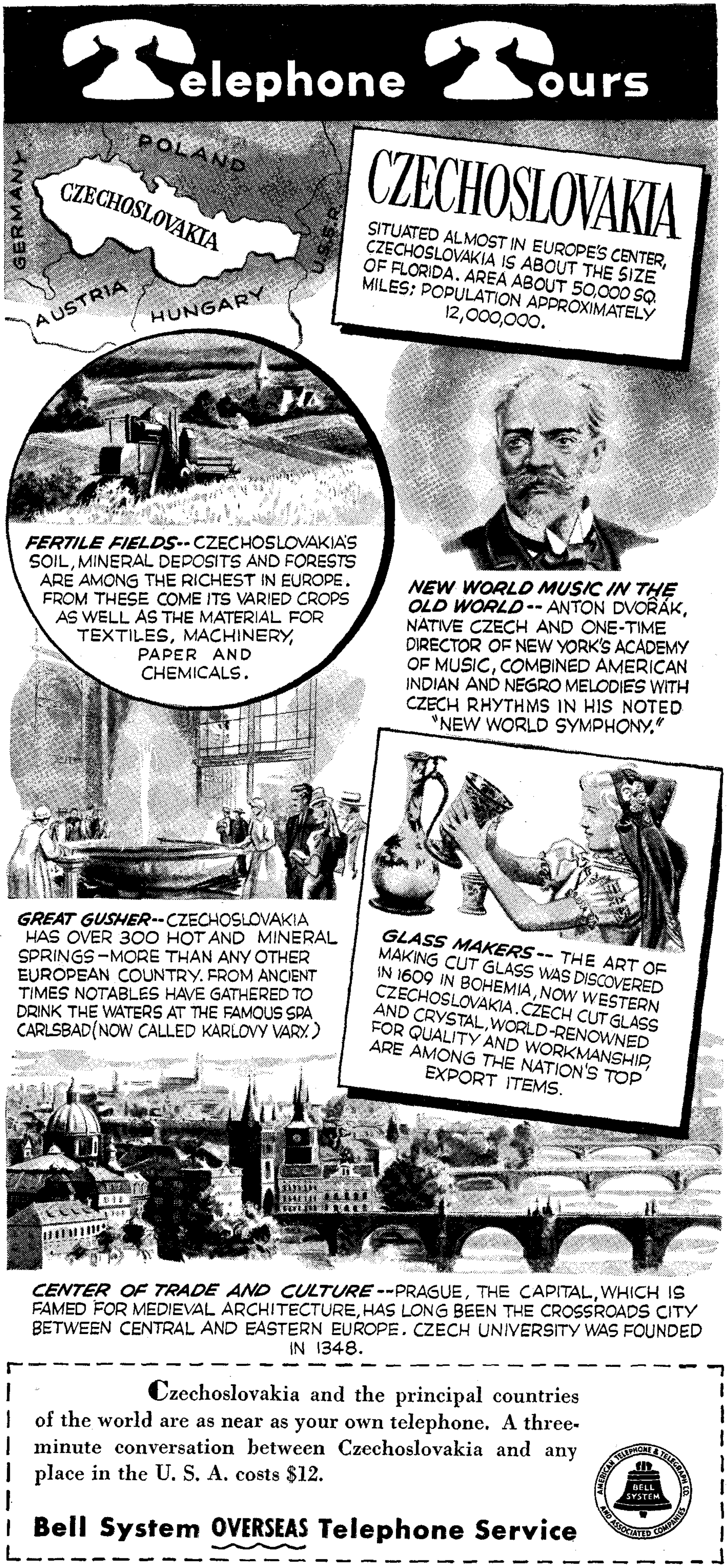
ture: Everest," by James Ramsey Ullman (William Sloane Associates). Mr. Collis, who may be remembered as the author of "The Land of the Great Image," an account of the adventures of an Augustinian friar in seventeenth-century Burma, has gone into another pocket of Asiatic history and come up with the story of the opium imbroglio in Canton during the eighteen-thirties and the Anglo-Chinese war that followed. I found it almost as exciting as I used to find H. Rider Haggard (couldn't some publisher reprint him for the benefit of the rising generations?), and I think that it is something nobody interested in a good story would want to miss.

The anthology that Mr. Ullman has assembled from the writings of those who have tried to climb Mount Everest (principally Englishmen, among them Sir Francis Younghusband, George Leigh-Mallory, and Colonel L. V. S. Blacker) is also full of good stories, for that matter, and I read the whole thing with complete absorption. This is the sort of narrative writing that the English, toward whom I appear to be extremely well disposed this week, seem to do better than anyone else, and Mr. Ullman has written a series of links to these chronicles that are so simple and unpretentious that you would never suspect that he was the man who once pulled off a job called "The White Tower." —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SAXON CHARM, by Frederic Wakeman (Rinehart). To judge from this novel about the theatrical world and some of its more extroverted inhabitants, it will probably be quite a while before Mr. Wakeman purges himself of Evan Llewellyn Evans, the gross character in "The Hucksters." Here Mr. Evans shows up, after a change of name, haberdashery, and vocabulary, as a theatrical producer, whose fascinating but deceptive ways very nearly disrupt the creative abilities and shatter the domestic happiness of a successful young novelist who becomes involved with him. The geographic course of the story is pleasantly varied, including episodes in some fancy restaurants and night clubs, a day or two on a yacht, a hasty trip to Mexico, and a fairly constant shuttling between a number of ornate apartments. You will find it a little difficult, though, to take the producer's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diabolic attractiveness seriously; as Mr. Wakeman presents him, the fellow carries on like John Barrymore parodying himself.

Country Place, by Ann Petry (Houghton Mifflin). A soldier returning to his home town from the war suspects his wife's behavior in his absence. By the time he finds out that his fears are well grounded, the community has been shaken by the scandal, and Miss Petry has joined the company of the novelists who have described the American small town as a center of bigotry, marital infidelity, and astounding malice. Near the end, the story buckles somewhat under the weight of a couple of improbabilities, but on the whole the author has kept up to the form she displayed in "The Street."

The Ring and the Cross, by Robert Rylee (Knopf). A story of a struggle for political power in Texas, during the early years of this decade, between a United States senator, an incipient Fascist, and a shipbuilder whose opinions are far Left. The shipbuilder is dramatically eliminated from the competition, and the senator sells himself into bondage to the Fascist in exchange for a life of pomp, good bourbon, and cigars. The author has filled in his story with an acid description of conditions in a shipyard during the war and a credible account of the disintegration of a patriarchal Southern family. With the help of a supple, precise style, he has gathered all these matters into a very satisfactory novel.

I Wait for Miracles, by Th. Th. Heine (Greenberg). The story, both antic and wistful, of the improbable good fortune that constantly protects an entirely guileless artist against the wily practices of his fellow-Europeans. The book is mainly a satire on the inflated aspects of the European—particularly German—life and thinking that culminated in the deadly Nazi circus. It is all very acute and funny, but the final effect is rather sad, probably because the sprightliness serves as a reminder that the attitude of men like the author, who was one of the founders and for many years an editor of the German comic weekly *Simplicissimus*, was never really understood by the Germans.

The Victory, by Vincent McHugh (Random House). A story of community behavior among men at sea, narrated by a government photographer who has joined a Victory ship headed for the Pacific war zone to make a recruiting film for the merchant marine. He is also privately interested in finding out what happened to a seaman reported missing on an island overrun by the Japanese early in the war. When the ship puts in at the island, he locates the seaman, who turns out to have become a leader of the native resistance to the Japanese, and at the end of the novel, on the way home, work on the recruiting film is going along very nicely, too. The book contains a high percentage of good, restrained descriptive writing, as well as some handsome tributes to our Marines and merchant seamen. Again, only the long-suffering, bureaucratic Navy catches hell.

Aftermath, by Hans Habe (Viking). Stripped of its political trappings, this novel amounts to a prolonged discussion of an old question that was never very absorbing in the first place—whether American women are the physical and intellectual equals of European women. The plot, which has to do with the activities of two American Army officers in postwar Germany, is given an air of depth and complication by the dilemma of one of the principals, a major in the O.S.S., who was born in Germany and fled the country when the Nazis began to take it over. After a period of internal debate, he concludes that it is his duty to return to his native land as a kind of democratic missionary, a decision that leads him to divorce his American wife and marry a German acquaintance of his youth. Nothing very much, actually.

Walk in Shadow, by Julius Fast (Rinehart). A novel of psychological disintegration about one of those tough, godless young veterans, who murders for no very good reason (he believes vaguely that he's avenging a friend), and then suffers fearful remorse before he turns himself over to the police. The scene is Manhattan, and a stereotyped selection of its citizens—the prostitute, the Bowery bum, the homosexual, the truck driver, and the priest—enter into the story. Mr. Fast's prose is mature, but his moral is at best adolescent.

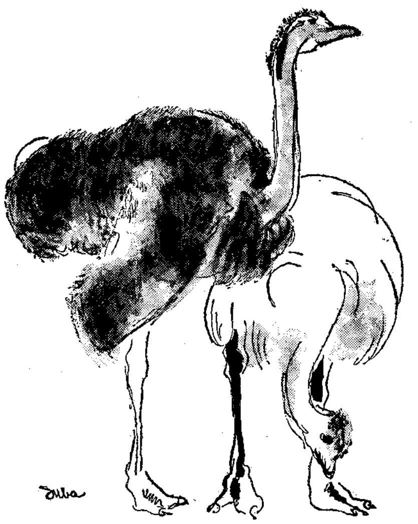
The Wedding Journey, by Walter D. Edmonds (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A slight but altogether graceful and amusing story, set, like most of Mr. Edmonds' other historical narratives, in the Erie Canal region during the nineteenth century. It deals with the adventures of a recently married young couple during a four-day trip by packet boat from Schenectady to Buffalo. Illustrated in color by Alan Tompkins.

GENERAL

AMERICA'S ECONOMIC SUPREMACY, by Brooks Adams (Harper). A survey, written in 1900, of the international situation of those days, containing a reasoned and gloomy forecast of the crackup of Britain as "the fortified outpost of the Anglo-Saxon world," of the decay of France as a major nation, and of the rivalry of the United States and Russia for control of the world. Brooks Adams, who was strongly influenced in his political philosophy by his brother Henry, was convinced that America would eventually rise to great power but also felt that our democratic form of government was outdated and would be an inadequate match for an aggressive competitor. Marquis W. Childs has contributed a long and well-written interpretation of the chief prophetic points.

MARY SHELLEY'S JOURNAL, edited by Frederick L. Jones (University of Oklahoma Press). Until now, Mrs. Shelley's journal has been used only to document heavyweight biographies of the poet and has never been printed in its entirety. Professor Jones' book rectifies this omission but also raises the question of whether the job was worth the effort; there are some interesting stretches, but there are too many entries like "Read Greek and 'Sintram.' Shelley not well."

THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by R. F. Patterson (Philosophical Library). A series of two hundred and fifty biographical sketches of some of England's greatest literary men and women, by a former Cambridge fellow of rather snappish preju-



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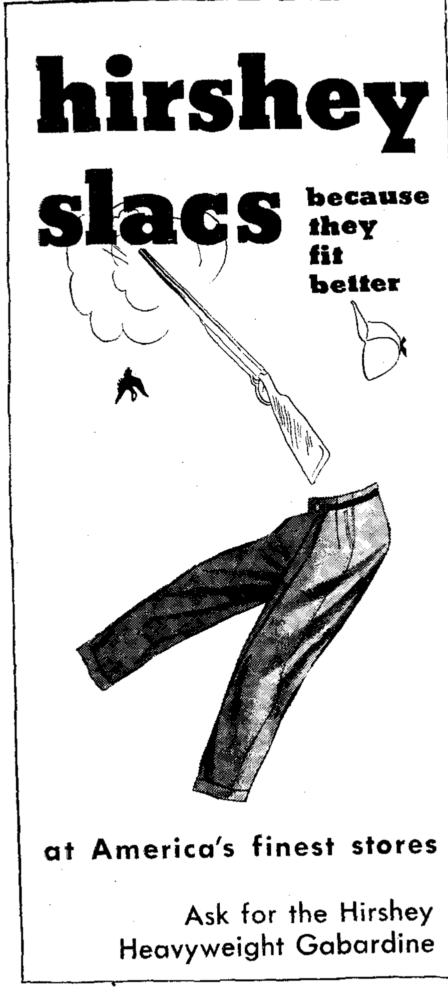
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dices. The author is more concerned with his subjects' lives than with criticism of their works, and his book makes a nice, easygoing reference guide, though it is too opinionated to be considered a biographical dictionary.

Forced Labor in Soviet Russia, by David J. Dallin and Boris I. Nicolaevsky (Yale). A conscientiously documented and appalling report on slave labor in the corrective camps that the Soviet secret police runs for the government. Many of the books that the authors use as sources have had wide circulation outside Russia during the past decade, but even this old material has been well correlated and put to vigorous use.

Gandhi and Stalin, by Louis Fischer (Harper). A heavy-breathing and sometimes confusing harangue, in which the author, using Stalin as a symbol of totalitarianism and Gandhi as a symbol of democracy, argues for the adoption of Gandhi's principles as a solution to the world's moral crisis. On a less visionary plane, Mr. Fischer calls for a United Nations, fortified by money, a code of laws, and a constabulary, to function without the collaboration of Russia.

Late City Edition, by Joseph G. Herzberg and other members of the *Herald Tribune* staff (Holt). A competent treatise on the operations of a metropolitan newspaper. There are twenty-nine chapters, having to do with every department of a paper, from the city desk to the business office, each by a man or woman who works in the department dealt with. The book avoids the dull, generalized tone of a textbook, and can be read for entertainment alone.

Home Freezing and Storage of Food, by Boyden Sparkes (Doubleday). As nearly as a layman and a non-freezer can judge, this is the definitive work on freezing foods in the home. Mr. Sparkes starts with advice on the selection of the refrigerating unit and carries on with a lucid course of instruction on the preparation, freezing, and storage of all types of food. You may not, however, share his enthusiasm for the freezing of such cooked foods as stews, sauces, and pastries.

The 60 Minute Chef, by Lillian Bueno McCue and Carol Truax (Macmillan). Some very good recipes for dishes requiring no more than an hour's cooking time, strung together on a chain of rather pointless reminiscence. The book suffers from the usual fault of such collections—too much anecdote and not enough food.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Wicked Uncle, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Miss Maud Silver, still occupied with her knitting and her rather elementary detective work, helps out a young lady who has discovered that her long-missing uncle is blackmailing a number of people, including her employer. In the course of one of those country houseparties, the lights go out, and when they come on again, the uncle is found dead, completely surrounded by blackmailees. Miss Silver, of course, discovers the solution to this problem in no time. Pleasant, but not quite up to this author's par.

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THE BIG SECRET

All the world is in a frenzy of fear and worry.

The Russians and the French and the British and we ourselves live in terror of another war.

All the world is in dire need of food, of clothing, of shelter, of everything that makes life livable.

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[*Adv. in the Westwood (N.J.) News*]

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Some are strong and healthy, some are rheumatic.
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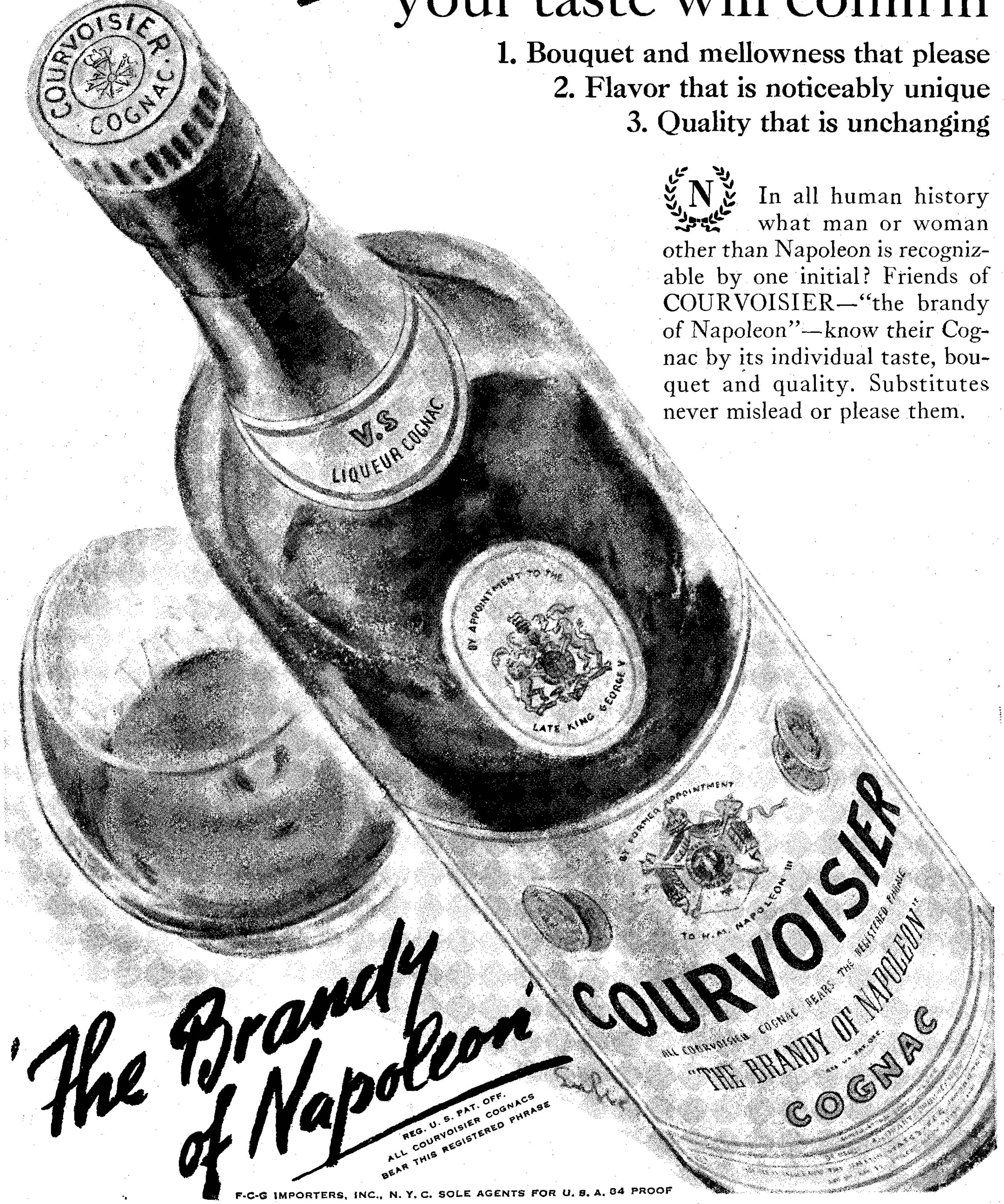
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